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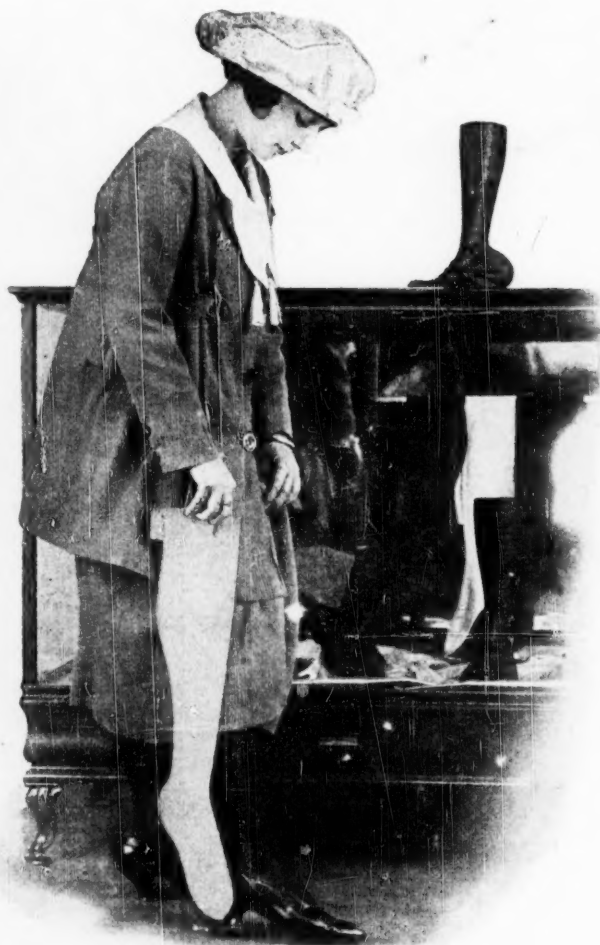
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If we had written this letter ourselves, we could not have put it better:

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F. E. MUTTON,
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International Time Recording Company of Canada, Limited.
Toronto, Oct. 12, 1917.

Prior to his connection with International Time Recording Company, Mr. Mutton was Canadian manager of National Cash Register Co.

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1917

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

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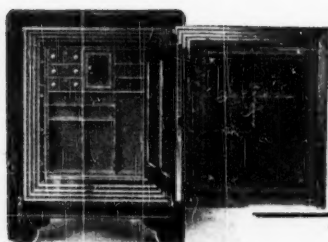
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The Business Outlook

Commerce Finance Investments Insurance



AS the whole world seems to have settled down to the idea of an indefinite prolongation of the war the munitions industry has again assumed an aspect almost of permanency. In so far as Canada is concerned this means an extremely busy winter with every prospect of that same condition being carried right through 1918.

The outstanding development of the month has been in connection with British shell orders. A few months ago it was given out officially that shell orders, except for certain sizes, would be cut off. This was accepted by the manufacturers as final and arrangements were being made for the necessary readjustment. Then came temporary renewals of orders, believed at the time to be a "bridging-over" accommodation on the part of the Imperial authorities. Now, however, it is announced that all existing contracts are to be renewed and that the volume of British purchases in Canada will continue indefinitely at a total of \$30,000,000 a month!

The importance of this announcement cannot be overestimated. It means, especially when taken in conjunction with the established fact of large American orders, that Canadian industry will be hard put to it during the coming winter to meet the demands and fill all orders. It means a continuation of high wages and general business and activity. It almost certainly means this also that prices of everything will continue abnormally high. While the Canadian wage-earner will continue to draw down more dollars than ever before, the buying power of the dollars will be infinitely smaller than ever before. In fact, the buying power of the dollar continues to dwindle with alarming rapidity. What is going to happen to the dollar this winter is a matter for real alarm.

It is safe to assert, however, that the public is beginning to adopt a new attitude, to see the need for saving more clearly than ever before. Unquestionably the War Loan campaign has done a lot toward that end. Households which boasted a comfortable bank balance did not see any particular reason for saving. Now that the War Loan has trimmed these balances down, or wiped them out entirely, the need for a new course in saving to build up comfortable bank balances anew is felt. There is, in the air, a new feeling. People are a little more careful. They sense more accurately the uncertainty of the future.

THIS is reflected in an improvement of our position with regard to the United States. Our balance of trade with Uncle Sam has been very markedly on the wrong side, largely because of the extravagance of the Canadian people as a whole. American goods have been bought in Canada in greater volume than ever before. In August of this year our adverse balance stood roughly at \$37,000,-

000. In September this had been reduced to \$17,000,000. The chief factor was a drop in our purchases of \$18,000,000 and an increase in American purchases in Canada of \$3,000,000. The latter factor will be an increasingly important one as time goes on, because of the large American shell orders that the U.S. Government is placing in Canada. Unofficial estimates place the probable total of these orders at \$500,000,000, which would be sufficient to wipe out the balance that now exists against us.

Trade figures show how tremendously busy and profitable the past year has been. The latest complete figures are for October, showing a total trade of \$238,837,321 as against \$164,330,179 for October, 1916, and \$150,004,125 for the same month in 1915. The total increase for the year ending October is not proportionately as great, but at that shows an increase of \$500,000,000.

THE labor situation is far from being satisfactory, but it is probably no worse than at any stage of the present year. The agricultural strain has diminished and this unquestionably has had a counteracting effect to the first draft. Conscription has had an unsettling effect on the labor market, but so far no tangible effect. The drafting of 100,000 men will be a serious matter, but not likely to handicap industry to the extent that was first feared.

In the meantime the munition factories are beginning to add to their staffs again and this will be a serious factor in the labor situation, especially next year, when the call for help from the farms is again heard. It is probable that the demand for female help may be again in evidence before long.

A purely temporary cause of some unsettlement has been the election. This will, of course, vanish, as soon as the polling is over.

"I'll be glad, unreservedly glad," said a manufacturer the other day, "when we know absolutely and finally where we are at with reference to the Military Service Act. The uncertainty that exists now is worse than the actual drafting of the 100,000 men called for. From the standpoint of the use of labor, the actual draft will be less harmful than the trouble now existing."

This probably reflects the attitude of many employers.

ANOTHER unsettling factor has been the difficulty which has arisen with reference to raw materials. "Give me the material!" has been the cry of the manufacturers ever since the war started. War automatically shut off many sources of supply which have never been adequately replaced. Now the situation is being very seriously complicated by the United States embargo. Uncle Sam is finding that he has barely enough material to fill

his own war orders and he has taken prompt steps to prevent any export of certain materials that are particularly short. The order, of course, applies to Canada and as a result the manufacturers here are being absolutely shut off from certain supplies. In some lines manufacture in Canada will cease as soon as present stores are exhausted.

This works out unfairly in some instances. For instance, there is one manufacturer, say, of lanterns. He finds it impossible to get a certain grade of material that is very essential in the making of his product. His lantern gradually goes off the market. At the same time American competitors, who are still able to get material, though perhaps in restricted quantities, continue to sell their product on the Canadian market.

Such a situation would be serious, as it would mean the gradual elimination of the Canadian article. It would mean that when the home manufacturer was again in a position to put his product on the market he would find American lines pretty firmly entrenched and to that extent he would be put to the trouble and expense and delay of breaking in again.

However, the situation is not as bad as this would make it appear. As a matter of fact most American manufacturers are suffering as much, if not more, than the Canadians. They are finding the markets for raw materials swept bare by Government requisition and it is probable that cases where they are able to take advantage of the embargo at the expense of Canadian competitors will be few and far between.

However, it is probable that this difficulty will be a temporary one. In any case it will not grow to serious proportions unless the embargo is extended to take in coal. In the latter case the results would be appalling.

An embargo on coal — and it is not an impossibility by any means — would completely upset industry in Canada. Factories would have to close down, business generally would be dislocated seriously. This, in addition, of course, to the individual suffering that would follow.

It is not at all probable that the U.S. Government will take any such action. The situation is serious, however. Coal is very scarce.

A good motto for manufacturer and householder alike at present is—Conserve Coal!

Better Buying Needed

More of our staple foods could be purchased by the consumer directly from the producer or at most with the intervention of one intermediary. For instance, dressed and cut beef suitable for cooking will range from fourteen cents a pound for the cheapest cuts to thirty-five cents for the cuts. Apples, turnips, carrots and potatoes may be bought by the bushel even by a single family. If bought at retail in the usual small quantities, by the half-peck or peck, the price is practically doubled. A material saving could be made if families living near each other would buy such staple articles co-operatively. If a single family does not care to buy a whole tub of butter direct from the country—though it can be put up in five to six pound lots—two or three families might "go together," and divide the express charges.



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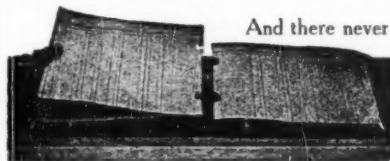
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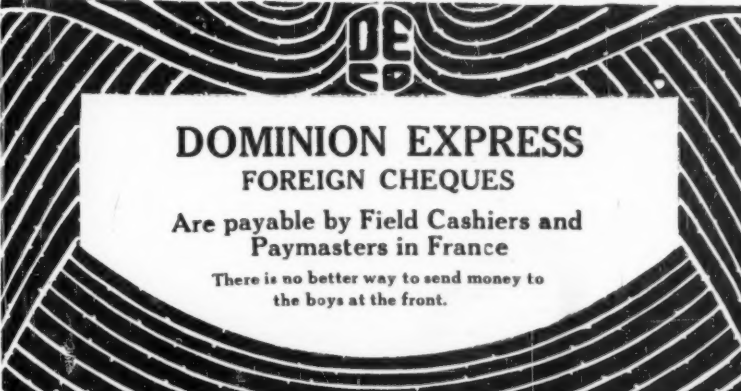
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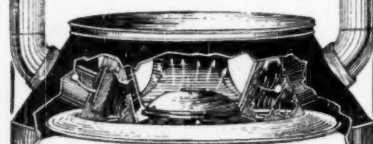
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The Investment Situation

This is the idea of investment that MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE desires to present: That men and women should save carefully, putting their money in the bank; should carry endowment and life insurance; should make a will, naming some good trust company as executor. When these matters have been taken care of, the surplus income should be invested in good Government and municipal bonds. To these might be added good real estate mortgages, but the average man or woman who is not in close touch with values would be unwise to put money into mortgages at the present time, except indirectly through investment in some of the good loan companies' shares. Men and women, and particularly young men, whose incomes are above the average, who are not dependent upon a sure income from their investments and who are willing to take risks to secure a larger return on their money, may buy shares in financial and industrial companies. MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE does not care to advise readers on any particular securities, but with the aid of the editor of "The Financial Post" will gladly give regular subscribers opinions on new flotations.—The Editors.

Advice For the New Investor

THE tremendous success of the Victory Loan leaves the investment market considerably depleted, if not actually bared. The very great majority of the people who took war bonds used their last available cent to do it. Of course, most of the investors were people who had never bought a bond before. The Victory bonds were bought out of bank savings, small accumulations which would never have figured otherwise in an investment. Many big investors on the other hand depleted themselves absolutely by the generous proportions of the share they assumed.

It is quite certain that the investment market in Canada will be very quiet for some time to come; and this raises the question as to how prices will likely be affected. There is some disagreement on this score among financial men, but it is pretty generally agreed that, as money will be extremely scarce, the price of bond offerings will be hammered down still lower; thus creating still better bargains for the bond buyer. It is said that some moneyed people, not content with the 5½% offered on the Victory Loan bond, held off a share at least of their available cash in order to take advantage of the situation which is now developing. When it is figured, however, that a country the size of Canada raised \$450,000,000, it can be accepted as certain that the number of investors who held off was relatively very small.

That money will be very scarce goes without saying. Municipal bonds coming on a market bare of visible cash must be very attractive to sell at all. Prices, therefore, will be very favorable for the investor. That prices will continue to grow in attractiveness for some time is the view held in many quarters. Perhaps never again will municipal and government bonds sell on more favorable terms than will be the case for the next few months.

Now that the Victory Loan has been carried to a spectacularly successful issue, the individual Canadian should look to his financial affairs with a view to the future. There may be another big loan necessary, or two or half a dozen, before the war is over. In any case the duty of the individual is to save and conserve in every direction. It is not intended to say that people should begin now to hoard up money for the next war loan. Such a policy would glut the banks with money and starve the legitimate investment market with evil effects both ways. But the individual should save every cent that he can keep from the clutches of that very

real bogey, the H. C. of L., and put it into some productive investment. A bond or a good sound stock purchased now is tantamount to saving that much money. Funds thus invested can be realized upon and the money is being used to good purpose.

And the kind of saving to effect this purpose? Let each individual go over his expenditures and curtail in every detail that offers a chance. This man can smoke fewer cigars and that man eat lighter lunches. Some women can save substantial sums by a more careful course in the matter of dress. There are scores of economies that can be put into effect around any home, little things for the most part but with small savings involved, but which in the aggregate would soon strengthen and amplify a bank balance. Save and conserve in the small things and the big thing—the creation of a safety fund—will look after itself.

As will be seen by reference to the Business Outlook, in this issue, Canada is in for a busy, active winter. Wages are bound to continue high. There will be lots of money in circulation. All branches of business will be more or less prosperous, some abnormally so. It is going to be within the power of every sensible person to save more than ever before. To those who do the matter of proper investment is going to be a very interesting one. Many people made their first real investment in the Victory Loan. It has given them a new impetus, a new viewpoint. They will continue to invest their savings in the same way. The Victory Loan has created an army of new investors.

To these new investors one word of general advice may be given. A person with money to place must first of all answer this question, Am I looking for a big yield purely and simply or is it necessary for me to consider first the matter of security? The man who thinks only of yield is prepared to take a chance. Without being actually rash he may make an investment in industrial stocks or in real estate, which has some element of risk in it. He takes this risk because the investment offers him a large return on his money. Necessarily he is in a position to stand the loss if by any ill chance his investment goes wrong. The small investor cannot do this. The man who lays aside \$100 or \$200 or \$500 a year is not in a position to lose any share of his laborious savings. A loss would seriously endanger his future. The small investor, therefore, must first of all look to the security offered. He must place his money where the possibility of loss is reduced

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to an absolute minimum. After he has assured himself on that point then the matter of yield enters.

For the small investor, therefore, the safest and surest kind of venture is bonds, Government and municipal. For the thousands of new investors created by experience in the Victory Loan, the logical method is to buy such bonds as offer. For those who can afford a less positive programme, there are plenty of splendid and quite safe investments.

The Daily Life of the Romanoffs

How the Deposed Czar and His Family Live.

SINCE the Russian Revolution the deposed Czar and Czarina and their family have been moved to Tobolsk in Siberia. It is an ironic turn that the man who was officially responsible for sending so many Russians to that icy, barren land should himself have traversed a part at least of the long trail. The Romanoffs are not in jail, but they are placed in circumstances so prosaic and dull that it must be almost as bad as actual imprisonment. They have seven rooms and \$1,000 a year! Ivain Narodny in the *Denver Post* tells of their life as follows:

The Romanof flat in Tobolsk does not contain the comforts to which ordinary Americans are accustomed. It has no bathroom, no running water, hot or cold, no steam heat, no gas or electric light. Luxurious baths were a distinctive feature of the Czar's favorite palaces. The apartment is heated by Russian tile stoves, and the wood for heating is carried upstairs daily. The climate of Tobolsk is extremely cold during nine months of the year. The water for the household is pumped up from a well and is carried into the house in buckets.

There is no garden about the house—only a small yard, which has been shut off from prying eyes by a high fence. This offers no attraction to Nicholas Romanof as a place for exercise, although he is fond of gardening. There is a balcony on the house facing east, and here Mr. and Mrs. Romanof obtain their only fresh air on ordinary days. The windows of the Czar's private room look out on those of an old cobbler across the street.

Nicholas and his wife are thus kept really prisoners within their flat. They are only allowed out for the purpose of attending services in the Cathedral of the Annunciation or the Monastery, or going to the public baths. They attend divine services twice every Sunday and on religious anniversaries of importance. They attend the public baths once a week.

Whenever they go out they are followed by four officers of the guard, and others are within call. The entire guard consists of 400 soldiers of proved revolutionary sympathies. They watch the dethroned family day and night, working in four watches, one hundred men being always on duty at a time.

All the mail sent out or received by Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Romanof is carefully read before being delivered, not excepting the letters of Nicholas to his mother. The colonel in command of the guard has orders to kill them should any attempt to rescue them be made.

All the food required by the family is purchased for them by the officers of the guard. The Government has made an allowance of 5,000 rubles a year to buy provisions for the Romanof household. This sum is equivalent to about \$1,000 in American money. At this rate Mr. Romanof can obtain an ample supply of simple food for his family, provided he avoids all extravagances.

Mrs. Romanof is extremely fond of German cooking, and, therefore, finds it necessary

Making Buying Safe and Easy

HOW ADVERTISING SAVES AND PROTECTS THE BUYING PUBLIC

DOES the average person ever stop to think what a safe and easy thing buying has become in our day?—What a contrast to the way it used to be within the memory of most of us?

This applies to all buying—of necessities, of luxuries, of everything.

JOHN SULLIVAN SPEAKS

Mr. John Sullivan, Secretary of the Association of National Advertisers, in a recent interview, said some things on this subject which should interest every buyer in the world. For his words apply to the purchase of anything, from a 5-cent cake of soap up to the most expensive advertised article.

"To-day," said Mr. Sullivan, "the housewife sends her little child to make purchases at the corner grocery. She sends her with perfect confidence that, even though a child, she cannot err therein. All that the child needs is explicit instructions to buy THIS or THAT. In the case of all staple produce the price is known, the quality is known, and the NAME is known. There is practically nothing about the goods that is unknown. And to be sure of getting exactly what you want, it is only necessary to name the goods.

"It is the same in other stores of nearly every kind.

WHEN BUYING WAS A HAZARD

"What a contrast to the days of our fathers, when practically all buying was a hazard—impossible for the child and risky even for the parents!

"In those so-called 'good old days,' soap was just soap, prunes were just prunes, coffee was coffee—and so on through the long list of things that are used in every home.

"In no case was there any guarantee of quality—or any sure way to identify goods that might have proved satisfactory so that the same goods could be bought again. The whole buying game was just a game—a game and a gamble; with all the odds against the buyer.

THE COMING OF THE TRADE-MARK.

"Then gradually, step by step, came the great change. The TRADE-

MARK began to appear—a positive means of identifying goods. And with the trade-mark came ADVERTISING on a national scale—the best, the surest, the cheapest, the only efficient way of making the merits of these goods known to buyers everywhere.

"Trade-marked merchandise was soon found to be good merchandise—worthy of every buyer's confidence.

"In fact trade-marked articles have got to be good. The trade-mark identifies them, advertising proclaims them, and use by thousands and millions makes their qualities positively known. Only first-class merchandise can dare to court such a test. A well-known trade-mark is an asset of priceless value for a good article, but it would be sure death for a poor one, for in that case it would be not a guarantee but a WARNING to the buyer. It would help him to identify the bad as well as the good; to avoid the one and choose the other.

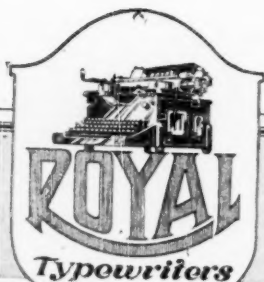
"The greatest achievement of modern advertising is that for the first time in the history of the world's merchandising it protects the buyer; it makes buying both easy and safe. The value of every trade-mark depends on the good will of the buyer, therefore, this trade-mark, which positively identifies the goods, for better or for worse, is the buyer's sure and certain guarantee."

FOR THOSE WHO TRAVEL

Mr. Sullivan could very well have gone on to say something about the way advertising has simplified buying for those who travel, or those who shop elsewhere than at their own regular stores. Advertising has distributed the merchandise of general demand so thoroughly that wherever one goes, he may obtain the articles he is familiar with at home, at the same price. So there is once more protection and ease in buying.

THE FUNCTION OF ADVERTISING

The whole function of modern advertising is to acquaint the public, for its protection and convenience, with standardized, identified goods, sold at a fair price, and at a price which is practically universal the whole country over. The economics of advertising is a big and fascinating subject.



ROYAL TRIPLE SERVICE

saves time by

**Writing Letters
Typing Cards
and Billing**

without any mechanical change, without being encumbered with extra attachments.

That is ROYAL triple service—no time wasted shifting from one kind of work to another—no fussing with annoying devices—no cost for "special" attachments.

ROYAL triple service saves time. Triple service is only one of many characteristics which make the ROYAL a machine of perfect letters and double service.

"Compare the Work"

**Royal Typewriter Co., Inc.
Royal Typewriter Building
364 Broadway - New York**

CANADIAN AGENTS:
FIELD, LOVE & HOUSE
41 Richmond St. W., Toronto, Ontario
LIBRAIRIE BRACHEMIN, LTD.
79 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada
MODERN OFFICE APPLIANCES CO.
251 Notre Dame Ave., Winnipeg, Man.
QUEBEC TYPEWRITER
EXCHANGE
82 Mountain Hill - Quebec, Canada
ROYAL TYPEWRITER AGENCY
302 Pender Street W., Vancouver, B.C.
SUPPLIES COMPANY OF CANADA,
LTD.
65 Sparks Street - Ottawa, Ontario



RITZ CARLTON HOTEL

MONTREAL

Canada's Finest Hotel

For Reservations apply to
FRANK S. QUICK, Manager

to spend much of her time in the kitchen directing the preparation of the family meals. Mr. Narodny thus describes the domestic routine of the Romanofs, the meals being planned—as is sometimes the case in other less conspicuous *menages*—to suit the convenience of the servants:

The Romanofs have a light breakfast at ten o'clock, luncheon at one, and dinner at six. The late hour for breakfast and the early hour for dinner are planned to suit the convenience of the servants.

Day after day the same monotonous routine continues, with its painfully simple meals and its lack of excitement. There are no social pleasures, no entertainments, for Mr. and Mrs. Romanof. Until recently their lives were filled with state banquets, great court balls and receptions, and pageants of various kinds, not to mention the Rasputin orgies and other diversions perhaps equally exciting. Now they can not even entertain the mayor or school children of the town.

Tobolsk reports that the former Czarina is very lively in her conversation and bitter with her tongue. When the meal is served she keeps up a series of comments in this strain:

"Now, children, let's have our prison fare. But there's a better time coming. Believe me, I will make the monsters suffer who have treated us like this!"

The former Czar, on the other hand, is very silent, gloomy and reflective. He has grown very haggard, gray and old-looking. He wears ordinarily the old undress uniform of a colonel of the Prebajensky Regiment, which he is allowed to use, although he no longer enjoys the rank. His chief dissipation is drinking tea. He usually consumes twenty to thirty cups a day, and the failure of his health is evidently due in large part to this cause. He also smokes a great many cigarettes.

Perhaps the most interesting news of the Romanof family relates to the daughters. There are four of these girls, all pretty and attractive—Olga, aged twenty-two; Tatiana, aged twenty; Marie, aged eighteen; and Anastasia, aged sixteen. They were nearly frightened to death at the outbreak of the revolution, but now, under just treatment, they are developing into good republicans, and perhaps even socialists.

The Government has very kindly, and no doubt wisely, allowed these young girls to come and go as they please, without any watch being kept upon them. They mix freely with the people of the town and travel to other parts of the country if they wish. They are usually addressed, according to the regular Russian style, as "Olga Nicolaievna," meaning "Olga, daughter of Nicholas"; "Tatiana Nicolaievna," and so on. The former Czar is addressed as "Hospodin Romanof" and his wife as "Hospasha Romanova," the prefixes used being the Russian equivalents of "Mr." and "Mrs."

Miss Tatiana Romanof is rapidly imbibing the spirit of freedom. It is said that she disappeared one day, and there were rumors that she had married a young naval officer and run away to America. But she returned after two weeks, and it was explained that she had been on a visit to Irkutsk, where there is more social life.

All the Romanof girls have plenty of money at present, as they have been allowed to retain possession of the cash they had before the revolution.

Olga, who is the most earnest member of the family, is acting as a volunteer nurse in the local military hospital, where she spends two hours every day. A popular young socialist orator from Petrograd is reported to have fallen in love with her. They have been seen together several times, and a romance is looked for with keen interest. The former Grand Duchess appears to have become a convert to socialism. As a first practical step she announces her intention of giving piano lessons free to the children of the comrades of the socialist faith.

The third daughter, Marie, is taking lessons in shorthand and typewriting, as she intends to write out the memoirs of her father.

Then there is the former heir apparent, little Alexis, known to his family and friends as "Aliosha." From the monarchical point of view he is more important than all the girls

IF you are married and have an income of \$3,000 or over, you will be interested in our

Synopsis of Canada's Income Tax

If unmarried, and your income is \$1,500 or over, this synopsis is equally important to you.

We have a few extra copies which we shall be pleased to send free to those interested.

Write for Pamphlet 2.

GREENSHIELDS & CO.

Members Montreal Stock Exchange
Dealers in Canadian Bond Issues
17 St. John Street, Montreal
Central Chambers, Ottawa

Macey SECTIONAL BOOKCASES

ARE THE BEST

For sale by All Leading Furniture Dealers.
"MACEY STYLE BOOK," full of information, free for the asking.

CANADA FURNITURE MANUFACTURERS
WOODSTOCK, ONTARIO.

VENUS PENCILS



For a pencil of unequalled quality order VENUS, the biggest selling drawing pencil in the world.

17 black degrees and hard and medium indelible copying.

AMERICAN LEAD PENCIL CO.
240 Fifth Avenue, New York
and Clapton, London, Eng.



To Hang Up Things

Pictures, Photos, Pennants, Draperies, etc., use the world-famous, strong and dainty

Moore Push-Pins

Glass Heads, Steel Points.

Moore Push-Pin Hangers, the Hanger with a Twist, for framed pictures, mirrors, etc.

At Stationery, Hardware, Drug and Photo Supply Stores.

Samples and Booklet Free.

Write Dept. C

MOORE PUSH-PIN CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

Mention MacLean's Magazine—It will identify you.

put together. He is allowed to go out and play in the public park as long as he pleases, but he is watched all the time by the guards, because he might be used by conspirators in an attempt to restore the monarchy.

The Romanof girls mix freely with the ordinary citizens of Tobolsk. They often go to the Municipal Theatre, and on these occasions they sit down in the lobby, which serves the purpose of the French cafe as a social meeting-place. They often go to large tea parties in the town, and the three older girls have attended luncheons at the Merchants' Club. They are also members of the Woman's Club and the Red Cross Society of the town.

Aliosha is still accompanied by the gigantic sailor, Derevenko, who has acted as his "nursemaid" since infancy. It is interesting to know that little Aliosha appears to be in much better health than when he was heir to the throne, although he still suffers from the stiffness of the right leg which he acquired in a mysterious accident. His color is better than it was, and he appears to have recovered to some extent from the slow poisoning to which Rasputin is said to have subjected him as a means of maintaining his influence over the Czar and Czarina.

But while the younger members of the Romanof family are seemingly quite happy in their exile, the former Czar and Czarina feel deeply their loss of wealth and their heritage of power that has been handed down through generations. Mrs. Romanof's temper has been a little ruffled, and she quite frequently works herself into a passion by brooding over the past splendor of her life. Nicholas simply envelops himself in a cloud of melancholy.

The revolutionary Government permitted two officials to accompany Nicholas into exile—Count Fredericks, who was for years Minister of the Court, and General Voyekoff, the former military commander of the palace, who played such a spectacular role in rescuing Rasputin's body from the Neva in order that his master might bury it in a silver coffin at midnight in the palace grounds. To these two men Nicholas confides his sorrows and his reminiscences.

The former Czarina has been permitted as a companion the Countess Narishkin, who was long her lady-in-waiting.

It will be recalled that while Nicholas was a prisoner at Tsarkoe Selo, immediately after the revolution, he worked very industriously in the garden. He is reported as having said to General Voyekoff, at Tobolsk:

"My life has been mostly that of a prisoner. I don't care for the throne as much as for the chance to live in the Crimea and have flowers about me. I only wish Russia would smash those Germans. I can live very well under a republic."

The former Czarina has a more aggressive and restless character than her husband. She busies herself in household work, probably in order to save herself from going mad over her troubles. She rises at eight o'clock in the morning, goes into the kitchen, looks over the provisions, and plans the meals for the day.

How best to invest a dollar in food

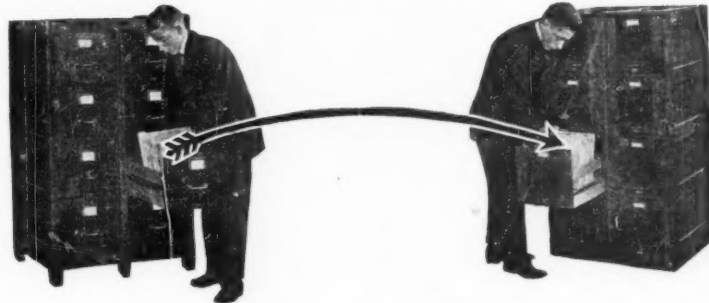
In what way will a dollar's worth of food do the most good? A food specialist and chemist of authority prescribes the following:

First, for an infant. By being invested in pure, fresh milk from tuberculin-tested cows.

Second, for young children, from three to five years: In pure milk and whole, well-ground, well cooked cereals. The milk will cost from six to ten cents and the cereal (an eighth to a quarter of a pound) from one to two cents.

Third, for well-grown children and adults: One pound of cereals per day costs from six to eight cents; one-quarter pound meat per day from five to six cents; one pound of vegetables or fruits per day costs from two to six cents; total, twenty cents.

Transfer the Old Records



Start 1918 with Clear Files

If you postpone the yearly transfer (it's an irksome job, we know) until around the first of the year, you're courting a possible muddle in your whole filing system. For in the bustle and rush of an eleventh hour transfer there are insidious opportunities aplenty for the new correspondence and records to become hopelessly mixed with the old.

When there's a service at your disposal like "Office Specialty" offers you—a service that guarantees a positive saving in the Time and Labor of your staff; a service that will be



Get a copy of this 16-page Desk Book for your Filing Clerk

the means of freeing your office from the usual Transfer Time confusion; and moreover, a service that will insure you the fullest measure of economy, then there's no reason in the world why you should put the job off.

To convince yourself that the service we offer is genuine, to make us "prove-up," get in touch with the nearest "Office Specialty" Filing Equipment Store today—see locations below—and get one of our system men working on your transfer problem.

OFFICE SPECIALTY
TRANSFER SUPPLIES

MADE IN CANADA BY

OFFICE SPECIALTY MFG. CO.

Largest Makers of Filing Devices and Office Systems in the British Empire

Home Office and Factories: NEWMARKET, CAN.

Filing Equipment Stores at:

Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa, Halifax, Hamilton, Winnipeg, Regina, Edmonton, Vancouver

IT WILL DO YOUR WORK MORE QUICKLY

Acme No. 1 Binder is just the machine you need for heavy office work, and for fastening samples of carpets, hosiery, underwear, silk, lace, etc. Holds 100 staples. Won't clog or buckle. Does the work quickly and easily.

Will cut down expenses and save time and money in office, factory or store. Very simple and durable.

Let us supply your requirements. Write for booklet "A" which shows the complete Acme line and the many uses.

ERNEST J. SCOTT & COMPANY
THE ACME STAPLE COMPANY
PROCESS TYPEWRITER SUPPLY COMPANY, LTD.

59 St. Peter St., Montreal, Canada
Camden, N.J., U.S.A.
London, England



The Acme
No. 1
Binder



What has he said to her?

Does your glowing face cause an exclamation of pleasure?

Brilliant lights revealing every grace and every flaw; eyes fixed upon you ready to admire—can you face them unembarrassed?

Don't spoil your evening wondering about your complexion. Descend the stairs to meet your friends radiant and blooming—thrilled by the knowledge that you are looking your best.

You can have this confidence

You can make your skin what you will. Every day the old skin dies and new skin forms in its place. What this new skin is depends on the care you give it.

Skin specialists say that the best way to build up a clear, beautiful complexion, to keep the skin in a healthy, active condition, is by proper cleansing and stimulating treatments with a soap carefully

prepared to suit the nature of the skin.

Woodbury's Facial Soap was prepared by a skin specialist after 30 years of experience with the skin and its needs.

Let this treatment give you the charm of a flawless skin

Begin tonight to get the benefits of this skin specialist's soap for your skin. Use this Woodbury treatment every night and watch your skin lose every flaw; watch it take on a smooth texture, a soft glowing color.

Lather your washcloth well with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. Apply it to your face and distribute the lather thoroughly. With the tips of your fingers work this cleansing antiseptic lather into your skin, always using an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, finish by rubbing your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice. Always be careful to dry your skin well.

A 25 cent cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is sufficient for a month of this

treatment. Get a cake today. It is for sale at druggists and toilet counters everywhere in the United States and Canada. Watch your skin gradually improve so you can face the most glaring light, the most critical eyes—confident of its smoothness and freshness.

5c brings you a week's treatment

For 5c we will send you a sample cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week of any Woodbury treatment, with the booklet—"A Skin You Love to Touch". For 12c we will send you in addition to the soap and booklet, samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Write today. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 2501 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

For sale wherever toilet goods are sold



WANTED—
HUNDRED POINT MEN

By
GEORGE A. SIMPSON

ALL over this great Continent, geographically known as the United States of America and Canada, there are to-day many prosperous industries which were, a few short years ago, facing serious financial embarrassment and failure. ¶ These industries in many instances had been grossly mismanaged, while in others, lack of capital and kindred ills contributed to their condition; but it matters not now what was the cause; it is Results and not explanations we are interested in, as results count and the facts are, these conditions did exist. ¶ Then came the War, and as if by magic all was changed; from Adversity to Prosperity was a short shift and even Industries that were wavering on the ragged edge of failure took on a new lease of life and assumed a prosperous air. The stupendous demand for products of every description was, and is, such that extension of plant and increased production became the order of the day and under these unprecedented conditions, business to-day is pushing the man who, under normal conditions, could not push business. ¶ The whole structure---Agricultural, Industrial, Commercial and Economic---has been undergoing the most drastic change the World has ever known. But how about the man? And how about business, with its increased facilities for production and its corresponding overhead expense, when this demand ceases and Competition sets in? ¶ 'Tis said the leopard changeth not his spots, and this, in a measure, applies to business management. The test of fitness will come when the Commercial War begins and a new order of things exists, to which we must adjust ourselves. A tremendous momentum has been started and maintained on business we did not seek, and the Wheels of Industry have been greased with prices exceeding our wildest dreams. We have been floated into position, on a tidal wave of business, far and above the jagged rocks of competition, which await us when the tide recedes. What then?---is a question worthy of sincere consideration NOW. ¶ To successfully cope with the new conditions and maintain our progress will create a demand for Hundred Point Men. Men who are well balanced---men who are not one-sided in their development, whose energies do not seep into narrow channels, while the main streams of ability are allowed to run dry---men who are broad, who do not take half views of things---men whose education has been received in the school of hard knocks, whose capital is Knowledge acquired through experience, who mix common sense with theory and do not permit the technical to distort their practical viewpoint of everyday life---men who have studied men and mastered conditions, whose love of humanity knows no bounds, who despise pretence and worship a good name---men who can decide and whose decisions are intelligent and just, who see education and development, discipline and character in their occupation---men who can co-operate more successfully than they can compete---men who can honorably and persistently produce results---such men as these are the Executives of the future---HUNDRED POINT MEN.

On the counterpane by her
side lay a smaller cluster of
twelve very beautiful dark
red Gloire de Dijon roses.

See "The Pawns Count,"
Page 24.



MACLEAN'S

MAGAZINE

Volume XXXI

JANUARY, 1918

Number 3

The Magic Makers

A Story of Mystery and Adventure in Canada

By Alan Sullivan

Author of "The Inner Door," "Blantyre-Alien," etc.

Illustrated by J. W. Beatty

ON a slope of the Calton Hill a big man sat staring at the shining roofs of Edinburgh Town; his face, brown and weather-beaten, had a whimsical smile, and his eyes, half-closed, were deep in thought. From time to time he glanced indifferently at the exquisite outline of the ancient city, but always his gaze returned to a certain corner of a morning paper that lay unfolded on the grass beside him. Leaning over the broad shoulders an observer might have read the following:—

"The undersigned desires to communicate with reliable person having had recent experience in Northern Canada. Professional explorer preferred. Andrews & Dalgleish, Solicitors, Princes Street, Edinburgh."

Picking up the paper he read this notice almost without seeing it, so intent was his brain on unspoken thoughts, till, presently, he heaved up his massive frame and started down hill in profound meditation.

Half an hour later, David Andrews, writer to the signet, peered with unwonted interest at the great bulk of the man who filled his office doorway. "You sent up word that you wanted to see me?" he said after a moment of unconscious admiration.

Sergeant MacTier nodded. "It's about yon notice in the Scotsman," he answered briefly.

"Ah!" A new note came into the solicitor's voice. Then, quickly, "Sit down."

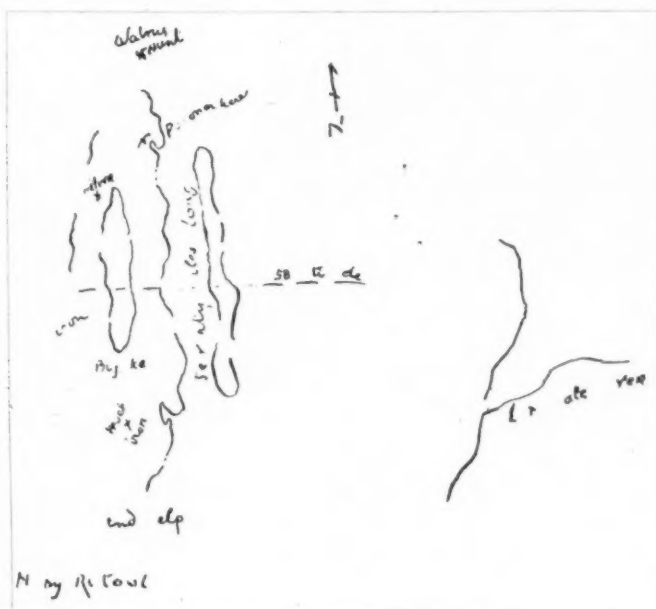
In the course of the next ten minutes he extracted from the big man sufficient information about his immediate past to

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*Herewith is presented the first instalment of a new serial story by Alan Sullivan. This Canadian author has earned a wide recognition by the publication of his recent novel, "The Inner Door." In "The Magic Makers" Mr. Sullivan presents a story of remarkable interest, full of stirring incident and with a fine flavor of mystery.*

At that MacTier grinned. "Will the Comptroller of the Royal North-West Mounted Police do?"

"Do!" The solicitor leaned forward. "I should think he would."

"Well," said the big man, "we'll leave it at that."



The mysterious map that came from Henry Rintoul, lost in the far north.

make him send word to the outer office that for the present he was not to be disturbed. As the curt recital went on, he became impressed as much by what Sergeant MacTier did not say as by the brief outline he sketched, but it was probably habit which drew from Andrews a mechanical enquiry as to what references might be available.

A LITTLE silence followed after which Andrews opened a brass-bound box in the corner of his office, and, unfolding a small parcel of documents, began to talk in a level voice that, in spite of him, lifted every now and then as he met the steady gaze of the grey eyes of Sergeant MacTier.

"Three years ago," he commenced deliberately, "a client of mine, Mr. Rintoul, of Aberdeen, came to this office and made his will. Mr. Rintoul, who was possessed of considerable means, left his entire property to his only son, Henry. A proviso was made in the will that should Henry marry without his father's consent the property would revert to another branch of the family. Very shortly after that Mr. Rintoul informed me that his son had become engaged, much against his father's wishes, that a violent dispute had forthwith

arisen, and, as a result of this, Henry had left home over night. Mr. Rintoul, who was never very strong, took the matter greatly to heart and died within six months. His decease, I might say, was without question hastened by remorse and anxiety. I discovered almost immediately that the person to whom Henry Rintoul was engaged was in fact

a very admirable young woman, so much so that, when she learnt of the proviso in Rintoul's will, she refused to marry young Rintoul while that proviso was in force. Mr. Rintoul senior was not aware of her attitude at the time of his death, and I am further assured that Henry Rintoul does not know, at the present time, of his father's decease. I tell you this," added Andrews, "that you may be fully apprised of the circumstances of the case, which are in brief that there is a large property awaiting Henry Rintoul's ownership and that he is at perfect liberty now to marry as he sees fit. The girl," he concluded, "is in Scotland and hoping for his return."

Jock nodded. "Aye, that's clear."

"Now," resumed Andrews thoughtfully, "we revert to young Rintoul. We know that he went straight from Scotland to Canada. We know also that he was in Montreal and subsequently went north to some queer place called Cobalt, where I am told there are silver mines. We are aware, further, that from Cobalt he kept on north, but since then we have heard nothing. When I say nothing I mean nothing intelligible, you understand."

Jock shook his great head. "No," he said simply, "I don't understand."

Andrews smiled. "Well, here is his last communication, if such you can call it."

IN the big palm of Sergeant MacTier the solicitor laid a soft brown bundle perhaps two inches in diameter and six inches long, and at the touch of it the lid of Jock's brain was lifted and there flooded back on him all the mystery and appeal, all the voiceless fascination, all the vast invitation of the North. This, the last message of Henry Rintoul, was inscribed on a strip of soft tanned hide, from which still spread the sharp and smoky odors of some long extinguished and far distant camp fire.

Slowly he unrolled it, fingering its soft texture with lingering touch. Lying flat it was, perhaps, ten inches long. As nearly as he could make it, the hide was that of a white bear, being too thick for caribou or lesser fur, too devoid of oil for seal or walrus. Traced faintly on its surface were a few fine lines, which, in the now dwindling light, seemed almost illegible.

"And this," said Jock slowly, "is all you have?"

The solicitor nodded gravely. "That, and an old photograph of young Rintoul, and what I can tell you of him myself. I'm afraid there's nothing more."

Jock rubbed the soft hide between his broad finger tips. "How did this get here?"

"Curiously enough, by post, with the address almost undecipherable. I've never been able to trace it. In that case—"

"In that case," said Jock quietly, "perhaps you'll go on with the story."

Andrews drummed on his desk and looked hard into the grey eyes. "Mr. MacTier," he commenced, speaking almost with diffidence, "what I am about to propose may seem absurd to you, but I make bold to propose it because in the back of my head I feel that all things are possible. Will you go to Northern Canada in search of young Rintoul? I say this knowing full well that with the information that exists the attempt may be, and probably will be, a wild goose chase. But since talking to you I have got it into my head that, if anyone can

find Rintoul, you can. I ask no promises from you—nothing but the attempt—and with that I will be satisfied, whatever outcome it has."

A LITTLE silence filled the office during which Jock got up, and, walking to the window, stared out at the battlemented heights of Edinburgh Castle. His brain was in sudden tumult. Since his return after years as a trooper in the Barren Lands, and his marriage to Marget, he had been proud and thankful that such things could come to a man like himself. But always at night time there unrolled before his eyes the magnificent panorama of the Far North. There came to his ears the mysterious call which emanates from unpeopled realms. It was in his blood now, he knew that. But by what poignant process this steadily rising hunger was to be stilled he had so far been unable to conjecture. Now the trail of his life might turn either one way or the other as he halted breathlessly. On one hand were Marget and Elsie, and comfort, and a world of men to choose from for friends and comrades, while on the other the lifting curtain of fate had revealed separation from those he loved, danger, hardship and that fierce contest in which man pitted himself against the elemental forces of natural things. He turned and looked hard at the solicitor.

"I am a married man," he said, under his breath.

"Mr. MacTier," came the instant answer, "married or not, you are the man for this job. It means, perhaps, two or three years' work, then independence. I am free to say that whatever funds you require are at your disposal. Will you think it over and see me in the morning?"

Now of all that raced through Jock's mind as he walked slowly homeward, and of the sheepish look on his face when he met Marget's happy glance, and of the quick intuitive process that instantly set at work in her active mind, it is not necessary to write, but it happened that that same evening she put her arm around Jock's neck and, laying a marked copy of the *Scotsman* on the table in front of him, asked in the most sympathetic manner possible whether that was the thing that ailed him. After which Jock mumbled a half-shamed assent.

"I knew it." She shot him a look of supreme intelligence.

"And how long might you have been aware of it yourself?" he demanded.

"Jock," she said slowly, "I've been watching that notice for the last three days. And now listen. Believe me, that much as we love each other, that love has not made me blind, and often I have read thoughts that you have never expressed and read in your eyes strange things of which you have never told me."

The big hand went out. "It's nothing, Marget. I just dropped in to see you people and they asked me to go and search for a man without knowing where to look for him."

"In the North—your old country?" she demanded.

"Aye, just that, but there's nothing to it."

She shook her head. "I don't believe you, and what's more you don't want me to believe you, and you're just talking for my sake. Now let me say something for yours. Jock, dear, the place you were meant to fill is not here in Scotland, at least not for the present. I respect you, and such is my faith in you, that I say your place is where your work calls you. I sometimes think there must be many women who have never found this out, and consequently many men are wasted, but I am too proud of you to waste you whatever it costs me. You are strange and wonderful, Jock, to other people, just as you are to me, and I don't want you to lose that just because you married me. But you must always feel as free as the air to answer the call that is meant for you."

Deep in the soul of Sergeant MacTier stirred something that crept into his veins like spreading fire. It was a passionate triumph born of the utter knowledge that here beside him was one in whose breast lay not only love and tenderness, but also a superb and noble understanding. Here, of all women in the world, was the one whom from now on he could worship with an abandonment of emotion in that her comprehension compassed not only his spirit, but the very heart and pulsing body of him as well. In this moment there was lighted in him the purest and highest flame that can glow in mortal tenement.

Without a word his arms went out, and, like a bird settling to her nest, Marget slipped into them and laid her head on his shoulder.

THAT was the way of it, and when Jock returned to the solicitors' office next morning his head was held high and there was a new light in his face.

Andrews took it all very quietly, having been curiously convinced from the start that Sergeant MacTier was God-sent and destined by fate for this particular purpose. Thereupon he made certain swift arrange-



ments which put MacTier in personal possession of more money than he had ever seen in his life, and, backing up so to speak, gave him what information he could about young Rintoul.

"He is tall," he said, "taller than you, and very dark. He was a good deal of an athlete when he was here and had a passion for animals. It was said that he could talk to dogs and horses almost in some language of their own. As I remember him he was restless and high spirited and quite devoid of any kind of fear."

"Photographs?" interjected Jock.

"I'm sorry but I've only one. It's a snapshot taken five or six years ago." Andrews pushed it over. "I'm afraid you can't make much of that."

Jock stared hard, saw a young man about seventeen with black curly hair, broad shoulders, and laughing eyes. He was bending over something that looked like a box.

"What's that?" put in the big man.

"That? Oh! An electric battery. He was always experimenting with it and

playing tricks, and this time he was caught in the act."

"Then this photograph and yon map is the entire evidence?" Jock pursed his lips. "I'll be taking them with me if there are no objections."

"Of course." Andrews hesitated a moment. "When do you think you can leave?"

Sergeant MacTier reached for his hat. "I'm leaving now," he said briefly.

CHAPTER II.

TWO weeks later Jock stood in the waiting room of the Deputy Comptroller of the Royal North-West

Mounted Police. He did not stand long, for, on receipt of his name, the Comptroller summoned him forthwith, and, with

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The men were beginning to show signs of a mutinous disposition.



Saving the Discard of Humanity

Dr. Clarke's Work for the Mentally Unfit

By Laura Bradshaw Durand

MORE than fifty years ago, on the very day that the bells pealed for the union of the Canadian provinces, a little lad came to Toronto with his mother on a social visit to Dr. Joseph Workman, medical superintendent of what was then known as the "Provincial Lunatic Asylum."

At the moment of their arrival a frenzied patient confined in the "refractory ward," in that day considered an essential feature, was engaged in smashing every pane of glass in its windows. The emotion excited in the child by the uproar and the proximity of the unknown, fearful and mysterious, the mixture of curiosity, terror and pity with which he listened to the conversation regarding the incident and conditions in the asylum left an ineffaceable impression upon his mind and heart.

The visit was prophetic, the emotion energizing. The child whose sympathies were then enlisted for the insane was Charles Kirk Clarke, acknowledged to be to-day Canada's greatest alienist and psychiatrist. His life has been devoted to the care of the insane in asylums. Now, in seeking the solution of the cause of their dread malady he is launching out on pioneer research work which promises far-reaching benefits to the world.

When in his sixteenth year he was ready for the university, Dr. Workman wrote him an eventful letter, the issue of which was that if he was determined on medicine as a career a position as junior clinical assistant awaited him on the staff of the Provincial Lunatic Asylum. Young Clarke accepted the offer promptly.

His was a golden age. The salient qualities of Dr. Workman as a man and a teacher were application, thoroughness and enthusiasm. Associated with young Clarke were W. G. Metcalf and Robert A. Pyne. It was their custom to meet Dr. Workman every evening after nine o'clock, when supper was served, and the chief relaxed from the cares of the day, talked brilliantly on all subjects, impressing his eager students with the need of never-ending study and appreciation of every aspect of life if they would attain distinction in their profession. Poor Metcalf was cut off at the very outset of his endeavor to practise these precepts in reforms at Rockwood, but the other two still bear witness to their energizing force and elevation.

WHEN Dr. Workman retired young Clarke stayed on, completing his university course. Later, he assumed the office of assistant superintendent at the Hamilton asylum. This was in 1880. A



Dr. C. K. Clarke.

year or two after a similar position at Rockwood was offered him. Young Metcalf, now his brother-in-law, was there as superintendent, fired with zeal for all that both prized in their profession. So he went to Rockwood. This asylum had been long little more than a prison for the criminal insane. Restraint was established in every ward. The equipment was that of a prison and the patients were hopeless. Altogether there were opportunities of the colossal kind to incite two young enthusiastic psychiatrists of the Workman type. For five years Rockwood was in course of transformation. Then one day the superintendent and his assistant were trapped by a maniac who had made and secreted a knife. With a swift and terrible impact he sprang upon Metcalf and stabbed him to the heart. Dr. Clarke rushed to his friend's assistance and after a fierce and titanic struggle got the madman under. Then help arrived. Poor Metcalf was dead and Dr. Clarke's life had been saved only by his superior strength and agility built up on many a field of sport.

Although his resignation was pending and he had leased a house in Hamilton where he proposed to enter private prac-

tise, when the superintendency of Rockwood was offered to him he felt it was his duty to remain at his post. He speedily laid down the policy which was thereafter to guide his course. He became a pioneer in introducing the modern continental classification of the insane into Canada, for there are many types of insanity, which is disease of the brain, as there are various diseases of other organs of the body. He introduced therapeutics into his treatment, bringing insanity to the level of other physical ailments. He repudiated the custodial principal in his management instituting the hospital principle instead, and adopted the method of treating each case separately.

To-day, largely through Dr. Clarke's efforts, all institutions for the insane in this country are ranked as "hospitals." Moreover, he realized at the outset that he would be seriously handicapped in carrying out his ideas of reform unless trained and intelligent nurses were available to assist him. Hence he founded a training school for nurses of the insane at Rockwood, one of the first of its kind in the world. Its course demanded a high order of intelligence and efficiency, and women of superior ability were attracted to the school. They were inspired by their chief's enthusiasm, and gradually the whole appearance and atmosphere of Rockwood was changed. The wards were beautified. Interesting occupations were

provided for the patients. Dr. Clarke organized a brass band and an orchestra from among his patients, some of whom became excellent players. The Tuesday afternoon concerts in the Rockwood Grove became events eagerly anticipated by the patients and enjoyed by the people of Kingston. Physical culture was introduced and a gymnasium set up. Musical drill was held daily. Brush making and weaving flourished so greatly that outside labor took offence and demanded of the Government that this be stopped. Buildings of all kinds went up, largely by the cheerful work of the formerly dangerous patients who had been given an outlet for their energies and a new interest in life. Out of door sports were organized. In winter time the patients curled and skated in a covered rink. In summer they enjoyed lake excursions. In every sense Rockwood, the former prison, became a centre of industry and pleasure.

ITS fame went abroad and it became the Mecca of persons seeking information and advice on the care of the insane. For the effect on the patients was magical. In one case a woman marked by her intervals

Continued on page 102.

Chasing the Submarines

Experiences in the North Sea Patrol

By John R. Margerison

EDITOR'S NOTE.—An effort is being made to present articles dealing with the lesser known branches of war service. In last issue appeared the story of a sniper. Herewith is presented the experiences of a young Canadian who has served in the North Sea patrol practically since the start of the war. In future issues other branches of the service will receive attention in the form of descriptive articles.

HAD he been born eighty years ago he would have been a Corinthian, and have found the adventure for which his soul craved in tooling along a dusty highway in a chaise and four, or financing—and maybe taking part in—those fistic contests of the old-time prize ring. However, as he first saw the light of day in the year of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, and did not find adventure until he had attained years of more or less discretion, he discovered his twin-soul in the motor-car.

He was a bright young fellow, and, had circumstances compelled him to work for his daily bread and butter, would have risen to supreme command of any motor-shop in rather less than no time. His ear was one of those uncanny microphones which could detect in an instant defects from the sound of a running engine; he could tell you whether the timing-chain was a little slack, or whether the carburettor was merely choked. And, what was more, he took just as great delight in stripping down the mechanism and adjusting that timing-chain or clearing that carburettor as he did in going "all out" along a particularly inviting piece of highway, and with it all he possessed the sympathy of touch and the subconscious knowledge of the right thing to do in an instantaneous emergency which are the gifts alone of the born driver.

As was only to be expected, when marine motoring began to attract the interest of the more adventurous youth on his side of the Atlantic, he plunged into the aquatic sport with all the fervour of an enthusiast, and rapidly became super-efficient in the handling of racing hydroplanes and all their kindred craft.

Fortunate as regards financial resources, he was able to put the manifold ideas which came to him from time to time into practical shape; and the result of his many improvements on his own racing-boat was that he began to carry off, at the periodical regattas for petrol-driven craft, more pots, shields, and trophies than he could find room for on his sideboard; more pennants than the halliards on his boat's small mast could accommodate at one time.

Then came war. "I'm going into this," he said. "I've got an idea that the navy will be able to use me and my boat; surely there's some way in which my peculiar knowledge of marine motoring can be utilized in the

national service. Besides, look at the sport there'll be on the water—racing will be tame in comparison."

ACCORDINGLY, he made certain representations to the powers that were—and the results of these representations were many and varied. The first were a commission as a temporary lieutenant in the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve for himself and a diminutive White Ensign for his boat. Then came a tiny three-pounder semi-automatic gun and a few boxes of ammunition. This weapon he mounted on the half-deck of his craft forward, and balanced the effect by erecting a brass-jacketed, efficient-looking Maxim aft between the well and the sternpost. A miniature but powerful searchlight completed the boat's outfit, and a few tins of high explosive with percussion-detonators ready for fitting were added for certain specific purposes. His brother—who, incidentally, had turned his own boat over completely to the Admiralty—came as his second in command, and four men who had attended the racing hydroplane in more peaceful times became able seamen in the Volunteer Reserve "for the duration," and for the love of the thing.

Thus equipped, the boat put out one gray morning for a certain spot on the East Coast "for disposal." Her commander wondered largely what "disposal" meant; an unsentimental commodore informed him that, initially, it meant acting as tender to a certain ship, who, in her turn, was a tender for submarines. The boat which had once made hay of all competition by reason of her speed, now found that speed and the handiness with which she could be handled of exceeding value in taking mails to certain grateful submarines, and in bringing back the manifold letters they had found time to write. Then when the mother-ship required fresh provisions it was the racing motor-boat who fetched them. This



A captured German underwater mine-layer being towed into an English port.

was all very well for a time; then her commander began to grumble.

"I joined to fight," he said, "not to be an errand-boy."

"Your services can be best utilized, at present, in the work you are doing," said Authority.

The young lieutenant bowed to the mandate, and gleaned an infinitesimal amount of hope from that "at present."

NOVEMBER came—the November of that first terrible winter—and the motor-boat got a change in her work. She was detached to run messages between two great battle-fleets, both of whom, in certain convenient harbors, awaited alike the coming of the German fleet and "Der Tag." The lieutenant made some friends among the regular officers, it is true, and this went a long way to compensate him for those dreary days and nights when the motor-boat slashed through gray, icy seas; when the pitiless rain and sleet came down in sheets, drenching through everything; when oilskins chafed great calluses on wrist and throat; when life became almost unbearable.

Indeed, I think it would have become utterly so but for one little episode which came to break the monotony during the end of that winter. It was one of Von Tir-

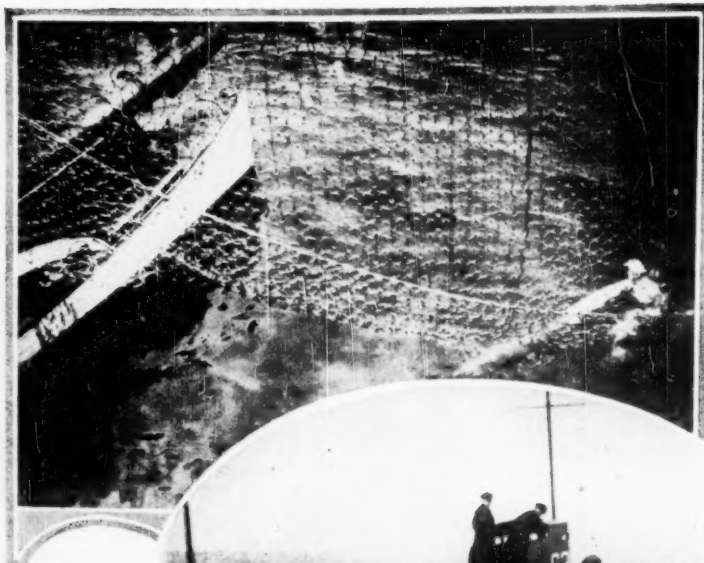
pitz's suumarines — sent out in that long-dead initial "iron blockade" — which provided it by engaging a herring-boat, whose chief duty at the moment was the fishing up of mines. The herring-boat had nothing but rifles for armament; the submarine was making great play with a six-pounder and rapidly reducing the fisherman's upper works to matchwood and splinters, when our motor-boat came silently and swiftly on the scene.

An overshot round from the three-pounder was the first sign of her presence, and the submarine turned to deal with this new and even more puny antagonist before finishing off her first opponent. But before she could get time to train her gun properly, the motor-boat was literally at her throat.

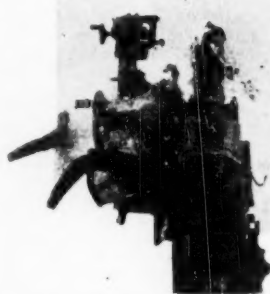
With the audacity which had carried through many a forlorn hope in racing days, the lieutenant let her rip, stem dead on to the submarine, while the three-pounder in the sea-washed bows put in double tides. Right close in to almost point-blank range, presenting a small and had-to-hit target to the submarine, the little craft sped, and then, after a lateral spraying of tiny three-pounder shells—each of which did its part in the manufacture of a neat open-work pattern in the submarine's hull—she turned and fled, leaving that U-boat to go down faster and farther than her designers had ever calculated upon.

"Now, that's something like service," said the lieutenant. "Nothing like a bit of a scrap to encourage one in this everlasting errand-boy job."

BUT Authority sat up and took notice when he made his modest report; when it was compared with that sent in by the herring-boat, Authority decided that the motor-boat could be better employed. So they appointed her to "detached service"—which means exactly service as requisite or at commander's discretion. The motor-boat began to enjoy herself. She cropped up in all sorts of places; lonely trawlers, punching up and down their ten-mile beats on the edge of their snared grounds, smelt her occasionally, and were grateful in their own dour fashion for the news she brought. Drifters, garnering enemy mines, in the home waters, told her of suspicious happenings, which she immediately went to investigate. It was on one such occasion that she found a submarine in difficulties; a submarine who laughed at her insistent demand for immediate surrender, but who soon changed her tune when the Maxim swept every man from her whaleback, and the lieutenant's ready automatic made good practice on every head that showed above her conning-tower top. And, just



Top: A submarine net in the North Sea. Right: A submarine chaser.



A most unusual photograph of a German submarine in action, showing a gun awash.

to make sure, the three-pounder made a colander of the conning-tower, so that the U-boat had the option of diving and filling—thus drowning all hands—or surrendering unconditionally. It took her three hours to make up her mind to do this last, and for that space of time the tiny cockle-shell motor-boat danced around her, ready and eager to deal with any and every emergency.

It was a great triumph for the young lieutenant when a tug came and took that submarine in tow, and later on he had the pleasure of seeing her, under a different ensign, performing most efficient service with a flotilla.

Rustry tramps, nosing their canny way up Channel, met him occasionally, and were grateful for the lead which he gave them through the mine-field paths; passengers on gigantic ocean liners speculated whether the tiny boat would sink and fill before she had piloted them to a safe anchorage, and all admired the grit and devotion to duty showed by these erstwhile racing men.

FLANDERS called next—called insistently, and, lo and behold! our motor-boat blossomed into a full-sized canal monitor; and by the way her crew talked, you'd have fancied she was capable of beating the High Seas Fleet single-handed. She one day engaged in a long-range duel with a field-battery, and put two of its guns out of action, and that same evening she put a termination to the career of an enemy supply-train, to say nothing of destroying a couple of motor-lorries in a convoy. An inquisitive Taube, who swept low in the sky the better to see what the little spitfire might be, received a dose of lead from the Maxim that transported her pilot to hotter regions, and

the Taube nose-dived into the canal, and was later retrieved as a spoil of war.

Then appeared defects; the rack and strain of the first year of warfare began to tell on motors and hull; spare parts ran short—a visit to a dockyard was imperative. And, for a full month, these half-dozen silent, bronzed, salt-stained men of the sea "enjoyed the blessings of the land and the fruits of their labors."

For a full year they had dreamed of a bed that didn't kick and leap with every wave-motion; of a freshly cooked meal that didn't come out of a can; of clean, white sheets instead of soaked sleeping-bags; of Turkish baths, and stalls at the "best thing in town." Realization came too swiftly; once these things had been sampled, there was born in their blood the old restlessness, and a full week before their time they were back in that dockyard, trying to hustle workers here, lending a hand there, with the result that the motor-boat put to sea three clear days to the good. She had achieved the impossible; she had hurried the dockyard!

"Why do we want to get back?" echoed the lieutenant when they asked the reason for his energetic pushfulness. "Well, I don't know. It's a rotten life. Look at these hands; they used to be soft and white; now a coal-miner would be disgusted by their horniness. Look at this chafe on my neck; that comes of wearing a sodden oilskin when the spray comes over the bows in bucketsful. We usually wear dry clothes for just so long as it takes the sea to soak through a change of raiment, and, as a rule, when at sea we have to bale like demons to keep the dear old hooker from filling and foundering. But, man alive! we like it—like it even better than those fair days when we sliced through the Roads at Cowes for silver cups and shields and trophies and

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JIM

By ROBERT W. SERVICE

Who wrote: "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man"
"Songs of a Sourdough," etc.

Never knew Jim, did you? Our boy Jim?
Bless you, there was the likely lad;
Supple and straight and long of limb,
Clean as a whistle and just as glad.
Always laughing, wasn't he, Dad?
Joy, pure joy to the heart of him,
And Oh, but the soothing ways he had,
Jim, our Jim.

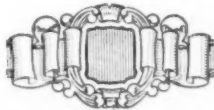
But I see him best as a tiny tot,
A bonny babe, though it's me that speaks;
Laughing there in his little cot,
With his sunny hair and his apple cheeks.
And my! but the blue, blue eyes he'd got,
And just where his wee mouth dimpled dim
Such a fairy mark like a beauty spot,
That was Jim.

Oh, the War, the War! How my eyes were wet!
But he says: "Don't be sorrowing, mother dear.
You never knew me to fail you yet,
And I'll be back in a year, a year."
'Twas at Mons he fell in the first attack;
For so they said, and their eyes were dim;
But I laughed in their faces: He'll come back,
Will my Jim.

Now we'd been wedded for twenty years,
And Jim was the only one we'd had;
So when I whispered in father's ear,
He wouldn't believe me. Would you, Dad?
There! I must hurry . . . here him cry?
My new little baby . . . See! that's him.
What are we going to call him? Why,
Jim, just Jim.

Jim! For look at him laughing there
In the same old way in his tiny cot,
With his rosy cheeks and his sunny hair,
And look, just look . . . his beauty spot
In the selfsame place . . . Oh I can't explain,
And of course you think it's a mother's whim,
But I know, I know it's my boy again,
Same wee Jim.

Just come back as he said he would;
Come with his love and his heart of glee.
Oh, I cried and I cried, but the Lord was good;
From the shadow of death he set Jim free.
So I'll have him all over again, you see.
Can you wonder my mother-heart's a-brim?
Oh, how happy we're going to be,
Aren't we, Jim?



The Pawns Count

A Story of Secret Service and the Great War

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

Illustrated by Charles L. Wrenn

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

"JIMMY," she said, "you're a fool, and you've been drinking. Fetch the water bottle."

He obeyed, and she dashed water in Fischer's face. Presently he opened his eyes, groaned and sat up. There were two livid marks upon the throat. Van Teyl watched him like a crouching animal. His eyes were still lit with sullen fire. The lust for killing was upon him. Fischer sat up and blinked. He felt the atmosphere of the room, and he knew his danger. His hand stole into his hip-pocket, and a small revolver suddenly flashed upon his knees. He drew a long breath of relief. He was like a fugitive who had found sanctuary.

"So that's the game, James Van Teyl, is it?" he exclaimed. "Now listen."

He adjusted the revolver with a click. His cruel, long fingers were pressed around its stock.

"I am not threatening you," he went on. "I am not fond of violence, and I don't believe in it. This is just in case you come a single yard nearer to me. Now, Miss Van Teyl, my business is with you. We won't fence any longer. You will hand over to me the pocket-book which you stole from Captain Graham in Henry's Restaurant. Hand it over to me intact, you understand. In return I will give you the forged transfer of stock, and leave it to your sense of honor as to whether you care to pay your brother's debt or not. If you decline to consider my proposition, I shall ring up Joseph Neville, your brother's senior partner. I shall not even wait for to-morrow, mind. I shall make an appointment, and I shall place in his hands the proof of your brother's robbery."

"Perhaps," Pamela murmured, "I was wrong to stop you, Jimmy. . . . Anything else, Mr. Fischer?"

"Just this. I would rather have carried this matter through in a friendly fashion, for reasons at which I think you can guess."

She shook her head.

"You flatter my intelligence!" she told him scornfully.

"I will explain then. I desire to offer myself as your suitor."

She laughed at him without restraint or consideration.

"I would rather marry my brother's valet!" she declared.

"You are entirely wrong," he protested.

"You are wrong, too, in holding up cards against me. We are on the same side. You are an American, and so am I. I swear that I desire nothing that is not for your good. You have wonderful gifts, and I have great wealth and opportunities. I have also a sincere and very heartfelt admiration for you."

"I have never been more flattered!" Pamela scoffed.

HE looked a little wistfully from one to the other. Antagonism and dislike were written in their faces. Even Pamela, who was skilled in the art of subterfuge, made little effort to conceal her aversion. Nevertheless, he continued doggedly.

"What does it matter," he demanded, "who handles this formula—you or I?"

Our faces are turned in the same direction. There is this difference only with me. I want to make it the basis of a kindlier feeling in Washington towards my father's country."

Pamela's eyebrows were raised.

"Are you sure," she asked, "that the formula itself would not find its way into your father's country?"

"As to that I pledge my word," he replied. "I am an American citizen."

"Looks like it, doesn't he!" Van Teyl jeered.

"Tell us what you have been doing in Berlin, then?" Pamela inquired.

"I had a definite mission there," Fischer assured them, "which I hope to bring to a definite conclusion. If you are an American citizen in the broadest sense of the word, England is no more to you than Germany. I want to place before some responsible person in the American Government, a proposal—an official proposal—the acceptance of which will be in years to come of immense benefit to her."

"And the *quid pro quo*?" Pamela asked gently.

"I am not here for the purpose of gratifying curiosity," Fischer replied, "but if you will take this matter up seriously, you shall be the person through whom this proposal shall be brought before the American Government. The whole of the negotiations shall be conducted through you. If you succeed, you will be known throughout history as the woman who saved America from her great and growing danger. If you fail, you will be no worse off than you are now."

"And you propose to hand over the con-

"I can't make up my mind about Mr. Lutchester," Pamela sighed.



duct of these negotiations to me," Pamela observed, "in return for what?"

"The pocket-book which you took from Captain Graham."

"So there we are, back again at the commencement of our discussion," Pamela remarked. "Are you going to repeat that you want this formula for Washington and not for Berlin?"

"My first idea," Fischer confessed, "was to hand it over to Germany. I have changed my views. Germany has great explosives of her own. This formula shall be used in a different fashion. It shall be a lever in the coming negotiations between America and Germany."

"We have had a great deal of conversation to no practical purpose," Pamela declared. "Why are you so sure that I have the formula?"

Fischer frowned slightly. He had recovered himself now and his tone was as steady and quiet as ever. Only occasionally his eyes wandered to where James Van Teyl was fidgeting about the table, and at such times his fingers tightened upon the stock of his revolver.

"It is practically certain that you have the papers," he pointed out. "You were the first person to go up the stairs after Graham had been rendered unconscious. Joseph admits that he had been forced to leave him—the orchestra was waiting to play. He was alone in that little room. That you should have known of its existence and his presence there is surprising, but nothing more. Furthermore, I am

convinced that you were in some way concerned with his rescue later. You visited Hassan and you visited Joseph. From the latter you procured the key of the chapel. If only he had had the courage to tell the truth—well, we will let that pass. You have the papers, Miss Van Teyl. I am bidding a great price for them. If you are a wise woman, you will not hesitate."

THERE was a knock at the door. They all three turned towards it a little impatiently. Even Pamela and her brother felt the grip of an absorbing problem. To their surprise, it was Lutchester who reappeared upon the threshold. In his hand he held a small sealed packet.

"So sorry to disturb you all," he apologized. "I have something here which I believe belongs to you, Miss Van Teyl. I thought I'd better bring it up and explain. From the way your little Japanese friend was holding on to it, I thought it might be important. It is a little torn, but that isn't my fault."

He held it out to Pamela. It was a long packet torn open at one end. From it was protruding a worn, brown pocket-book. Pamela's hand closed upon it mechanically. There was a dazed look in her eyes. Fischer's fingers stole once more towards the pocket into which, at Lutchester's entrance, he had slipped his revolver.

CHAPTER XIV.

LUTCHESTER, to all appearance, remained sublimely unconscious of the tension which his words and appearance seemed to have created. He had strolled a little further into the room, and was looking down at the packet which he still held.

"You are wondering how I got hold of this, of course?" he observed. "Just one of those simple little coincidences which either mean a great deal or nothing at all."

"How did you know it was mine?" Pamela asked, almost under her breath. "I'll explain," Lutchester continued. "I was in the lobby of the hotel, a few minutes ago, when I heard the fire bell outside. I hurried out and watched the engines go by from the sidewalk. I have always been rather interested in—"

"Never mind that, please. Go on," Pamela begged.

"Certainly," Lutchester assented. "On the way back, then, I saw a little Japanese, who was coming out of the hotel, knocked down by a taxi-cab which skidded nearly into the door. I don't think he was badly hurt—I'm not even sure that he was hurt at all. I picked up this packet from the spot where he had been lying, and I was on the point of taking it to the office when I saw your name upon it, Miss Van Teyl, in what seemed to me to be your own handwriting, so I thought I'd bring it up."

He laid it upon the table. Pamela's eyes seemed fastened upon it. She turned it over nervously.

"It is very kind of you, Mr. Lutchester," she murmured.

"I'll be perfectly frank," he went on. "I should have found out where the little man who dropped it had disappeared to, and restored it to him, but I fancied—of course, I may have been wrong—that you and he were having some sort of a disagreement, a few minutes ago, when I happened to come in. Any way, that was in my mind, and I thought I'd run no risks."

"You did the very kindest and most considerate thing," Pamela declared.

"The little Japanese must have been our new valet," James Van Teyl observed. "I'm beginning to think that he is not going to be much of an acquisition."

"You'll probably see something of him in a few minutes," Lutchester remarked. "I will wish you good night, Miss Van Teyl. Good night!"

Pamela's reiterated thanks were murmured and perfunctory. Even James Van Teyl's hospitable instincts seemed numbed. They allowed Lutchester to depart with scarcely a word. With the closing of the door, speech brought them some relief from a state of tension which was becoming intolerable. Even then Fischer at first said nothing. He had risen noiselessly to his feet, his right hand was in the side-pocket of his coat, his eyes were fixed upon the table.

"So this is why you insisted upon a valet!" James Van Teyl exclaimed, his voice thick with anger. "He's planted here to rob for you! Is that it, eh, Fischer?"

PAMELA drew the packet towards her and stood with her right palm covering it. Fischer seemed still at a loss for words.

"I can assure you," he said at last fervently, "that if that packet was stolen from Miss Van Teyl by Nikasti, it was done without my instigation. It is as much a surprise to me as to any of you. We can congratulate ourselves that it is not on the way to Japan."

Pamela nodded. "He is speaking the truth," she asserted. "Nikasti is not out to steal for others. He is playing the same games as all of us, only he is playing it for his own hand. Mr. Fischer has brought him here for some purpose of his own, without a doubt, but I am quite sure that Nikasti never meant to be anyone's cat's-paw."

"Believe me, that is the truth," Fischer agreed. "I will admit that I brought Nikasti here with a purpose, but upon my honor I swear that until this evening I never dreamed that he even knew of the existence of the formula."

"Oh! we are not the only people in the world who are clever," Pamela declared, with an unnatural little laugh. "The first man who took note of Sandy Graham's

silly words as he rushed into Henry's was Baron Sunyea. I saw him stiffen as he listened. He even uttered a word of re-monstrance. Japan in London heard. Japan in your sitting-room here, in ten days' time, knew everything there was to be known."

"I didn't bring Nikasti here for this," Fischer insisted.

"Perhaps not," Pamela conceded, "but if you're a good American, what are you doing at all with a Japanese secret agent?"

"If you trust me, you shall know," Fischer promised. "Listen to reason. Let us have finished with one affair at a time. You very nearly lost that formula to Japan. Hand over the pocket-book. You see how dangerous it is for it to remain in your possession. I'll keep my share of the bargain. I'll put my scheme before you. Come, be reasonable. See, here's the forged transfer."

He drew a paper from his pocket and spread it out upon the table. His long, hairy fingers were shaking with nervousness.

"Come, make it a deal," he persisted. "You can pay me the defalcations or not, as you choose. There is your brother's freedom and the honor of your name, in exchange for that pocket-book."

PAMELA, after all her hesitation, seemed to make up her mind with startling suddenness. She thrust the pocket-book towards Fischer, took the transfer from his fingers and tore it into small pieces.

"I give in," she said. "This time you have scored. We will talk about the other matter to-morrow."

Fischer buttoned up the packet carefully in his breast-pocket. His eyes glittered. He turned towards the door. On the threshold he looked around. He stretched out his hand towards Pamela.

"Believe me, you have done well," he assured her hoarsely. "I shall keep my word. I will set you in the path of great things."

He left the room, and they heard the furious ringing of the lift bell. Pamela was tearing into smaller pieces the forged transfer. Van Teyl, a little pale, but with new life in his frame, was watching the fragments upon the floor. There was a tap at the door. Nikasti entered.

SYNOPSIS: Capt. Graham, an English officer, invents a new explosive of tremendous power and tells about it at a fashionable London restaurant in the hearing of a number of people, including John Lutchester, another Englishman; Pamela Van Teyl, an American girl; Oscar Fischer, a German-American, and Baron Sunyea, a Japanese. He mysteriously disappears. Pamela, believing he has been overpowered and is being kept in some part of the restaurant, obtains information from two employees with reference to a deserted chapel beside the restaurant. She secures the key to the chapel. In the meantime Graham awakens from a drugged stupor to find himself in the chapel confronted with Fischer, who demands the

formula for the new explosive. It develops that the formula has already disappeared. Lutchester rescues Graham and sends him under guard to a quiet country place, but on the way Graham is killed. In the meantime Pamela Van Teyl returns to America on the same boat as Fischer and finds that he is sharing rooms in New York with her brother with a Japanese valet named Nikasti. The valet proves to be in the Japanese secret service and, believing Pamela to have the stolen formula, he tries to force it from her. She is rescued by Lutchester, who has also journeyed to America. Fischer has James Van Teyl in his power and promises to release him if Pamela will give him the document.

Pamela's fingers paused in their task. Van Teyl stared at him. The newcomer was carrying the evening papers, which he laid down upon the table.

"Is there anything more I can do before I go to bed, sir?" he asked, with his usual reverential little bow.

"Aren't you hurt?" Van Teyl exclaimed.

"Hurt?" Nikasti replied wonderingly. "Oh, no!"

"Weren't you knocked down by a taxi-cab?" Pamela asked, "outside the hotel?"

Nikasti looked from one to the other with an air of gentle surprise.

"I have been to my rooms in the servants' quarters," he told them, "on the twenty-sixth floor. I have not been downstairs at all. I have been unpacking and arranging my own humble belongings."

Van Teyl clasped his forehead.

"Let me get this!" he exclaimed. "You haven't been down in the lobby of the hotel, you haven't been knocked down by a taxi-cab that skidded, you haven't lost a pocket-book which you had previously stolen from my sister?"

Nikasti shook his head. He seemed completely mystified. He watched Pamela's face carefully.

"Perhaps there has been some mistake," he suggested quietly. "My English is sometimes not very good. I would not dream of trying to rob the young lady. I have not lost any pocket-book. I have not descended lower down in the hotel than this floor."

Van Teyl waved him away, accepted his farewell salutation, and waited until the door was closed.

"Look here, Pamela," he protested, turning almost appealing towards her, "my brain wasn't made for this sort of thing. What in thunder does it all mean?"

Pamela looked at the fragments of paper upon the floor and sank back in an easy chair.

"Jimmy," she confided, "I don't know."

CHAPTER XV.

PAMELA opened her eyes the next morning upon a distinctly pleasing sight. At the foot of her bed was an enormous basket of pink carnations. On the counterpane by her side lay a smaller cluster of twelve very beautiful dark red Gloire de Dijon. Attached to these latter was a note.

"When did these flowers come, Leah?" Pamela asked the maid who was moving about the room.

"An hour ago, madam," the girl told her.

"Read the name on the card," Pamela directed, pointing to the mass of pink blossoms.

"Mr. Oscar H. Fischer," the girl read out, "with respectful compliments."

Pamela smiled.

"He doesn't know, then," she murmured to herself.

"Get my bath ready, Leah."

The maid disappeared into

the inner room. Pamela tore open the note attached to the roses by her side, and read it slowly through:—

Dear Miss Van Teyl,

I am so sorry, but the luncheon we had half-planned for to-day must be postponed. I have an urgent message to go south, to inspect—but no secrets! It's horribly disappointing. I hope we may meet in a few days.

Sincerely yours,

John Lutchester.

Pamela laid down the note, conscious of an undefined but distinct sensation of disappointment. After all, it was not so wonderful to wake up and find oneself in New York. The sun was pleasant, the little puffs of air which came in through the window across the park delightful and exhilarating, yet something had gone out of the day. Accustomed to self-analysis, she asked herself swiftly—what? It was, without a doubt, something to do

with Lutchester's departure. She tried to face the question of her disappointment. Was it possible to feel any real interest in a man who preferred a Government post to the army at such a time, and who had brought his golf clubs out to America? Her imagination for a moment revolved around the problem of his apparently uninteresting and yet, in some respects, contradictory personality. Was it really her fancy or had she, every now and then, detected behind that flamboyant manner traces of something deeper and more serious, something which seemed to indicate a life and aims of which nothing appeared upon the surface? She clasped her knees and sat up in bed, listening to the sound of the running water in the next room. Was there any possible explanation of his opportune appearance on the night before with a dummy pocket-book and a concocted story? The cleverest man on earth could surely never have gauged her position with Fischer and intervened in such a manner at the psychological mo-



ment. Yet he had done it, she reflected, gazing thoughtfully at Fischer's gift. If, indeed, he knew what was passing around him to that extent, how much more knowledge might he not possess? She felt the little silken belt around her waist. At least there was no one who could take Sandy Graham's secret from her until she chose to give it up. Supposing for a moment that Lutchester was also out for the great things, was he fooled by her attitude? If he knew so much, he must know that the secret remained with her. Perhaps, after all he was only a philanderer in intrigue.

PAMELA bathed and dressed, sent for her brother, and, to his horror, insisted upon an American breakfast.

"It's quite time I came back to look after you, Jimmy," she said severely, as she watched him send away his grape fruit and gaze helplessly at his bacon and eggs. "You're going to turn over a new leaf young man."

"I shan't be sorry," he confessed fer-

vently. "I tell you, Pamela, when you have a thing like this hanging over you, it's hell—some hell! You just want to drown your thoughts and keep going all the time."

She nodded sagely.

"Well, that's over now, Jimmy," she said, "and I want you to listen to me. It's more than likely that Mr. Fischer may find out at any moment that the mysterious pocket-book, which came from heaven knows where, is a faked one. He may be horrid about it."

"While we are on that," Van Teyl interrupted, "I couldn't sleep a wink last night for trying to imagine where on earth that fellow Lutchester came in, and what his game was."

"I have a headache this morning, trying to puzzle out the same thing," Pamela told him.

"He seems such an ordinary sort of chap," Van Teyl continued thoughtfully. "Good sportman, no doubt, and all that sort of thing, but the last fellow in the world to concoct a yarn, and if he did, what was his object?"

"Jimmy," his sister begged, "let's quit. Of course, I know a little more than you do, but the little more that I do know only makes it more confusing. Now, to make it worse, he's gone away."

"What, this morning?"

"Gone away on his Government work," Pamela announced. "I had a note and some roses from him. Don't let's talk about it, Jimmy. I keep on getting new ideas, and it makes my brain whirl. I want to talk about you."

"I'm a rotten lot to talk about," he sighed.

She patted his hand.

"You're nothing of the sort, dear, and you've got to remember now that you're out of the trouble. But listen. Hurry down to the office as early as you can and set about straightening things out, so that if Mr. Fischer tries to make trouble, he won't be able to do it. There's my cheque for eighty-nine thousand dollars I made out last night before I went to bed," she added, passing it over to him. "Just replace what stocks you're short of and get yourself out of the mess, and don't waste any time about it."

His face glowed as he looked across the table.

"You're the most wonderful sister, Pamela."

"Nonsense!" she interrupted. "Nonsense! I ought not to have left you alone all this time, and, besides, I'm pretty sure he helped you into this trouble for his own ends. Anyway, we are all right now. I shall be in New York for a few days before I go to Washington. When I do go, you must see whether you can get leave and come with me."

"That's bully," he declared. "I'll get leave, right enough. There's never been less doing in Wall Street. But say, Pamela, I don't seem to half understand what's going on. You've given up most of your friends, and you spend months away there in Europe in all sorts of corners. Now you come back and you seem mixed up in regular secret service work. Where do you come in, any way? What are you going to Washington for?"

She smiled.

"Queer tastes, haven't I, Jimmy?"

"Queer for a girl."

"That's prejudice," she objected, shaking her head. "Nowadays there are few things a woman can't do. To tell you the truth, my new interest in life started three years ago, when Uncle Theo-

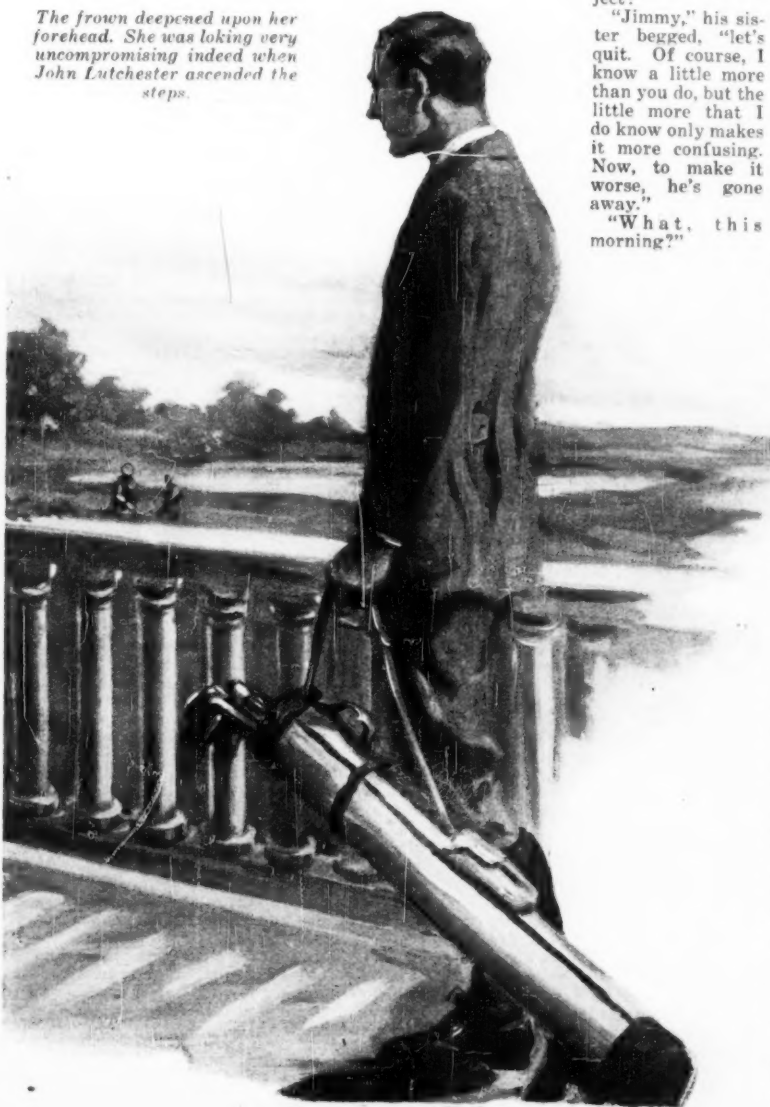
dore found out that I was going to Rome for the winter."

"So Uncle Theodore started it, did he?"

She nodded.

"That's the worst of having an uncle in the Administration, isn't it? Well, of course, he gave me letters to everyone in Rome, and I found out what he wanted quite easily, and without the inquiries going through the Embassy at all. Sometimes, as you can understand, that's a great advantage. I found it simply fascinating—the work, I mean—and after three or four more commissions—well, they recognized me at Washington. I have been to most of the capitals in Europe at different times, with small affairs to arrange at each, or information to get. Sometimes it's been just about commercial things. Since the war, though, of course, it's been more exciting than ever. If I were an Englishwoman instead of an American, I could tell them some things in London which they'd find pretty surprising. It's not my affair, though, and I keep what information I do pick up until it works in with something else for our own good. I knew quite well in Berlin, for instance, to speak of something you've heard of, that Henry's Re-

The frown deepened upon her forehead. She was looking very uncompromising indeed when John Lutchester ascended the steps.



staurant in London was being used as a centre of espionage by the Germans. That is why I was on the look out, the day I went there."

"You mean the day that pocket-book was stolen that the whole world seems crazy about?" Van Teyl asked.

She nodded.

"I believe it is perfectly true," she said, "that a young man called Graham has invented an entirely new explosive, the formula for which he brought to Henry's with him that day. It isn't only what happens when the shell explodes, but a sort of putrefaction sets in all round, and they say that everything within a mile dies. There were spies down even watching his experiments. There were spies following him up to London, there were spies in Henry's Restaurant when like a fool he gave the thing away. Fischer was the ringleader of this lot, and he meant having the formula from Graham that night. I don't want to bore you, Jimmy, but I got there first."

"Bore me!" the young man repeated. "Why, it's like a modern Arabian Nights. I can't imagine you in the thick of this sort of thing, Pamela."

"It's very easy to slip into the way of anything you like," she answered. "I knew exactly what they were going to do to Captain Graham, and I got there before them. When they searched him, the formula had gone. Fischer caught my steamer and worried me all the way over. He thought he had us in a corner last night, and then a miracle happened."

"You mean that fellow Lutchester turning up?"

"Yes, I mean that," Pamela admitted. "Say, didn't that Jap fellow get the pocket-book from your rooms at all, then?" Van Teyl asked. "I couldn't follow it all last night."

"He searched my rooms," Pamela replied, "and failed to find it. Afterwards, when he and I were alone in your sitting-room, heaven knows what would have happened, but for the miraculous arrival of Mr. Lutchester, whom I had left behind in London, come to pay an evening call in the Hotel Plaza, New York!"

VAN TEYL shook his head slowly, got up from his seat, lit a cigarette, and came back again.

"Pam," he confessed, "my brain won't stand it. You're not going to tell me that Lutchester's in the game? Why, a simpler sort of fellow I never spoke to."

"I can't make up my own mind about Mr. Lutchester," Pamela sighed. "He helped me in London on the night I sailed—in fact, he was very useful indeed—but why he invented that story about Nikasti, brought a dummy pocket-book into the room and helped us out of all our troubles, unless it was by sheer and brilliant instinct, I cannot imagine."

"Let me get on to this," Van Teyl said. "Even the pocket-book was a fake, then?"

She nodded.

"I shouldn't be likely to leave things I risk my life for about my bedroom," she told him.

"Where is it, then—the real thing?" he asked.

She smiled.

"If you must know, Jimmy," she confided, dropping her voice, "it is in a little compartment of a silk belt around my waist. It will remain there until I get to Washington, or until Mr. Haskall comes to me."

"Haskall, the Government explosives man?"

Pamela nodded.

"Even he won't get it without Government authority."

"Now, tell me, Pamela," Van Teyl went on—"you're a far-seeing girl—I suppose we should get it in the neck from Germany some day or other, if the Germans won? Why don't you hand the formula over to the British and give them a chance to get ahead?"

"That's a sensible question, Jimmy, and I'll try to answer it," Pamela promised. "Because when once the shells are made and used, the secret will be gone. I think it very likely that it would enable England to win the war; but, you see, I am an American, not English, and I'm all American. I have been in touch with things pretty closely for some time now, and I see trouble ahead for us before very long. I can't exactly tell you where it's coming from, but I feel it. I want America to have something up her sleeve, that's why."

"You're a great girl, Pamela," her brother declared. "I'm off down town, feeling a different man. And, Pamela, I haven't said much, but God bless you, and as long as I live I'm going as straight as a die. I've had my lesson."

He bent over her a little clumsily and kissed her. Pamela walked to the door with him.

"Be a dear," she called out, "and come back early. And, Jimmy!"

"Hullo?"

"Put things right at the office at once," she whispered with emphasis. "Fischer hasn't found out yet. I sent him a message this morning, thanking him for the carnations, and asking him to walk with me in the park after breakfast. I shall keep him away till lunch time, at least."

The young man looked at her, and at Nikasti, who out in the corridor was holding his hat and cane. Then he chuckled.

"And they say that things don't happen in New York!" he murmured, as he turned away.

CHAPTER XVI:

AN elderly New Yorker, a man of fashion, renowned for his social perceptions, pressed his companion's arm at the entrance to Central Park and pointed to Pamela.

"There goes a typical New York girl," he said, "and the best-looking I've seen for many a long day. You can go all round Europe, Freddie, and not see a girl with a face and figure like that. She has that frank way, too, of looking you in the eyes."

"I know," the other assented. "Gibson's girls all had it. Kind of look which seems to say—'I know you find me nice and I don't mind. I wonder whether you're nice, too.'"

Pamela strolled along the park with Fischer by her side. She wore a tailor-made costume of black and white tweed, a smart hat, in which yellow seemed the predominating color. Her shoes, her gloves, the light tie about her throat, were all the last word in the simple elegance of suitability. Fischer walked by her side—a powerful, determined figure in a carefully-pressed blue serge suit and a brown Homburg hat. He wore a rose in his buttonhole, and he carried a cane—both unusual circumstances. After fifty years of strenuous living, Mr. Fischer seemed suddenly to have found a new thing in the world.

"This is a pleasant idea of yours, Miss Van Teyl," he said.

"I haven't disturbed your morning, I hope?" she asked.

"I guess, if you have, it isn't the way you mean," he replied. "You've disturbed a good deal of my time and thoughts lately."

"Well, you've had your own way now," she sighed, looking at him out of the corner of her eyes. "I suppose you always get your own way in the end, don't you, Mr. Fischer?"

"Generally," he admitted. "I tell you, though, Miss Van Teyl," he went on earnestly, "if you're alluding to last night's affair, I hated the whole business. It was my duty, and the opportunity was there, but with what I have I am satisfied. With reference to that little debt of your brother's—"

"Please don't say a word, Mr. Fischer," she interrupted. "You will find that all put right as soon as you get down to Wall Street. Tell me, what have you done with your prize?"

Mr. Fischer looked very humble. "Miss Van Teyl," he said, "for certain reasons I am going to tell you the truth. Perhaps it will be the best in the long run. We may even before long be working together. So I start by being honest with you. The pocket-book is by now on its way to Germany."

"To Germany?" she exclaimed. "And after all your promises!"

"Ah, but think, Miss Van Teyl," he pleaded. "I throw aside all subterfuge. In your heart you know well what I am and what I stand for. I deny it no longer. I am a German-American, working for Germany, simply because America does not need my help. If America were at war with any country in the world, my brains, my knowledge, my wealth would be hers. But now it is different. Germany is surrounded by many enemies, and she calls for her sons all over the world to remember the Fatherland. You can sympathize a little with my unfortunate country, Miss Van Teyl, and yet remain a good American. You are not angry with me?"

"I suppose I ought to be, but I am not in the least," she assured him. "I never had any doubt as to the destination of that packet."

"That," he admitted, "is a relief to me. Let us wipe the matter from our memories, Miss Van Teyl."

"One word," she begged, "and that only of curiosity. 'Did you examine the contents of the pocket-book?'"

He turned his head and looked at her. For a moment he had lost the greater spontaneity of his new self. He was again the cold, calculating machine.

"No," he answered, "except to take out and destroy what seemed to be a few private memoranda. There was a bill for flowers, a note from a young lady—some rubbish of that sort. The remaining papers were all calculations and figures, chemical formulae."

"Are you a chemist, Mr. Fischer?" she inquired.

"Not in the least," he acknowledged. "I recognized just enough of the formulae on the last page to realize that there were entirely new elements being dealt with."

She nodded. "I only asked out of curiosity. I agree. Let us put it out of our thoughts. You see, I am generous. We have fought a battle, you and I, and I have lost. Yet we remain friends."

"It is more than your friendship that I want, Miss Van Teyl," he pleaded, his voice shaking a little. "I am years older

Continued on page 91.



The One Way To Win

Only by Building Ships Can the Allies Score a Victory

By Agnes C. Laut

Who wrote "The Canadian Commonwealth," "Lords of the North."

With Illustrations

LET us acknowledge that, with the practical defection of Russia from the Allies and the reverses to Italy, all hope of peace has gone from the mind of the United States Government and the United States people. Up to the middle of September—yes, up to the end of October—it was impossible to persuade the average United States citizen, or the average United States Government official, that, with the offers of the King of Spain and the Emperor of Austria to abdicate, Germany could go on. Russia was the first shock to shatter false hopes; Italy was the second; and preparations are going apace here now for a five-year war and an army of one million men in the field by 1918. The realization has come home with terribly poignant force that, if the war is to be won, it is to be won by the armies of Great Britain and the United States; and it is characteristic of the American people's sanguine, emotional, practical temperament that they have swung clean to the other extreme; from lethargy fat with profits to lank, eager, grim stop-at-nothing determination to put the last ounce of the nation's strength into the fight.

It is the tragedy of the stupid censorship that details of the present pace are not given to the public. Northcliffe drew aside the veil for a moment when he penned his famous letter to Lloyd George full of confidence in America's part in the war. Roughly, and as openly as I am permitted to speak, the general understanding here is that what Italy has done in the last few weeks—France may do in the next few weeks. In fact, what Italy has done France will do with absolute certainty, unless she can clear her official circles of incompetency and graft. The undoing of Russia and Italy came from subterranean German propaganda in the guise of socialism. The same poison is at work in France. The same poison is at work in the United States. I had lunch last week with a group of American artists who have lived in Paris for twenty years. They were back in America but three days. They have travelled over all sections of France by first class, second class, third; and they were removing their studios permanently from Paris to New York. Why? Because outside official circles they found France being per-

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*Is France war-weary and suffering from the same undermining influences that have weakened Russia and Italy? There are facts which seem to point that way and Miss Laut draws from them the conclusion that Britain and America must carry the burden now. That there is only one way to win—by building ships—and that Uncle Sam is undertaking this part of it with characteristic vigor is the message that this article contains.*

meated with the same poison that has undone Russia and Italy. Because they fear the same debacle in France as in Russia and Italy; and because if their fears are realized, it means a prolonged and terrible war in which two powers must bear the brunt—the United States and Great Britain.

Patriots inoculated with pacificism and socialism lose the ardor and the edge of their fighting zeal if they suspect corruption and mismanagement in their rulers; and, unfortunately, the suspicion has the strongest possible grounding on facts. I could give details of this, especially regarding repudiated American railroad accounts in France; but it would lead away from the main theme—how American knowledge of the truth has speeded up the pace here.

The United States and France are very close—much closer in sympathy than England and the United States; and as colony after colony of Parisian Americans have come back to the United States to live, the truth has percolated through to the public, in spite of the censorship.

THE first reaction was in this country girding up her loins to work to feed the world. The second was in a universal demand that "blood and treasure," as Wilson put it, should not be wasted on the battlefield—in a word, that an army of aeroplanes should protect the advancing army of men. And then, as the disasters of Russia and Italy came home to the American mind with a growing knowledge of France's war-weariness, sprang up a demand for an army; not of one million men, but, if need be, of five or ten million. And lastly and most insistently of all—

because food, army, aeroplanes are useless without them—plans for such fleets of merchant carriers as this nation has never dreamed of; and that brings us to the work of the Emergency Fleet Corporation.

And, to quiet apprehensions, I want to put on record here that the work of the Emergency Fleet Corporation has gone past the stage of paper plans. Before these words appear in print 300,000 skilled steel and bridge structural workers will be riveting the ship plates together for the merchant fleet that is to carry Uncle Sam's five million fighters and their food and munitions overseas. Before these words are printed seven different yards within a radius of seven miles from New York, and as many again in Philadelphia, will be launching each one freighter every three days throughout the year 1918. And this takes no account of the big plants up at Fore River, Boston, down at Newport News, at Mobile, along the waterfront of Texas, and up the Pacific Coast. On the Pacific Coast alone there are 75,000 ship-builders employed to-day, where there were not 700 before the war.

Do a little figuring if you have any fear that these ship plans may be more hot air than tonnage! In one ship plant off Newark across from Manhattan one freighter of 5,000 tons will be launched every three days for two years. This company's lease was for only four years. The American Government requested that it extend its lease for fourteen years, and advanced the money to secure the lease; and this plant is only one of seven round New York. This plant alone will launch 200 ships in two years. Multiply this plant's output by seven for New York, by one for Boston, by seven for Philadelphia, by one for Mobile, by three for Texas, by six for the Pacific Coast; and the rivets are hammering in every ship yard. Add your total! The smallest cargo carrier building for the Government is 5,000 tons, the largest, about 9,600, with two intermediate sizes. How many ships do you get? When the war broke out, Uncle Sam had less than six cargo carriers plying across the Atlantic. He had a large coast fleet, and he had a large lake fleet, and he had a growing navy; but he had only six cargo and passenger carriers

across the Atlantic under the American flag.

And all this building takes absolutely no account of navy construction, of men of war, of dreadnoughts, of fast destroyers, of cruisers, of submarine chasers, of submarines. The Emergency Fleet plans touch only the merchant marine. And get it clearly in your mind! The rivets are being driven. This isn't a blue-pencil, lead-pencil fleet. In one plant, 12,000 men are at work, and the Government has advanced the money to build the model city to house and care for the workers. This plant needs 25,000 men. In another plant, 6,000 men are at work. Here 15,000 are needed. At time of writing, 300,000 ship-builders are at work; but 500,000 are needed and will yet be conscripted for the work.

FOR forty years patriots in the United States dinned into the unheeding ears of a happy-go-lucky public the need of a merchant fleet; and Congress used to let the patriots spout to empty benches; and Uncle Sam had less than six carriers on the Atlantic. But at one scratch of the pen the German Emperor has created such a merchant fleet as patriots never dreamed of. The scratch of the pen was the Kaiser's signature for orders to resume submarine warfare. Praise be to Bill! He will have transformed this shamle-jointed people into a united nation before he finishes his job.

Take the necessity for a merchant fleet as a war measure first, altogether apart from the fact that wheat dropped to 67 cents a bushel and cotton to 4 cents a pound when the declaration of war shut off the sea lanes in 1914. Soon as the sea lanes opened, cotton went to 30 cents and wheat to \$3—which was about as effective a way of awakening the Middle Inland West to interest in a merchant marine as could have been devised.

As a war measure—though this country will probably and is, in fact, now counting on putting five million men in the field—base your estimates on the million men who are to be put across by the spring of 1918! It takes four tons of cargo space to care for one soldier abroad for a year. That is, altogether apart from transporting the man himself, it requires four tons of cargo space to care for the man's guns, wagons, food, ammunition, tenting, medical supplies, clothes. So the one million men to be on the field by April of 1918 will require four millions tonnage of ships. They will require more tonnage than the seven plants round New York could supply at the rate of a ship of 5,000 tons off the ways every three days; but fortunately, there are the additional yards on Delaware Bay, Mobile, in Texas and on the Pacific Coast. Also there are the seized German vessels that were interned. Also there are the fleets of carriers brought down from the Great Lakes and 800 ships commandeered from the coastwise trade. It is quite useless to attempt to set down what this additional cargo space totals for the war; for any possible estimate would be utterly wrong. Take the seized German ships! While some of them are floating palaces and good for 10,000 to 20,000 tons, they are built as pleasure craft for

times of peace. They have great speed and humanly speaking, can weather any sea, but, struck by a torpedo, they stand so high out of the water, there is danger of their turning turtle and proving death traps. Also on repairing them, engineers found defects in construction; so that the Government has hesitated to use some of them for troop transports. As to the lake carriers, there was a time when it was estimated that as many as 500 could be used for Atlantic traffic; but on trial many of these had defects similar to the seized German ships. Some of the lake carriers—especially for grain and ore—have the biggest cargo capacity in the world; and, while a huge cargo carrier is a great temptation for quick work in time of war, it is also a great temptation to a \$5,000 torpedo. At time of writing I do not think more than 200 lake carriers have proved suitable for war work on the Atlantic. Of the coastwise fleet, while everything over 2,000 tons has been commandeered and several lines have been taken over wholly, to pull all the ships fit for ocean service off the coast would delay shipments of food, lumber, coal and ore needed for the war; so the most of Uncle Sam's dependence for war work is placed on the cargo carriers being built by the Emergency Fleet.

If four tons of ship space are needed for the equipment and maintenance of every soldier placed on the field, four million tons will be needed in 1918 and twenty million tons before the war is over. But there is besides the necessity for ships to transport the men themselves; and to estimate this is equally impossible, for all the men will not go at once; but, estimating 1,000 men to a ship, a million men means 1,000 trips across the Atlantic.

Lloyd George declared that the first

requisite to win the war was ships. Northcliffe declared in Chicago that, without ships, army, aeroplanes and food would be as nothing. Ships, then, the Emergency Fleet is providing at a rate to set the rythm of the rivet hammers resounding round the world. But get out of your head the idea that nothing is doing.

It was the misfortune of the Emergency Fleet that it started wrong. It first came into being as a board to carry out McAdoo's idea of a \$50,000,000 corporation for a United States merchant marine. Then war was declared; and the Emergency Fleet Corporation was formed to provide a merchant fleet to win the war. Denman and Goethals went in. One was for wood; the other was for steel. One was a politician quarrelling out loud and in public; the other was an army engineer hating hot air and politics. Though 353 wooden ships are under way, wood fell down as the final form of merchant fleet for a lot of reasons. First, it was found that to escape the pursuit of a submarine a ship must run at over 14 knots up to 16 knots; and wood could not be depended on to do this. Next, wood could not be standardized. Standardizing is the key to high speed in building. That is, one model ship is built; this model is tested and approved as perfect; it is then taken apart and its parts sent to forty or fifty different factories, capable of building multiple parts conforming to the standard model part in hand. Now all the old model wooden ship yards were in a state of dismantlement; they had not the ways ready for this kind of quick standardized work, and there were no subordinate subsidiary fabricating shops to rush in the supply of multiple parts in thousands. Also—most fatal of all to a wooden ship

programme—the old time wood shipbuilders had passed away. The cunning craftsman of whom Longfellow sang had gone. It was advertised that 15,000 "wood" builders would begin work at a certain plant on a certain day. Less than 1,500 could be found. So, while Denman and Goethals signed contracts for 353 wooden vessels, 58 of wood and steel, and 225 steel, and also commandeered some 400 other vessels, or secured in all a tonnage good for five millions displacement, both their resignations were accepted. Hurley and Capps were put in charge of the Government's Emergency Fleet; and they were fortunate to come in office just when the collapse of Russia and reverse to Italy had stiffened the whole situation. Hurley was a trade expert. Capps was a careful navy man; and Goethals' steel programme was followed to the letter and expanded. Instead of \$50,000,000, the Emergency Fleet Corporation is likely to expend a billion and a half. Now that a programme is under way which will add six million tons to the United States merchant marine in a year, Capps will be permitted to go back to strictly navy work, and the Emergency Fleet will be joined by two of the greatest building geniuses in the world—Henry Ford, noted for a system of standardizing that speeds construction, and Homer Ferguson, the general manager of Newport News, who has turned out some of the finest battleships

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"Hurry up" Hurley, the dynamic American business man who is handling the huge problem of ship building.

Hannibal Helps

By Adam Harold Brown

Illustrated by
Arthur William Brown

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This bright love story is the work of a young Canadian writer who happens to be a brother of the famous illustrator, Arthur William Brown. MACLEAN'S is fortunate in being able to present their work together. Mr. Brown, the artist, has caught the spirit of the story and put it in black and white as no other illustrator could.

"I've always felt that my husband has got to be kind of—romantic," she said.



ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

THE evening performance had finished barely ten minutes before, but already the theatre was closed. Hannibal, the world-famed educated bear, nosed aside the asbestos curtain and surveyed the empty auditorium. Dimly lighted, it looked vague, mysterious, unpleasantly suggestive of hidden uncertainties; no place for a high-minded quadruped. Though he craved human company, any kind of intelligent company, in fact, he didn't care to seek it by the front door.

He returned to his comfortable travelling cage in the wings. H'm. To work the door open had been as easy as rolling off a colored ball. Although it was his patron's own design, he sneered with contempt. Hard times indeed! To think that this miserable playhouse, in one of these so-called suburban cities, no less, offered no adequate dressing-room for talented animals. He was expected to spend the night on the stage of this wretched place! Hard times forsooth! To think that Professor Lionel Leroy (not to mention the educated Hannibal) must perform show at a cheap picture theatre in a small bush league town. And booked for a full week! It was enough to make any aristocratic, self-respecting bear chew his paws with shame.

True, the Professor seemed to like the Bayhurst natives—mighty queer, too—but Hannibal, a metropolitan to his toepits, deeply resented the whole affair.

What was the use, he reasoned, of a highly educated and sensitive bear acting like a perfect gentleman, if one wasn't appreciated? Enough to make a fellow disgusted with life. Suddenly a mild but agreeable aroma jerked his nose upward. There on a shelf stood a bottle, three-quarters full of delectable ginger ale. Thanks be to the Great Bear that he was alone! It was a "property," yes, but it was genuine. In their act the Professor was wont to fill a small bumper, which Hannibal would quaff with a carefully acquired ease. Rearing on his hind legs he gripped and tilted the said beaker; joyously its contents gurgled downwards. Summer rain was never more refreshing to a dry-skinned bullfrog. Hannibal began to feel in better spirits; he patted his stomach cheerfully; he almost laughed at the dim electric light. Then his eyes roved around like a guileless small boy's seeking a new idea. At one side the door of a dressing-room hung about an inch ajar. It caught Hannibal's attention. What could be behind?

Pushing open the door, he entered. The room was empty, but a glimmering ra-

diance filtered in the window from across the alley. What caused it? It seemed to come from opposite, and now and then bars of music tickled his attentive ears. There was a table by the window, on which Hannibal, scrambling, pressed his nose against the pane. A window across the ten-foot-wide alleyway emitted a flood of yellow, exquisite gold. Dancing figures—swinging, swaying—crossed and recrossed the bright illumination. The music must be there too! It fascinated the watcher.

THE obstructing pane irritated Hannibal. It was like a bar, preventing a desired delight. He wanted to smash it. In disgusted heat he pushed upward on the middle sash. Great grizzles! It was loose! What sort of carelessness was this? Were thieves unknown in Bayhurst? Such a thing would never happen in New York. There they always locked everything!

Suddenly the window creaked to the top, and the orchestra strains struck him like popping corks. The figures swung to and fro, most alluringly. The lights flamed an invitation across. By the aid of a gutter-pipe Hannibal gracefully lowered himself to the ground.

Here, however, a dilemma faced him.

A sheer brick wall—and without a handy gutter-pipe—about six feet up to the window ledge, discouraged ascent. He felt like Sinbad the Sailor in the Valley of Diamonds.

He turned his head down the alley. It was a *cul de sac*. He looked toward the main street. Ah! Two humans, a man and a girl, in summer attire, hurried past, presumably late arrivals. Hannibal's logical mind quickly grasped the idea. There must be an entrance at that end!

He trotted to the alley's end, and peered around cautiously. Across the street was a glass-fronted store, with door wide open and a slumbering automobile in front. It looked interesting. Hannibal loped across the dark street on all fours, took the sidewalk in a shuffling hop, and poked his inquisitive nose inside.

PERHAPS this tale should have started at a point earlier in the evening. It even might have been carried away back many years to the time, when Myrtle Dale and Harry Sims and Jack Hindley went to school together. Myrtle was a

slim little thing in those days with her hair done in long flaxen tails and Harry Sims was her acknowledged beau. Jack Hindley worshipped her from afar. He was too mute and humble to show his devotion by action or word but it is probable that Myrtle sensed it.

This relationship had been maintained between the three right through school days and up to the time this story begins; except that, when Harry Sims left town for a few years in search of a fortune in the busy world that lay beyond Bayhurst, Jack had come forward as a hesitant and rather self-effacing successor. When Harry returned, without the fortune of course but with a veneer of manner that slow-going Bayhurst mistook for polish, Jack hastily effaced himself again.

Soon after his return Harry Sims became a dancing teacher at the local academy.

He lived at home and his fees at the academy enabled him to dress well. This filled Harry's philosophy of life to a complete degree, especially as Myrtle had come back to her old allegiance. Some day something would turn up and they would be married. That satisfied Harry.

In the meantime Jack Hindley had been going about his business quietly, but with a degree of determination that set his jaw in grim lines. On leaving school he had begun as junior in the office of Bayhurst's biggest industry. Now he was head accountant and drawing a salary that enabled him to lay aside fifty dollars every month. He had invested his savings so well that a neat two-story brick house up on Princess Street, with an acre of ground around it and a tidy little rose arbor in the front garden, belonged to him without a cent of encumbrance. Jack was counted among the solid business men of the town.

THIS brings the whole story up to date. Except that earlier in this momentous evening, slow-going Jack Hindley had reached a sudden and rather terrifying decision. As a result of it he had called on Myrtle Dale.

Myrtle came tripping down to the front parlor in a most dazzling "party" dress, so pink and shimmery and altogether beautiful that it took poor Jack's breath away. She had never looked more beautiful or desirable.

"I'm very sorry, Jack," she said, "but I'm going to a dance to-night. Harry will be around for me any time now."

Others were leaving by the rear exit with the quiet calm of people in a theatre fire.



ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN —

Jack gulped and plunged ahead with a speech that he had been silently rehearsing.

"Before you go, Myrtle," he said, looking intently out of the window and speaking very fast, "I want to ask you something. I guess you've known that I've been in love with you for years. I've realized, of course, that I had no right to expect that you would think of me and, of course, it's been easy to see that you've preferred Harry but then of course—Look here, Myrtle, I'm going to ask you anyway. Will you, would you marry me?"

Myrtle had subsided into a big plush chair and was regarding him with a look that might have been deemed encouraging by a more observant suitor.

"I'm going to talk straight, Myrtle," went on Jack, bringing his gaze around to her face at last. "Harry is a fine fellow and I can understand why you prefer him to a slow, ordinary sort of fellow like me—and I am not trying to criticize him—but you know that he isn't—well, *getting anywhere*. Now I have a house and a pretty fair position and money in the bank and I could make things pretty comfortable for you and I'd—you don't know how hard I'd try to make you happy! So I just thought I would—er, tell you about it anyway."

HE ended rather lamely, and his gaze wandered off again into space. Myrtle, woman-like, took the situation into her own hands.

"You know, I've always liked you a lot, Jack," she said. "You are not slow or ordinary but I believe I like you to say that you *think* you are. You would make a better husband than I deserve and what you say about Harry is perhaps right. I've been rather thinking

myself that he hasn't been—getting anywhere. But, Jack—"

She paused and her gaze in turn wandered off to the window.

"I can't make up my mind. I've always felt that my husband has to be kind of—romantic! You read about those young millionaires who run mines and build railroads and make corners on Wall Street and about soldiers who go down to Central America and do such wonderful things. You know what I mean. And so I just can't make up my mind to settling down in Bayhurst even in that lovely house of yours, Jack. And then, you know, Harry has seen and done such wonderful things. You remember when he was on that big ship and it struck an iceberg and he saved lots of women and children after swimming for hours in the freezing water—"

At this moment a ring at the door bell announced the arrival of the hero of the iceberg episode in person. So Myrtle gave Jack's hand a quick and sympathetic squeeze and he edged past Harry in the hall and stumbled out into the dark. He had taken his chance and lost.

For an hour or so Jack Hindley tramped the streets in a fit of savage dejection. He heartily and unreservedly damned Harry Sims and his glib stories of heroic rescues. No one in town believed him, at least none of the men. He was a poor, light-headed fop without the sand to perform any of the exploits that he so avidly retailed to the girls of colloquial Bayhurst. And yet his lies stood between Jack and the fulfillment of the great ambition of his life, the winning of Myrtle.

Suddenly, Jack's determination came to life. He was going to fight! He would

start right in that very night. He would go to that dance himself!

Accordingly he hurried off in the direction of the public hall where the dance was being held. Across the street from the hall was a candy store and Jack decided to go well armed for the fray. He stepped in and purchased the most expensive box of chocolates in the place. With this under his arm he turned to leave the store—and then the strange adventure started!

A HUGE, hairy shape stood in the open doorway, a black-nosed, awe-inspiring specimen that his frightened wits recognized as a bear—a grizzly!

Now Hannibal, for Hannibal it was, had always been a friendly bear. He reared up on his hind legs to the full of his six feet of ponderous stature and advanced in an attitude of greeting. But Jack did not observe the friendliness in old Hannibal's eye. All he saw was two powerful paws extended toward him and in a flurry of fear he stepped back against a showcase. There was a crash of glass and his left arm plunged through the case to the shoulder. His hand, instinctively grasping for a weapon, closed on a box of chocolates. Then he had a lucid spell for long enough to remember that bears are fond of sweets. Withdrawing his arm he hastily tore off the cover of the box and showered the advancing bear with candy.

Hannibal stopped, sniffed at one of the missiles, tried it and then settled down on his haunches. His paws scooped up the candies from the floor almost as fast as Jack could throw them to him and his jaws worked with ecstatic speed. This was real enjoyment; and Hannibal's

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Hannibal stepped inside. Harry Sims' first impulse was to engage in wild flight.

A GROUP of old-line politicians—keen capable, unscrupulous and hide-bound in tradition—had sought an interview with the man who sits in the White House. This was in the early days of the American entry into the war when the first talk of bringing business men to Washington to help run things was being heard. The politicians came to protest.

"What will these people know about running things down here?" demanded the spokesman. "Let them stay in their factories and get down to their real job—turning out what we'll need. What do business men know about politics?"

When Wilson first went to the White House, the professional politicians thought he would be putty in their hands. They have found him the hardest proposition to handle that ever entered the executive mansion. He has a cold, analytical way of getting down to the root of things and finding the joker. On this occasion, so the story runs, he gave the protesting deputation a very brief hearing.

"But war is not politics," he is reported to have said. "War is no longer a military matter, even. It is production, utilization, organization of national resources. This war won't be won in France, but right at home—in the factories and on the farms."

UNCLE SAM was slow in getting into the war, in the opinion of Allied sympathizers; but now that he is in he is shouldering his task with grim determination. Observers should not be misled by the characteristic effervescence of the American people which is evidenced in the spread-eagles of the newspapers and the hysterical output of the song writers. This is pure surface silliness. The real index to American feeling and determination can be found only at Washington where the ribs of a huge war machine are already hewn out and in place.

Uncle Sam is making mistakes. He is blundering along in some directions and the organization he has built up is far from perfect. But Canadians want to get this through their heads: That we can learn a lot from what he is doing. We have, perhaps, little to learn, in point of national spirit. Canadian determination has been tempered to steel-like hardness in the crucible of adversity. But where Ottawa touches Washington we find that we are already far behind. The object of this article is to show why.

Almost as soon as war was declared the war government at Washington found that it had work for big men. So the big men were secured. Dependence was not placed in the departmental officials nor in the men that political patronage could find. Leaders of industry, business giants, \$100,000-a-year men were selected. Edward Hurley, now known as "Hurry Up" Hurley, went to the Shipping Board. Col. Goethals, who built the Panama Canal, was picked to help him. Frank A. Vanderlip left the presidency of one of the largest banks in the world to help McAdoo at the Treasury at a salary of \$1 a year. Davison, one of the Morgan partners, took over the direction of the Red Cross. Now Henry Ford has been drafted to standardize the manufacture of merchant ships. Schwab and Gary, the steel kings, and Bedford of Standard Oil, have worked close to the Government at every stage.

Business Men Handle

What United States Government is Doing

By John Bayne Maclean

These men along with members of the cabinet called the editors and managers of the trade and technical papers of the U.S.—about 300 of them—to Washington for a conference. They exchanged advice and experiences, and through these papers secured the understanding and hearty co-operation of the financiers, manufacturers and other business men right across the continent—about three and a half million of them.

If these names are not familiar to the Canadian reader, the significance of their connection with the U. S. Government can be conveyed by a translation into Canadian terms. If Ottawa had called into national service such men as Lord Shaughnessy, Sir Edmund Walker, Sir Herbert Holt, C. B. Gordon, we would have had an organization on a par with that at Washington.

BUT the most important feature, after all, was the unique and extremely efficient organization that was built up around the Council of National Defence. The Council was composed of six members of the cabinet headed by Newton P. Baker, Secretary of War, and the work mapped out for it was the complete organization of the immense resources of the country. It developed upon this Council to see that everything was forthcoming that might be needed in the making of war, from men to munitions. The Council achieved a tremendous victory on the first day of their organization. They decided to delegate the bulk of the work to the men who understood it best.

Baker is a business man. He said to his colleagues: "It amounts to this. We've got to turn the business of the whole country upside down. Why not let the men who are running business do it themselves?"

So they appointed an Advisory Commission. American industry was divided into seven primary branches. The first was Transportation, and they took Daniel Willard, president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, to look after that part of it. The second was Munitions and Manufacturing, and it was decided that Howard E. Coffin, vice-president of the Hudson Motor Co., was the man for that job. Supplies came next and they reached over to Chicago and drafted Julius Rosenwald, the president of Sears, Roebuck & Co., for that. Then came Raw Materials and Bernard M. Baruch, a famous banker, was secured. Engineering and Education was assigned to Dr. Hollis Godfrey, president of the Drexel Institute. Labor was represented by Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor. Medicine and Surgery was entrusted to Dr. Franklin Martin, secretary of the General American College of Surgeons, Chicago. Walter S. Gifford was made director and Grosvenor B. Clarkson, secretary.

It was a formidable line-up but the Advisory Commission soon discovered one very important fact. The organization of American industry was too huge a task for a commission of seven men. So subordinate committees were



A. W. Shaw, editor of System, and Chairman of the Committee of erection at Washington. Bernard M. Baruch, member of

Business End of War

Where Ottawa Can Learn From Washington

Illustrated by Recent Photographs

appointed to cover every phase of industry and production. These committees were made up of the leading men in each industry. Howard E. Coffin headed the Aircraft Production Board; F. S. Peabody, a leading coal baron, took the committee on Coal Production; A. W. Shaw, editor of System, took the chairmanship of the Commercial Economy Committee; and so on down the line. Roughly speaking, about one thousand of the most successful business men in all were thus drafted into service.

The work they were called upon to do was not in any sense ornamental. Most of the members are in Washington today. Some go down for three or four days a week. Most of them have withdrawn for the time being from the companies with which they were associated. All of them are serving without a cent of pay.

This is their responsibility: They must so organize the branch of industry they represent that, when the Government says, "You must release forty thousand men for service in the army," the men will be forthcoming, and when the Government says, "We must have fifty per cent. of your output," the fifty per cent. is made available. It is a gigantic task.

There is an interesting story to tell with reference to the housing of this huge organization. There was, of course, no room in the regular government buildings at Washington. The Government had already expropriated every building available to accommodate its

swelling mass of employees. It was suggested that the Advisory Commission be given rented quarters in office buildings; but the rental figures staggered the officials who had the matter in charge.

"We can put up temporary buildings for less than that," said one official.

"But," objected another, "these men are on their way to Washington now, hundreds of them. They must have accommodation. The work can't be delayed—not for a single day."

"Very well," said the first speaker, "get temporary accommodation for them. In the meantime I'll start in on a new building and I'll personally guarantee to have it ready in two months."

It was so agreed and by an early hour that afternoon the permission to use a slice of vacant government land within sight of the White House had been secured—and the contracts for the building had been let. The building was actually finished and occupied within fifty days—an attractive stucco building, with beaver board partitions and pine floors. It is comfortable and efficient, and it represents a saving to the American nation of several hundred thousand dollars.

THE work accomplished by these committees during the eight months that have passed has not been above criticism. In many respects the organization has been found to be unwieldy, gangling, lacking in cohesion. But on the whole, the achievements have been remarkable. In many instances literal miracles have been brought to pass.

Consider the first striking success scored—the purchase of copper. The seven members of the Advisory Commission had gathered around a table and had reached two conclusions. The first was that the Government must break the long-established Government precedent of paying two ways for everything purchased. Close prices must be the new order. The second conclusion was that a striking example was needed to drive this new idea home.

One can imagine them as they sat about the table, these seven capable men, planning to save billions of dollars for Uncle Sam—"Dan" Willard, silent, dominant, forceful; "Barney" Baruch, big, kindly, with iron nerve; Howard Coffin, dynamic and persuasive; Julius Rosenwald, stocky and rather stolid, with the experience of Sears, Roebuck Department Store buying behind him. They had decided it was necessary to inaugurate the new order with a brilliant coup and were inclined to look to Baruch, as chairman of Materials, for final guidance.

"Copper," announced Baruch, finally.

It was so decided. The Commission arranged to concentrate on the question of copper. Now copper had responded to the war impetus by going sky-high. It was selling around 33 on the market and moreover, was very scarce. Baruch got the wires to work and brought the leading copper operators to Washington for a conference. What transpired during that conference has never been told but it was very much to the credit of the copper men for, as a result, the Commission bought for the Government 45,000,000 pounds of copper at less than half the market price. The saving was exactly \$10,000,000.

The news of this electrifying transaction spread over the country and manufacturers began to do some thinking. Apparently it was going to be necessary to figure close in dealing with Washington. Government purchasing was being handled no longer by politicians. Business men were on the job!

The copper coup had exactly the effect desired. The purchase of materials had been put on a new basis—a combination of horse sense and patriotism. Just one example will do to show what the result of this was. Ship plates were quoted at \$160 a ton. The Government is buying at \$58 a ton!

IT is possible to give an idea of what the committees have accomplished best, perhaps, by telling in detail what has occurred in certain instances. Take the matter of duck for tentage.

The War Department found quite early in the year that a tremendous amount of duck would be needed to put the troops under canvas in the cantonments all over the country. And then it was discovered that the manufacturers were so loaded with orders that they could not produce more than a fraction of what was needed and that what they could produce was not of the variety required. The problem was such a hot potato for the War Office people that they transferred it promptly to a committee of the National Council.

The committee was most happily constituted. At the head was A. L. Scott, the president of what might almost be termed a cotton architectural firm. His business was to outfit cotton mills, find the capital for them, select locations, devise selling schemes. What he did not know about cotton was not to be found



on Economics. Centre: New Government Building in course the Advisory Commission and also Chairman on Materials.

below the Mason and Dixie line. With him was a waterproofing expert, the retired president of a large concern. There is a tremendous lot of mystery and alchemy about waterproofing—and this man knew it all. Then there were a couple of buying experts. Altogether they were shrewd fellows who had been through the mill and had only one object in mind, to serve the Government absolutely.

First they made a complete census of the looms in the country and gathered figures as to capacities, present and prospective. Then they summoned the manufacturers in groups to confer with them. Mind you, there was no compulsion about it. None of the committees have any actual administrative powers. They must work by persuasion.

First came the tire duck people.

"How much duck can you give us?" they were asked.

The manufacturers, six of them in all, threw up their hands literally as well as figuratively. "We can't supply the tire people as it is," they declared. "We're so far back on our orders that they nearly have us crazy now. How can we do anything for you?"

"And then," they added, "you want supplies in 30 $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch widths, and we can only turn out 60 $\frac{1}{2}$ and 90 $\frac{1}{4}$ widths."

"That," said Scott, "is our problem. You give us the duck in the widths your plants can turn out and we'll adapt the Government specifications so that we can use it."

In the course of the discussion it developed that the spring was the rush season for the making of tire duck and that in the fall things slackened off a little. Accordingly the manufacturers elected to continue the rush right through the year and turn over to the committee 25 per cent. of their output. Their regular business would be met by increased efficiency of method—or not met, as the case might be.

Then the carpet people were summoned. Now carpets are not as necessary as tires in war time, so the committee were more harsh with the weavers of duck for rugs. They demanded nearly 50 per cent. of their output, and got it.

Then the committee got busy on the specifications. They studied tents from every angle and finally evolved certain changes that enabled them to use the duck that the tire and carpet mills were producing.

The result of it was that 500,000 soldiers went under canvas this summer!

PERHAPS the most striking results were obtained in the matter of standardization. Diversity of design is regarded as healthy, for the most part, in peace time, but, for war purposes, standardization is the prime need. Consider the motor truck which arms, feeds and moves the modern army. Britain and France have scores of thousands of trucks on the Western front, drawn from all the shops of the world. The result? About a million different repair parts have to be kept back of the lines, because everything in every truck is different. Suppose a shell lights in a truck park and scrambles half a dozen of them. To attempt repairs is an almost impossible task.

It was decided that only one kind of truck would go with the American troops. Accordingly the designing engineers of all the truck manufacturers were summoned to Washington and put into one room. "Go to it, and evolve a perfect truck," they were told.

Imagine the situation; a score or more of jealous engineers who for years had been feverishly striving to excel each other in the improvement of truck construction. Each man there had shop secrets, exclusive processes, ideas that had been guarded as more sacred than the secret of the Sphinx; and they were asked to co-operate in the production of a perfect truck!

It did not take long for the ice to thaw. First one man laid a shop secret on the table, then another uncorked a hoarded kink and a third explained the nature of a projected improvement. In an hour all the cards were on the table and the group were up to their ears in details and specifications.

To-day every truck manufacturer has handed over to his rivals what was once supposed to be his chief

stock in trade—his secrets of construction. But a truck is being produced for the use of the American army that will be as near perfect as it is possible to go to-day—a truck containing just one thousand parts where nearly two thousand were needed before. Every truck that goes to France will be of that model.

And that is real patriotism.

The same is being done in practically all lines. The Liberty motor was evolved for aircraft by the same method—taking off the shop lid. It is a wonderful advance over everything that has gone before. It is the standardized product.

THEN comes the matter of transportation. The United States is crisscrossed by railroads and electric systems. Some are good, some are bad, some are worse. The transportation of troops and war supplies was a tremendous task when so many roads had to be used. Willard solved the problem by getting the railroads to consent to a pooling of management. A war executive committee of railroad presidents was formed with headquarters at Washington and with absolute powers over every railroad in the country.

To attempt to tell what this centralization scheme has done is impossible in a few words. From the military standpoint it made possible the moving of troops on schedule time without seriously disrupting regular traffic. It has resulted in the railroads handling 40 per cent. more freight with an increase in rolling stock of 2 per cent. and in reducing the car shortage at the same time! The past year has seen the most remarkable railroading of all time, and it has been rendered possible by the sinking of all interests in the hands of a controlling board.

Willard accomplished the same result with the telegraph and telephone companies. An operating board in Washington has taken 10,000 miles of system

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The temporary building erected at Washington for the Advisory Commission in 50 days. Right: Julius Rosenwald, head of Committee on Supplies.





Paula became separated from her party. Strangely enough Bim found himself at her side.

The Strategy of Paula

The Second of a New Series of Bright Love Stories

By Ethel Watts Mumford

Illustrated by E. J. Dinsmore

LITTLE Mrs. Challoner sighed thoughtfully. The first chapter of her career as a chaperone had closed abruptly with the high-handed high-seas marriage of her charge. That her losing struggle against Cupid should have met with applause was wholly a fortuitous accident. Cupid had laughed right in her face, as from time immemorial he has laughed at locksmiths and others of the Guild of Restraint. And now her struggle with the little pink god was to be resumed—the prize, in this case, to be Paula Folsome. Mrs. Folsome and her elder daughter still lingered in Paris. Paula had been permitted to remain with friends in Harley Street until Mrs. Challoner could pick her up on her arrival in London.

In her grey and pink suite in the Savoy, the chaperone was now savoring a few moments of freedom from responsibility. Her recent ward and the ward's newly ac-

quired husband on the floor below were no longer vital concerns of hers; rather, an amusing diversion.

The telephone sounded. Taking down the receiver she acknowledged the "Are you there?" which always made her feel intensely English.

"Lady Cuthbridge to see you, Madame."
"Oh," exclaimed Mrs. Challoner. "Ask her to come up."

An awed voice replied, after a moment, that "Her Ladyship" would be conducted at once to the apartment.

"Vi, you dear! I'm so glad to see you," cried Mrs. Challoner after a breathless exchange of greetings. "But who in the world told you I was here?"

Lady Cuthbridge laughed.

"Peerage Pete," of course. The modern Sam Pepys saw you last night, and all London knew by ten o'clock this morning. But, my dear!—she pronounced it de-ah—"it's so good to see you! We'd all heard

such sad gossip, we began to fear we weren't to lay eyes on you this season."

Mrs. Challoner's eyes darkened. "Vi," she said, "all the awful things you heard are perfectly true. I'm a penniless widow, chaperoning for a living—see how white my hair has turned!—and I've got a duck of a little millionairess to seize upon tomorrow; while right in this hotel is another who eloped the moment I turned my back. Oh, I'm an unqualified success!" She laughed ruefully.

Viola Cuthbridge's fine eyes drew together in a quaint furry squint. "A duck of a millionairess, you say? Tell me something about her. Is she—er—well, a probable sort of young person?"

"Ra—ther!" exclaimed Mrs. Challoner. "A beauty, and well born, too—snobette, that you are!—and as for money!—I'm too stupid to think in so many figures."

Lady Vi's expression became positively

conspiratorial. "Cyril—" she said, and paused.

"Mrs. Folsome is ambitious," Mrs. Challoner remarked, looking anywhere but at her visitor. "In fact, she is rather counting on me to provide the entree where—such a—"

"Exactly," nodded Lady Cuthbridge. "And I'll not conceal from you that Cyril has got to do something—soon. The old place is shockingly run down—and fancy! He had to let the Morayshire shooting last year. Cuthbridge won't allow me to give Cyril a 'leg up'; says he's old enough to take care of himself, which he is." After which burst of confidence she paused, opened her gold bag and administered a fresh coat of powder to her aristocratic nose.

"I haven't met Cyril, you know; he was in India all the time," said Mrs. Challoner. "What's he like?"

"Oh! goodish looking chap," his sister admitted. "Well set-up, sort of general yellowish color, like all of us Middletons—upish a bit, swears that young things bore him. Oh! we shall have to snare him, my dear. I say! can't you bring Miss—er—Folsome over to Cuthbridge House to-morrow for tea? I'll have Cyril there. I've asked Diana De Mall and Evelyn Manners. Cyril likes Diana, but, poor dear! she's got to marry money, too. Yes," judicially, "if this millionairess ducky of yours will do at all—" her mellow voice trailed into silence, as she arose from the settee with languid grace. "To-morrow, then, Jeanne, my love, at five and the golden gosling—*c'est entendu?*"

"This very afternoon," affirmed Mrs. Challoner, "the gosling shall be rounded up. Good-bye, Vi, dear."

The door closed upon Lady Cuthbert's mauve draperies, and Mrs. Challoner executed a joyous *pas seul*.

LATER that afternoon she found herself before the neat door of a neat house in Harley Street. She was ushered into a heavily furnished Victorian sitting-room, and left to contemplate its ponderous mahogany and virtuous gloom. The tortured volutes of a marble-topped console had hypnotized her attention, when a slight sound aroused her. Standing between the dark tapestry curtains at the door was Paula Folsome. There seemed something spirit-like in the sudden appearance of the girl. She was so airy, so dainty! Rossetti might have painted her; yet his full-throated, rose-mouthed, blessed damozels seemed as passion flowers beside this lily maid. Burne-Jones might have caught her elfin beauty, yet his opaque browns and blues could never have transferred to canvas her delicate radiance of color. The soft oval of her face had the golden pink of the Killarney rose. Her wide grey eyes were changeful as the sea—now green, now blue. Her hair, brown and gold and bronze all at once, rippled about her ears in virginal bandeaux.

Mrs. Challoner gave a little gasp of admiration. "Why, Paula!" she exclaimed, "I didn't know you were there; you quite startled me!"

The girl advanced smiling. She had correctly interpreted the gasp, and was pleased.

"It's so nice of you to come," she said. "Mrs. Mortimer has been longing to meet you—and here she is."

The curtains parted once more to admit an effusively cordial little woman, who had evidently found her ideal mate in a

rising young doctor and her perfect setting in Harley Street Victorianism.

"So you've come to steal Paula," she bubbled. "And I shall be quite lost without her. The little witch has Dr. Mortimer and me quite at her feet, you know."

Mrs. Challoner made just the proper response, both of regret and of tempered pleasure; and presently tea was served from a colossal silver service that taxed the strength both of the maid and the tea wagon. The wicker "curate" groaned under its load of large, well-browned buns, toast, muffins, tea cakes, and jam, a feast at once Victorian and Gargantuan. Mrs. Challoner arose as soon as politeness permitted and made her *adieu*.

"I shall expect you, then, Paula, to-morrow morning—or, better still, I'll come for you. I'd ask Mrs. Mortimer to tea with us, but I've made engagements. Perhaps a little later in the week, then—charmed, I'm sure—and *au revoir*."

Once in the open air she gave a sigh of relief. The combined weight of rosewood, mahogany, silver, and the late lamented Queen Victoria's substantial shadow, seemed to be lifted at once from her shoulders and her spirit.

DULY the next day Paula arrived, bags, trunks, boxes, and Maltese poodle. Mrs. Challoner was more and more captivated. "Probable young person, indeed! Just let Vi see for herself!"

At the appointed hour

the wrought iron gates of Cuthbridge House opened to admit them. Paula looked with grave delight at the formal garden that stretched between the smoke-darkened facade of the mansion and the high grey wall that defied rabble curiosity. She seemed perfectly at ease in the

pompous presence of a powdered footman, and quite at home in the great resounding drawing-room they crossed before reaching the cosy little yellow and white salon, where Lady Cuthbridge entertained her intimates. Four or five girls were lounging in the comfortable, somewhat worn, Empire chairs. A tulipwood table that would have graced a *Musée de Meubles* bore a slim, Georgian tea-service and cups of white eggshell porcelain. Without effort Paula Folsome fell into the new groove. She was simple, charming, naive, without being awkward. Lady Cuthbridge gave the chaperone a glance of meaning. "Isn't it too provoking," she exclaimed, "Cyril went back on us, and Captain Maglan, too. Something's going on up the river."

"Or somebody," interjected the Honorable Evelyn Manners.

"Oh, no!" Lady Cuthbridge hurried to explain. "It's the semi-annual something or other of the Seventeenth Lancers." She helped herself to a wafer, signing to the very large footman to place the very small cakes within reach, and retire. The Honorable Diana, a tall girl, with the

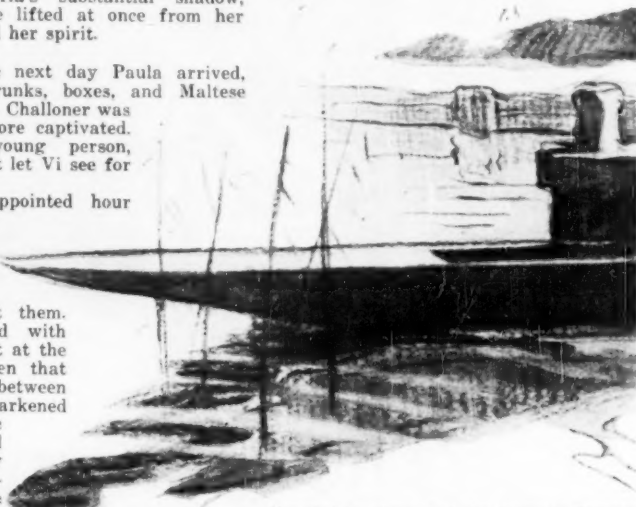
physique of a guardsman, laughed mirthlessly.

"Vi, dear, what's the use! The men won't follow us—that's all. Which explains so many militant suffragettes in 'Merry' England. By the way, did you see the last Pankhurst manifesto?"

The manless argument became heated, and it was growing late when the party separated.

"She's perfect," Lady Cuthbridge murmured to Mrs. Challoner. "And so alive, my dear. Now, if only—I'll arrange for Cyril and tea on the Terrace to-morrow."

THE morrow and Lady Cuthbridge produced the promised tea, and an elderly representative from Yorkshire. Paula was enabled to gaze with admiration at both of these national exhibits, and also at



the stately river and the historic Houses of Parliament from the exclusive vantage-ground of its own Terrace—but of Cyril's manly attractions naught was to be seen. He had executed a masterly retreat, and the attacking party, finding nothing to attack, retired in confusion.

"Jeanne," wailed the match-making conspirator, "I forbid you to let anyone else see the bewitching treasure."

"My dear," grieved Mrs. Challoner, sympathetically responsive, "you needn't worry. Nobody seems to be able to rope a really eligible man these days. Bee Benton says they've all emigrated."

The conversation took place the following day in the pink and grey salon of confidences.

"Which prompts one to inquire," observed Lady Cuthbridge, "where is the treasure to-day?"

"Off with a schoolmate, my dear, a Mrs. Hasbrook, who is living at Victoria Mansions, and of whom she'd been seeing a great deal before I came. Paula asked me for permission to spend the day with her, motoring; so I let her go. To-morrow we are down to Maidenhead for the day, at the Gorham-Wells'."

Lady Viola looked up eagerly.

"Now don't let Paula get interested in Budge Wells; Cyril simply must—"

A knock at the door interrupted the



On the end of the dock stood Paula.

sentence, and the smiling subject of discussion appeared, her eyes shining, her crinkly tri-colored hair blown in tendrils from under the pink mushroom of her motor bonnet.

"Oh, such fun!" she exclaimed. "Such a good time—twelve of us in three motors—and we went, and went, and had luncheon at such a wonderful old inn. And Mabel has asked me to punt with her to-morrow. A friend of hers is going to show us how. You don't mind, do you, Mrs. Challoner?"

"But, my dear," Mrs. Challoner objected, "you musn't make positive engagements without consulting me. I'm afraid, Paula, you will have to telephone and decline. There are other plans, you see."

The girl looked up, a shade of disappointment in her face; but it passed like the shadow of a summer cloud, and she laughed quickly: "Oh, well, all right. I'll—I'll tell them now. You'll excuse me." And leaving the two conspirators to their chat she entered her room.

Lady Cuthbridge arose. "It's too provoking!" she exclaimed. "Nothing could be more suitable for Cyril—and I can't get hold of him; he won't listen. Aren't men stupid, though?"

Lady Cuthbridge sighed, opened her lips as if to say something further, closed them again with a think-better-of-it expression, and prepared to leave. Mrs.

Challoner accompanied her to the elevator, and returned to find Paula in *negligée*, extended full length on the settee.

"Mabel is such a pretty girl," chatted Paula; "and she's so popular. She always has crowds of men around her. There were at least a dozen more for tea—waiting till we came home. Think of that."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Challoner, piqued. The remark seemed a reflection, but the girl continued ingenuously: "And there was a perfectly splendid chap, named 'Bim.' I liked him best of all. I was in his car with Mabel and a Mr. Wroxham."

"Wroxham?" murmured Mrs. Challoner. "The Wroxhams of Surrey?" Paula nodded. "I suppose so. He and Bim are forever chivvying each other about Surrey and Yorkshire."

"A splendid family, the Wroxhams," observed the elder woman approvingly. "That's the Earl of Mordon's family name, you know."

Paula, it seemed, did not know, but appeared duly impressed.

"What is Bim's name?" Mrs. Challoner queried.

"They just call him Bim," the girl replied, a furtive smile hovering about her eyes.

"Goodness!" exclaimed Mrs. Challoner. "Now I know what became of the Mona Lisa. She wasn't stolen—you just got up and walked out of the Louvre, my dear."

THE gardens of Villa Sylvia were terraced to the edge of the river. On the end of the little dock, beside which a motor launch, a shell, a punt and a canoe internationally fraternized, stood Paula. Her gown of cornflower colors and her floppy hat laden with forget-me-nots toned softly to the dusty azure of the sky, and the limpid blue of the Thames—but all these Olympian tones paled to wanness beside the sapphire of her eyes. So thought the young man seated in the punt, as he gazed up at Paula in fascinated silence, while an unheeded damsel in pink laughed and chatted at his side.

Continued on page 84.

"Let me exhort you to control your food."



Inside the Tank

An Allegory for the New Year

By Stephen Leacock

Author of "Further Foolishness," "Nonsense Novels," etc.

Illustrated by C. W. Jefferys

Oriental rug which adorns the study where I sit working of an evening had converted itself, as it is apt to do, into the flying carpet of Bagdad, and had borne me with it to Flanders. Or it may have been by sheer force of ink and imagination that I had made my way there. But never mind how I got into the tank. There I was.

AT first sight the entire aspect of the gloomy machine puzzled and perplexed me. To begin with, it was possessed with such a trembling vibration, and consumed with such a puffing of its machinery, and with such an apparent activity of its inhabitants, that it seemed at first impression to be moving with extraordinary rapidity, but, whether backwards or forwards, it would have been impossible to say.

The people in the tank, too, seemed, as I said, of the most diverse character and occupation.

Some in a soldierly uniform of khaki were quietly busied with the machinery and the armament and paid no heed to those about them. Others in civilian dress, some even in frock coats and tall silk hats, appeared to move restlessly up and down in the gloom, with a perpetual babel of talk, the greater part of which, however, was lost in the surrounding din.

I was staring about in the darkness, endeavoring to interpret the scene around me when I was accosted by a quiet-looking man in uniform who emerged, as it were, out of the darkness.

"You seem puzzled," he said.

"I am," I answered. "Surely this place is a tank, is it not? Though it seems perfectly enormous. What tank is it?"

"It is *The Canada*, or if you prefer it, *Le Canada*," said the officer.

"Has it two names?" I asked.

"Yes, it has to have. It's a bilingual tank. Everything has to be in the two languages. That's the rule. *C'est un tank bi-lingual. Tout est dans les deux langues.*"

"Ah!" I answered. "That must be why

it's so hard to understand what all these people are shouting out to one another."

"Exactly. It is hard. In fact it is particularly hard when we go into action as we have to fire first in English from one side, and then in French from the other. But, of course, without it there'd be an end of all brotherhood in the tank."

The clatter of the machinery and the babel of voices grew so loud at this moment that I could scarcely hear what my companion said.

"Brotherhood?" I shouted.

"Yes," he yelled back. "Brotherhood! Internal harmony! Using two languages unites the whole tank in a single confederation of brothers."

I waited till the noise seemed to subside a little.

"I suppose you mean brotherhood and harmony among the soldiers there. . . ." I pointed as I spoke to the little group of uniformed men that were seen in the dim distances of the great tank, working quietly at their tasks.

"Oh, no," said the officer, "not them. They don't seem to need it. I mean among the crowd here." He indicated the motley groups of civilians running to and fro.

"Aren't they frightfully in the way?" I asked.

My companion laughed. "You must hardly ask me that," he said. "You see I'm a soldier myself and not allowed to express opinions. But I understand that according to the regulations, these civilians supply the driving power, or the inspiration or something or other, that keeps us all going."

AT this moment the whole tank was shaken with a fearful concussion. A blinding flash of light seemed to come through an opening in the top. Then all was darkness again and hubbub.

"Great Heavens!" I exclaimed. "Was that a German shell that struck us?"

"No fear!" laughed my companion.

"We are still three miles behind the lines. No, they merely opened the top of the tank and threw in a barrelful of election pamphlets. The civilians are scrambling for them. They'll begin making speeches in a moment."

"Is that all?" I said. "And you say we are still three miles behind the lines?"

"Come," said my companion. "I can give you a look out."

We made our way as best we could towards the side of the great machine. The civilians, jostling for the pamphlets, shouldered rudely against us. One or two, seeing me in civilian dress, even plucked me by the arm. "Have you eaten anything to-day?" asked one in a nervous, hysterical manner. "Are you controlling your food? Let me beg, sir, let me exhort you, let me adjure you, to control your food!" Another took me by the sleeve on the other side. "Are you sub-

DON'T ask me how I recognized it as a tank when I was myself inside it. I really do not know. I admit that I was never inside a tank before, and yet somehow I was certain, the moment I looked about me, that a tank it was.

To begin with, it was dark and gloomy, only lighted with a dim electric bulb here and there. It seemed, moreover, filled with complicated machinery, like the mental picture that we all have of the inside of a submarine.

I confess that I was amazed at the size of it. It seemed five times as large, ten times as large, as any tank that I had ever imagined. And apparently it held more people and of more diverse kinds than I had ever supposed to congregate in such a war machine. But all this may have been merely the effect of the gloom, and the little moving lights, and of the perpetual clatter of machinery.

Nor could I give an intelligent answer if I were asked how I came to get inside the tank. Perhaps it was that the Familiar Spirit who attends upon our dreams had beckoned to me in the watches of the night. Or it may have been that the

Cornishmen, Welshmen, Australians, South Africans—the whole British Empire . . . miles and miles of them."

"They're all starting to move!" I exclaimed.

"So they are," said my companion. "The word of command must have come. That means that we must close up this trap. It's forbidden to open it in action."

"Then are we starting, too?" I asked, with a thrill of excitement.

"Not yet," said the officer with a grim smile. "They're going to take a vote first. Listen!"

As he spoke a great shouting arose from the civilians gathered in the central aisles and passages of the tank.

"Are they cheering for the battle?" I shouted into the officer's ear.

"No," he called back, "they're cheering for Sir Gil—, the great leader; he's passing down the tank."

"Sir who?" I called.

He shouted the name again. But the din was too great to permit of my hearing. At any rate, as my guide spoke, I caught sight of a statesmanlike figure, moving down the centre of the tank, amid the shouts of the Exhorters, and the civilians. His noble features seemed, even in the half darkness, strangely familiar.

"Wonderful, isn't he?" said my companion, raising his hand in a salute to the passing figure of the leader. "He goes up and down the tank like that ten times every day."

"What good does it do?" I asked.

"None. But think of the marvellous energy and vitality that he must have to do it."

"Has he any work to do here?" I inquired.

"Oh, rather. Notice that wheel and crank right at the back of the machine (see he's walking towards it)? It's his business to turn that round, or at least to try to. It makes the tank go backward. There's other machinery away up in front that makes it go forward. The idea is (I'm only quoting the civilians—it's not my business to know anything about it) that if we can move the tank backwards and forwards at the same time we shall get a perfect equilibrium—an absolute harmony. But stop, listen, listen!"

I SEEMED to hear, as it were, in the far distance, a reverberatory sound, distant and dull, but reaching us in spite of the noisy babel around Sir Gilbert.

"It's the tanks," said my companion, and I could see his features brighten with excitement. "Listen! They're going in. They're at the first line trenches. Hear that? That sort of sputtering . . . it's the machine guns. Those must be the New Zealanders. And that . . . listen . . . it's the whole battery of the London men." As he spoke a sudden passion of anger seemed to sweep over his face, and to change his voice. "My God!" he exclaimed. "They're in it. Why can't we hurry? This cursed talking—talking. They're fighting now for life or death out there, and we stand here, stuck like this."

He gripped a little iron railing beside him, forcing himself to self-control. But as he still spoke I could hear from the dark corners and sides of the tank where the soldiers were, low angry mutterings and growls of protest.

"Steady, men, steady," the officer called into the dark. "Remember it's our first duty to obey."

"But if he's the leader," I said, making

myself heard as best I could, "why doesn't he order the tank forward with the rest?"

"Leader of nothing!" exclaimed my companion, in disgust. "That's only a nickname. The real leaders are up in front, working like the soldiers, too busy for this silly babel of talking and voting. But they've got some kind of fool compact with him. . . . It's more than I understand."

Here a renewed shouting interrupted us. I turned and looked toward the leader, and saw that he had now mounted upon a little iron platform, beside which a few dim electric lights illuminated his handsome, statesmanlike face. About him there seemed to be formed a special group of civilians, dressed in frock coats and evidently, themselves, persons of importance.

"Who are they?" I asked.

The officer shrugged his shoulders. "Search me!" he said. "They're only politicians. I've been away from Canada three years now and have forgotten the names of them. We ran this show ourselves, you know, we soldiers, till last autumn. Then this bunch came butting in, and the orders were to take them all into the tank. But listen to this!"

A BURLY-LOOKING man with a megaphone in his hand had mounted on to the platform beside Sir Gilbert. He began calling out into the crowd. But such was the general hubbub and so loud and audible had become the detonation of great guns out on the plain beyond us, that it was almost impossible to hear what he said. But the discourse, as far as I could catch it, ran something like this:

"Gentlemen and citizens of Canada" (loud cheering from the civilians) "we are now about to go into action. . . . But before doing so, it is necessary and proper that we should take a vote. Ballot papers will be handed round among you, and you will kindly mark them with a cross in order to indicate whether you wish to go into action forwards or backwards . . ." (prolonged shouting).

The tumult became greater at every moment. I could see groups of angry-looking men in khaki turning towards the platform and shaking their clenched fists as they called out: "What in — are we waiting for? Turn her loose! Let's get at them." Meantime the Exhorters and Persuaders ran to and fro distributing little papers, and saying, "Gentlemen, may we beg you, may we exhort you, let us adjure you; will you please kindly mark your ballots."

The din and hubbub grew at every moment, the angry voices of the soldiers, the cries of the Exhorters, and the bellowing of the megaphones.

How long it lasted or how it would have ended, I cannot say. But all of

a sudden a wide trap door in the ceiling of the tank opened and admitted a great flood of sunshine that penetrated to the darkest recesses of the huge machine. Round the rim of the opening appeared a circle of merry-looking Cockney faces, under steel caps, all grimy with powder, but joyous as the faces of boys on a big holiday.

"I say, you chaps down there," called an unmistakably London voice, "where the blooming Hydes have you been? The whole bally show's over. Come out and look."

There was a rush towards the sides and openings of the tank. I could see the soldiers everywhere opening up the little apertures and peering out. My companion and I raised again the slot through which we had looked before.

The whole plain lay before us, a mass of moving and cheering men, among which the great tanks, now decked with flags and surrounded by their shouting crews, crunched their way homeward. Here and there one could see long lines of German prisoners tramping through the mud, dull and dispirited. From the moving file of the London tanks went up the gay songs of the music hall and the merry music of the accordion. Even the Aberdonians were singing solemnly and rhythmically "*Auld Lang Syne*" and wiping the mud off their tank as they went along.

"Great Heavens!" gasped my companion. "It's all over. The trenches are taken and the thing is done while we were held up here with our silly voting. By the Lord," he continued, as our ears caught an angry shouting that arose all around us, "watch out for trouble now!"

We turned from the window. The soldiers of our tank had left their places. With angry cries and with upraised fists and some with iron bars or bayoneted rifles, they were moving on to the civilians.

"Clean them out!" they shouted. "Out with them! We've had enough of them!"

All was confusion.

I could see the Exhorters in frock coats making impossible leaps through the narrow windows. One was calling out: "In the interests of harmony, gentlemen, in the general interest of harmony," as they heaved him out through the top.

My companion turned to me. "I don't know how you got in here," he said, quietly, "but I have just one piece of advice to give you. Beat it! And when you get to Canada tell them to let us run this tank ourselves."

I shook his hand, seated myself upon my flying carpet, and was back again in Canada in less than nothing . . . in fact in lots of time to read the morning papers of the same day, explaining precisely how the war could be won, but omitting to state how it could be lost.

The Coming of a Canadian War Bread

THERE are other grains than wheat which give very satisfactory flours to use with a certain amount of wheat flour. Last year Canada produced 51,684,000 bushels of barley, 393,570,000 bushels of oats, with a considerably smaller amount of buckwheat, rye and corn. Any of these can be substituted for wheat flour to the amount of ten or twelve per cent., so the bakers agree, giving a wholesome and palatable loaf. The barley loaf seems to come nearest to the standard white bread for color and texture and flavor, which is fortunate since the price of barley is about three-fifths the price of wheat, and barley is not largely used for food in other ways as are oats and corn. By this plan of substitution the people of the United States aim to save 100,000,000 bushels of wheat out of the 500,000,000 bushels ordinarily used for home consumption. The outlook is just as hopeful in Canada, for from the investigations and negotiations between the Food Controller and the bakers and millers of the provinces we have every indication that we will all be eating war bread before many weeks.



Film play stars: Marguerite Clarke, chief competitor of our own Mary Pickford for the favor of the film world, is shown above. Vivian Martin is the pretty girl on the car. To the right is Anita Stewart, most beautiful of photoplay leading ladies. To the left, below, is Norma Talmadge. All are well known to Canadian audiences.

Voluntary Rationing at Home

By Ethel M. Chapman



Bacon fat is needed for the army. Fats from other meats can be used at home. Margarine is a substitute for butter in cooking as well as for table use.

VERILY we dwell in a land of plenty. On a thousand hills are cattle, and the crops of the fields were never so abundant. In Great Britain, while every householder with enough ground to plant a tulip-bed has dug it up to grow potatoes, we still have our public parks and golf links. We know we have more land under cultivation than is needed to feed ourselves and it seems to fill us with a surprising content. Still, while every pound of food must be accounted for in Great Britain through careful organization in that country actual hunger has not struck yet. It is our allies in France and Belgium and Serbia who know how it feels to see their children wasting from starvation. They have done all they can to produce food, while the men have been fighting the women have been working in the fields! Horses and oxen are scarce and hundreds of women have even dragged the ploughs. They have not complained about it; the French women are ready to suffer anything that will give them some part in the sacrifice with their men, but with inefficient help, without implements or live stock, the crops of France are steadily failing, and they look to North America to supply the tremendous lack of food. Whether we fail them or not will depend not only on a nation-wide effort on our farms to produce more food, but on an intelligent, eternal vigilance in our kitchens to see that every possible pound of the kinds of food our armies and allies want is saved for them.

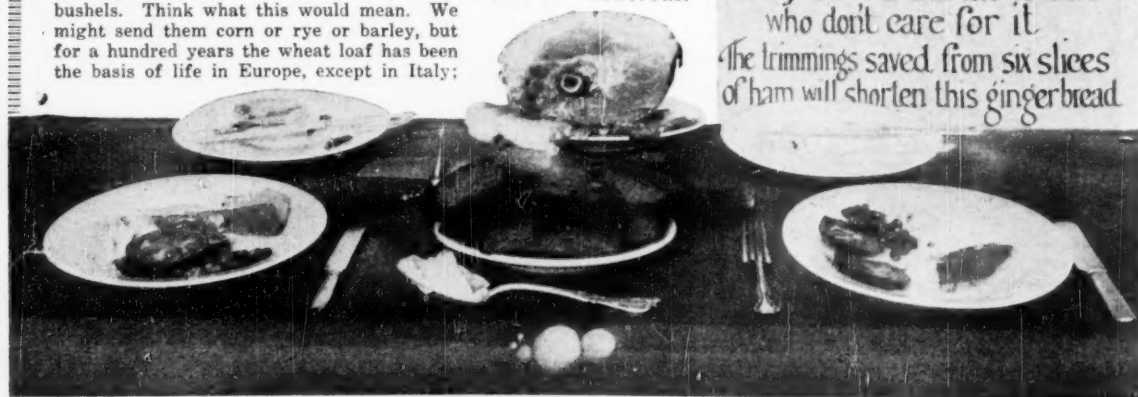
We know all about the world shortage of wheat. We have been told that in addition to their own inferior crops the Allies will need to import 577,000,000 bushels of wheat this year, and that shipping conditions make it necessary for them to depend almost entirely on Canada and the United States for this. At the usual rate of consumption at home we can send them only 200,000,000 bushels. Think what this would mean. We might send them corn or rye or barley, but for a hundred years the wheat loaf has been the basis of life in Europe, except in Italy;

their mills and bakeries are not equipped to handle anything else, and their people have no time to learn. Also both the fighting men and the civilian population in the invaded countries are living under a strain which leaves them in no condition to stand a change of diet. It is possible, however, to make a war-bread, substituting as much as forty per cent. of some other cereal for wheat. With this arrangement if we can save 150,000,000 bushels to add to our 200,000,000 bushels for export, there will be enough bread to go around, but it means that every individual here will have to eat at least one-fourth less wheat and substitute some other cereal in its place.

THERE are several ways of doing this. One of the lessons that Canadians have to learn from Europe is that white bread is not the bread for war time, that when the supply of wheat is low bread must be made of other grains than wheat; also that in the milling of the wheat the manufacturer must put a greater proportion of the grain into flour and less into cattle-feed. That there is danger of overdoing this, however, has been proved by experience in Great Britain. Since the Government made it compulsory to mill the wheat up to eighty-one per cent., reports have shown that while the large proportion of coarse bran is most healthful for some people, it is not always safe as a regular food for children or individuals of delicate digestion. In Canada up to the present, only seventy per cent. of the wheat grain has been made into flour, but a new regulation of the Food Controller

REMEMBER JACK SPRATT

Why serve the fat to those who don't care for it
The trimmings saved from six slices of ham will shorten this gingerbread



Ham is also an army food. The more rarely it is used the more palatable every scrap will be.

requires all mills to manufacture three grades, the highest extraction that will make a wholesome loaf. A bigger saving can be effected by the housekeepers of the country in using a combination of flour from some other grain with the wheat flour necessary to make the loaf rise well and hold together. With oat, corn, and rice flour about eighty per cent. of wheat flour is needed to give a light bread; with rye and barley, greater quantities of the substitute can be used. A number of "war bread" recipes for home use are given at the close of this article. If every household in America would try honestly to use no more wheat flour than is absolutely necessary in breads, and no wheat at all as a breakfast food, it would not take us long to make up the 150,000,000 bushels which we owe to Europe.

Even the price of rolled oats and corn meal has something in its favor. The price of oats has not increased as rapidly as the price of wheat; they are relatively cheaper than they were before the war. On the basis of nutritive value rolled oats costs one-fifth as much as bacon and eggs, one-fifth as much as steak and potatoes, one-half as much as bread and milk. In the case of wheat substitutes, at least, it cannot be said that they are more expensive than the article we are asked to save. Occasionally we hear a murmur that the price of bread should be "fixed"—that it has been fixed in Great Britain. It is true that the British Government has set the uniform price for bread at 18 cents for a four-pound loaf, and 5 cents for a one pound loaf. The Government will keep the bread at this comparatively low price by paying the difference. Already a subsidy of \$200,000,000 has been appropriated to keep these prices, and the people will pay it back in taxes. Are we not still able in Canada to pay for our bread as we eat it?

To supply meat for the army seems a more expensive and difficult problem. Every Canadian must learn with gratitude that through the Food Controller's institution of two beefless and baconless days in public eating places the consumption of beef has been reduced 40 per cent., of bacon 51 per cent., which means a monthly saving of 100 tons of beef and 33 tons of bacon. "If we could only have such restrictions in private homes," someone says.

Perhaps we could, but what a system of spying it would require to keep the law enforced. The plan of the Food Controller in asking private households to voluntarily give up beef and bacon for two days a week not only

savors less of German methods but is less expensive and more practical—so long as Canadian households will make the sacrifice voluntarily.

THAT there is need of saving meat for the army, every intelligent person knows. With the long hours, and strain and exposure of army life, soldiers require meat in quantities that would be even injurious to people in normal life. England's normal consumption before the war was about 25 pounds of beef and 33 pounds of bacon per capita per year, or, roughly speaking, a little over one ounce of beef and slightly less than one and a half ounces of bacon per day. Now the regulation army allowance is one pound of beef and one-quarter pound of bacon per soldier per day. Also the herds of cattle in both England and France have been seriously depleted. During the first year of the war France was forced to slaughter 21,300,000 cattle. Germany is more fortunate as she has not suffered invasion, she has the herds of the occupied parts of Belgium and France, and she has recently ordered Holland to send through the whole of her livestock. Holland has only one alternative, to do as Germany says or have her country overrun.

Even more important than beef for the army is bacon. Bacon for army rations means not only the thin, crisp strips or the back bacon considered a breakfast staple in many homes, but the entire dressed hog, and there are so many reasons why it is worth even more than beef as an army food that the conscientious household might well go farther than two baconless days a week. The small amount of bone means economy in shipping space, the meat can be cured to ensure quality when it reaches the men, there is more vital heat and energy concentrated in a pound of bacon than in a pound of beef, and the fat of bacon is especially needed by men working or fighting in the open air, in a cold wet climate. There are other meats to be used at home. Veal, lamb and mutton are not authorized for army rations. Poultry and eggs will be left for home consumption. The fish supply in Canada is being increased steadily to meet the market demands; but while we eat approximately 128 pounds of beef and pork per capita per annum, our normal consumption of fish is only 29 lbs. By eating twice as much fish we could send overseas 115,000 tons of pork and beef. Further, the woman

Continued on page 62.



A variety of "war breads" made by a domestic science class at the Technical School, Toronto.

Extravagance Must Not Be Allowed

THE Government of Canada will have a credit of \$450,000,000 as a result of the tremendous Victory Loan campaign. The spending of that money will be the gravest responsibility that any Canadian Government could face.

When it became known that the amount subscribed had run to such colossal figures, thinking men became grave. Governments run naturally to extravagance. Would the fact of such a grand total have the effect of breaking down frugal scruples on the part of those who direct the national expenditures? Would the Government exercise a less rigorous degree of control over spending departments?

At time of writing the election is nearing an end, and it is impossible to say on whom the task of spending the money will devolve. But, whether the new Government is Union or Laurier, the country is going to demand one thing: A frugality, a husbanding of our available funds such as would have been necessary had the total not run over the minimum objective of \$150,000,000. Had that amount only been secured the Government would have been compelled to watch every dollar expended with hawk-like vigilance. It would have been a case of stretching every dollar to the maximum of its buying power. Let the men who go back to power see that the same degree of caution that would have been necessary in that contingency is employed.

The confidence of the people of Canada, expressed in the magnificent size of their Victory Loan investments, must not be accepted as an excuse for extravagance.

The Victory Loan must be paid back. Heavy interest charges must be met. The policy of the Government must be one of frugality and rigorous economy.

The First Food Controller

LET'S go back into history to get the right angle on this Food Controller business. Joseph was the first Food Controller. After he had answered the riddle of Pharaoh's dream, by predicting the coming of the seven lean years, Joseph was delegated to collect and save food and to build huge granaries to store it in. He went about it so thoroughly that when the lean years came there was food in plenty for all the Egyptians and even some to sell, probably at profiteering prices, to the needy who came from less provident lands to buy food in foresighted Egypt. The reason for the success of the first Food Controllershship is not hard to find. It had the autocratic and absolute power of Pharaoh behind it. What Joseph said must be done was done.

The Bible has not supplied us with much material for a study of the economic side of this mighty example of national conservation. We will be justified, however, in assuming certain things. Egypt was a commercial country and unquestionably the law of supply and demand operated there in those early days as it does here to-day. The law of supply and demand is older than the pyramids. It was operating when Esau sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. It is certain, therefore, that when Joseph proceeded to corner the grain of Egypt in order to fill his granaries there was immediately much confusion and consternation. With

the government, as represented by Joseph, commandeering a big share of all the grain raised during the seven years of plenty, supplies would become short and, inevitably, prices would go up. One can imagine the agricultural Egyptian waxing fat on the high price he was able to secure and the urbanite tightening his belt as he toiled on the latest pyramid. One can imagine corn cards and goatless days and the housewives of Hieroglyphics-on-Nile gathering in the market place and raising a loud cry of "Out upon this Joseph who raises the price of corn!"

But it was successful and, when the lean years came, all Egypt blessed Joseph. It succeeded because Joseph's Food Controllershship was the real thing. He actually controlled the food supplies that grew all along the Nile. If any of the subjects of Pharaoh objected or hoarded food or broke the regulations they were probably hamstrung or buried alive, or disposed of in the official method of those good old days.

We need a real Food Controllershship in Canada to-day. Mr. Hanna's power is real enough in some respects but it is hopelessly bound around by the woollen string of political restrictions. He can't do what he believes to be necessary. He can suggest and implore and exhort, but, so far, he has not had the power to insist.

The world is in much the same position to-day as Egypt was in the days of Joseph. We are facing the certainty of lean years. The world is on the brink of famine now. If the war continues for another year, famine will stalk through Europe and the sickle of starvation will reap in all corners of the world. We may not feel the actual pinch here, but the duty will devolve upon us of helping to feed the starving old world. The situation is recognized, its gravity is foreseen. But what are we going to do? Has any adequate scheme been evolved to increase our production next year? Has the problem of farm labor been solved, or even approached? Has anything been done to establish a real food controllership, to actually force the saving of food against the day of want?

The Government will have a real duty to perform when the elections are over. The success of Joseph must be repeated.

And the duty of the individual should not be overlooked. A Joseph must arise in every household to insist on frugality and food economy.

Our Relations With the United States

IT is gratifying to see the new feeling that is spreading throughout Canada in regard to our neighbors and allies, the American people. There was in nearly every Canadian mind an impatience that amounted almost to animosity toward the United States during the first two years of the war. Why didn't Uncle Sam "come in"? Why did he do this? Why didn't he do that? He was an arrant coward, a money-grabber, a meddler. So opinion ran.

The same feeling showed in the press of the country. MACLEAN'S never shared in this attitude of impatience. A number of articles by Agnes C. Laut were published in MACLEAN'S with a view partly to explaining the difficulties of the position which the United States occupied. We feel that our attitude has now been fully justified and we take some pride in the



fact that we took this stand at a time when it was certain to be not popular.

All Canada is now growing to an entirely different viewpoint. It is seen that the American people are very much in earnest, that they are entering whole-heartedly into a struggle which will lay a heavy toll on them in men and money and from which they stand to gain nothing tangible, except the removal of the German menace.

There can be nothing but gain through the growth of this friendlier feeling. Closer and more amicable relations between Canada and the United States will work to our mutual advantage without any weakening of our Imperial tie.

The Conscientious Objector

THE conscientious objector is a puzzle, a rod in pickle for the authorities administering the Military Service Act. His attitude seems so unfair and illogical and even cowardly that there is a natural tendency to treat him harshly. He generally gets a severe buffeting when he comes before a tribunal. His holier-than-thou attitude irritates the officials. He seems priggish, mulish even, and blandly obtuse to any arguments save Biblical texts.

It is not just, however, to treat any conscientious objector harshly, because many of them are sincerely and bravely conscientious. If the authorities could only determine in each individual case where a man's conscientiousness ends and his mere objections begin, it would be possible to protect those who honestly object on religious principles and to find those who are working the pretext of a conscience. To the man who sincerely believes that taking a rifle in hand and going out to kill his fellow men is contrary to the religious principles he has espoused, consideration is due.

The strange part of it is that most conscientious objectors believe the cause of the Allies is a just one and that God has put it into the hearts of the British people to fight for the freedom of the world. Only, the stern duty of helping in the consummation of God's purpose is not for them! They remember a text or two that Christ spoke and they forget that, when the money changers invaded the temple, Christ took a scourge in hand and drove them out!

As said before, however, these strange, ridiculous and contradictory people are for the most part earnest and really conscientious. They should not be roughly treated at the tribunals. If it is decided that they must obey the mandate of the land which has raised and protected them, see that the law is obeyed. But, in the meantime, no persecution.

How Close Are We to Peace?

PEOPLE still ask this question, particularly when any matter comes up with reference to our part in the war. And the answer is, when the German is so badly beaten that he cannot even bluff—and not before.

A glimpse into the mind of official Germany provides a pretty clear idea of how near we are to the end of the war. Mr. Gerrard gives such a glimpse in his book, when he retails a conversation that he had with the then German Chancellor in the early days of the present year. He pressed Bethmann-Hollweg for information as to the terms that Germany would consider, particularly with reference to Bel-

gium. Germany, said the Imperial Chancellor, would withdraw from Belgium, but with guarantees—the forts of Liege and Namur, other forts and garrisons throughout Belgium, possession of the railroad lines and the ports, the right to retain a large army in Belgium and to have commercial control. Belgium, of course, would not be allowed to have a standing army. France would be evacuated, but with a rectification of the frontier. On the East a very substantial "rectification" of the frontier; Bulgaria to deal with Roumania; Austria to deal with Italy; a very small Serbia to be left; all German ships and colonies to be returned and indemnities to be paid by all countries; such was official Germany's preliminary conception of peace terms in the early part of 1917! Since then Russia has practically dropped out and Italy has sustained a serious reverse. How close are we to peace?

In view of the prospects for the future it is almost funny to view the agitation which the Military Service Act has created. It may be only the first step in a long series of radical war measures. It is not inconceivable that before the Blond Beast is beaten it will be necessary for every man in the country to go—young and old, married and single, poet, professor and circus clown, chimney-sweeper and fop o' the town, every man with two feet to walk upon and two eyes to see.

It is not likely, but it is not impossible. In the meantime we should be comporting ourselves *as though it were certain*. We should be preparing for the time when every man will be in uniform. We should be laying up reserves of everything—and saving food. We should be getting ourselves organized to let the men of the country away with the least difficulty. We should thrust from our minds all hope of an early and easy peace and resign ourselves to a grim struggle in which every personal comfort and privilege will be sacrificed.

When we get down to that basis, peace will be immeasurably nearer.

Using Business Brains

IT has been universally understood and, in fact, acknowledged that the machinery of Government in this country, in every country, has been slow, antiquated and expensive. The reason is clear enough. Governments have been composed of politicians. The kind of brain a man must have to be a successful politician is not the kind, generally speaking, that an administrator needs. Not only have our cabinets been made up of politicians but the officials under them have been political appointees. The result has been that the average government department has been the last place in the world to look for efficiency.

The war has changed this to some extent. In Great Britain reliance has been placed on business brains rather than political brains. In the United States a splendid nation-wide organization has been built up to put the best brains of the country at the service of the government. In Canada there has been a move in the same direction.

The move is going to require rapid acceleration. It does not matter which side is returned. Canada is going to demand more business and less politics at Ottawa.

THE EDITOR



Some Lighter Phases of Trench Life

A Canadian Artist at the Front

By Driver H. W. Cooper

With Drawings by the Writer

EDITOR'S NOTE.—H. W. Cooper will be remembered by readers of MACLEAN'S. Before the war he contributed many splendid sketches to this magazine. He has been at the front for nearly two years and has put many of his impressions into permanent form. His admirable sketches are done on thin paper with no better support than his knee and no better light than a flickering candle or lamp. They are veritable masterpieces.

SO many writers who have endeavored to give the outside world a picture of war have dealt with the obvious sides—the horrors and the heroics of war—that perhaps, for a change, it might be well to forget all that and tell something of the lighter side of soldiering on the Western front. There is a lighter side. Man's sense of humor stays with him even through months of carnage and suffering and diabolic discomforts and so occasionally a thread of comedy weaves itself into the dull and tragic pattern of modern war.

First of all I want to pay my respects to our English comrades. They are not, because of certain unusual characteris-

tics, getting their full share of credit. I have often seen translations of German orders, taken from officer prisoners, in which Fritz is warned to take great care because, when the British mean to "bring off" anything, they put the Canadians there. This is all wrong. I guess the German divisions in Flanders these days are being warned the same way against the Australians, the Scots, the Irish and the South Africans—whoever they may happen to be against. Personally I have always thought that the Australians have had the hardest luck in getting into the warmest corners.

But, of course, one must allow for the English tendency, as far as their papers go at least, to make much of everyone but themselves. You read of the stalwart Canadians, the brave Anzacs, the gallant New Zealanders, the irresistible Scottish—and then casually, and somewhere a long way from the headlines, you gather that the troops of the mother country were also present. Reading carefully between the lines one can make out that they did the bulk of the work, too—if the casualty lists mean anything.

The English are a peculiar people. See how proudly they take the names their enemies tack on them and make them into bouquets. The finest compliment you can pay any of the first British expeditionary force is to say:

"Well, you were an old contemptible, eh?"

And Tommy will grin and say:

"Ho, yuss, we was a contemptible little harmy onct."

And strafe! It has become a byword. It threatens to completely supersede the time-honored, good old Saxon "damn."

BUT I promised something on the light order so I'll tell a little story now about gas bags, otherwise officially known as "helmet anti-gas P. H." It is carried in a small satchel and to be without it at any point in the forward area is a serious offence. Now, the helmet itself is of flannelette soaked in some solution, and it is fairly heavy. Troops having business behind the lines where there is practically no danger from gas will sometimes substitute something lighter, even stuff-

When this figure falls, so the story goes, the House of Hohenzollern will fall.



ing the satchel with newspapers; which, if discovered, is a fearful offence.

One day a big, fat, brass-hatted general went out on a solitary reconnoitre and to his huge consternation discovered that he had come out without his gas helmet. He did not want to go back so, spotting a motorcycle despatch rider coming along the road, he stopped him and relieved him of his satchel, giving him a note to get another at headquarters. The despatch rider handed it over with considerable reluctance, but orders are orders.

The general pounded along quite relieved until he found that he was getting into the region where a gas helmet might come in handy and then it occurred to him that he wasn't quite certain how to put the thing on. Luck was with him again. He came across a young lieutenant, stand-



Here, coming home and finding a gas helmet, a poor Canadian.



The Entente Cordiale



AFTER THE FUNERAL

ing outside a billet, without his helmet. So he proceeded to "bawl him out," as we say in the army.

"I wonder, sir, if you even know how to put one on," he concluded.

"Yes, sir," said the lieutenant.

"Well, let me see you put this one on," said the crafty senior officer, offering his own.

So the lieutenant took the satchel, hauled out the waterproof envelope, stuck in his hand and displayed to the watching general—one pair of ancient and odorous socks!

I remember also an event that occurred farther up the line. There had

been snow on the ground for over a fortnight and, when a night raid was ordered, the Ordnance people were asked for white smocks. An ordnance officer went to the nearest town and walked into the first small dry goods store to buy "nighties," large size. Being a little uncertain in his French, he asked for something that he shouldn't have. At any rate the wrong article was delivered and you can imagine the howls of delight that went up along the line when the "camouflage" stuff was handed out in the trenches—and each hulking, muddy soldier got a short, sleeveless garment, trimmed with blue ribbon!

The raid was entirely successful. But many a garment was trimmed with scarlet as well as blue before the end of the show.

WE Canadians take a lot of enjoyment out of our contact with the people. When we were along the lines in France, our rest periods in billet always yielded fresh sources of amazement and amusement. The French are truly remarkable. There was, for instance, the godmother habit. Nearly every "poilu" had a godmother, a woman or girl somewhere who took a personal interest in him, sent him socks and tobacco and candy, and even looked after him when he was on furlough. I used to pick up *La Vie Parisienne* and scan the two

back pages which were always crammed with advertisements reading something like this:

"Two young artillery officers, young, amiable and lonely, seek *marraines* (godmothers), young, lively and sympathetic. Box So and So."

Sometimes they made funny reading. Desperate "*fillets*," who had not succeeded in finding *marraines* would evolve something novel, such as, "Help! Help! *Marraines*, here is one young and handsome dying of *ennui*!"

While on trek one time we camped outside a fairly big town and, being near pay day, I tramped in to get a decent meal. I found a good place. Enter two young flappers, very pretty and chic, escorting a lunkish, stupid-looking *poilu* of the country yokel class. They took a table nearby and the girls ordered dinner. From the conversation I learned that he was their *fillet* (godson) and that the



girls were seeing him for the first time. I fell into conversation with a Frenchman at my table and he told me that he had two daughters at home who were clubbing their pocket money and sending stuff to a *fillet* they had never seen—and hoped never to see in the *Chasseurs D'Afrique*!

It was a common joke among the *poilns* that the Canadians should settle down in France. "Every man will have four wives," they used to tell us.

WHEN I came over to France I was a transport staff sergeant with the field ambulance. As we came through a town where we disembarked, en route for the station, a little boy about six or seven ran out from the side of the street. So I pulled up my mount and he insisted on giving me the little wooden sword he had been playing soldier with. "To kill the Boches with, sir," he explained. The bitterness in France runs very deep.

The French youngsters, especially those who hawk stuff around the camp lines, are very quick at picking up English—and they have acquired a most remarkable vocabulary. It is astonishing to hear the jargon of slang and profanity that these youngsters, perhaps unwittingly, pour out—lads of four or five with the choicest Whitechapel oaths and imprecations. And it is not only the youngsters. I'm going down the road to a little estaminet when I have finished this and I am willing to hazard a month's pay that the pretty little dark-eyed girl in there will greet me with: "Good evening, how the hell are you?" And she will only mean to be polite.

After the war, tourists who come through these parts will be surprised.



Some types of Canadian soldiers at the front.

How to Settle the Irish Question —and Our Imperial Problem

The Folly of the Sinn Fein:—The First of a Series

By George Bernard Shaw

Written for MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE and the London (Eng.) Express.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*The last form was on the press when this article came in from Mr. Shaw. It is so "big" that we have stopped the press to insert it. The second and third articles in the series will appear in succeeding issues. Mr. Shaw, satiric and unsparing, but clear-sighted and fearless, begins with the Irish Question, but soon breaks the bounds of his channel and presents a solution for the problems of Imperial relations. His solution embraces Ireland, England, Scotland, Canada and all parts of the Empire. The articles will, therefore, have direct interest for Canadian readers. The solution, it is said, has been considered by Premier Lloyd George. With reference to the purely Irish side of it, Mr. Shaw writes: "I am probably the only writer available who could handle both sides without embittering them and setting them hopelessly against the correct and inevitable solution. I am a privileged lunatic with them; and I have been asked to try my hand."*

THE task of the Irish Convention is to reconcile three parties, all of whom have impressed their views on the Irish people by a long and sensational propaganda. The three are: the Home Rule or Parnellite party in the House of Commons; the Ulster or Carsonite party; and Sinn Fein. The first, having been worn down into opportunism by long parliamentary experience, will accept any settlement that will enable them to come to their constituents as the saviours of their country and the restorers of the Irish National parliament in College Green. They care little for the quality of the settlement provided it will pass on the platform and at the polling booth. The other two, Ulster and Sinn Fein, are the hard nuts to crack. It is quite hopeless to expect that the Chairman of the Convention, Sir Horace Plunkett, popular as he is on both sides, can reconcile them by inducing either to accept the views of the other. But, if solution can be found which reduces them both to absurdity, the Sinn Fein may embrace it because it shows up Ulster, and Ulster may tolerate it because it makes Sinn Fein ridiculous. And therein lies the hope of the Convention; for, as the Ulster talk and the Sinn Fein talk are both mostly baby talk, any sane solution must have this double effect. It only remains to find such a solution, and to make a propaganda of it sufficient to convince the parliamentary opportunists that it has acquired a backing of public opinion.

I shall, therefore, begin by demonstrating to the entire satisfaction of Ulster that the Sinn Feiners are idiots. I shall then demonstrate to the satisfaction of the Sinn Fein that the Ulster Impossibleists are idiots. Having thus ingratiated myself with both parties, I shall venture upon a few incidental references to the interests of the more populous island and the rest of the empire in the question. Finally, I shall propound the solution.

Sinn Fein means We Ourselves: a disgraceful and obsolete sentiment, horribly anti-Catholic, and acutely ridiculous in the presence of a crisis which has shown



that even the richest and the most powerful countries, twenty times as populous as Ireland and more than a hundred times as spacious, have been unable to stand by themselves, and have had to accept the support even of their traditional enemies. Sinn Fein has an extremely high opinion of the Irish people: that is, of itself. It has an inborn sense of superiority to all who have had the misfortune to be born in other countries, which I share, quite irrationally. It is hardly too much to say that Ireland is the Malvolio of the nations, "sick of self conceit," and the Sinn Fein's delight is to propagate the morose malady. Some of the results are dangerous, others only ridiculous. The dangerous result is the arming and drilling

of young countrymen so stupendously ignorant of the magnitude and resources of the great Powers that they speak and read of "Striking a decisive blow at England" without suspecting that England or any other Western European power, except perhaps the principality of Monaco, could wipe them off the face of the earth, from the water or the air without setting foot on Irish soil. They are quite capable of attacking a police station with all the seriousness of the Germans attacking Verdun, or Sir Douglas Haig investing the Flanders ridges. They actually put up a stunning fight in Dublin in Easter, 1916, and were so clumsily tackled that they are able to point to the walls and portico and statues of their stronghold, the General Post Office, standing unscathed in the midst of acres of devastation as a proof that the British artillery cannot hit a haystack at point blank range.

Fed on dreams and Irish air, they are subject to an agonizing desire to die for Ireland, which makes it quite impossible to keep them in order by the ordinary police methods of free countries. To them the war against

England has a mediaeval double quality of being a holy war and a chivalrous romance at the same time: they bear to battle the colors of the Drak Rosaleen, a Dulcinea proof against all disillusion. Baton charges and silly Police Court prosecution of Boy Scouts for illegal drilling produce as much effect on them as briars and bee stings on a bear. Forbidden to wear uniform or carry arms, they form a column three miles long, fully equipped and armed, and give an impressive funeral to Thomas Ashe, whose body has lain in state at the Dublin Guildhall under their guard. Theoretically the Castle could furnish every police station in Ireland with a couple of machine guns, and replace the batons by Mills bombs. It could exhibit these weapons in practice every week at public parades and drills. It could show the constabulary co-operating with aeroplanes and possibly with local sanitary authority in demolishing a slum occasionally. But practically it does none of these things, perhaps because it dare trust nobody; and perhaps because it is even more hopelessly out-of-date than the Sinn Feiners themselves, and still thinks of a rising as an assembly of pikes at the rising of the moon, to be put down by bayonet and Brown Bess, with plenty of informing and hanging to follow. However that may be, the Sinn Feiners have been so irresolutely handled that they have not the least idea of what they are up against, and see nothing extravagant in the notion that less than a million adult Irish males, without artillery, ships or planes, could bring the British Empire to its knees in a conflict of blood and iron. This is the dangerous (to themselves) side of Sinn Fein.

NOW for the ridiculous side. They propose that the Irish question should be settled by "The Peace Conference." By this they mean that, when the quarrel between the Central and Ottoman Empire on one side and the United States of America, the British Empire, the French Republic, Italy, Japan, etc., etc., etc., on the other, comes to be settled, the plenipotentiaries of these Powers, at the magic words "*Gentlemen: Ireland!*" will immediately rise reverently; sing "*God Save Ireland*"; and postpone all their business until they have redressed the wrongs of the Drak Rosaleen. A wise Irishman might well pray that his country may have the happiness to be forgotten when the lions divide their prey. One hardly wants the unfortunate island to be flung like a bone to a half-satisfied dog as Cyprus was at the Berlin Conference. But Sinn Fein really does think that the world consists of Ireland and a few subordinate continents.

Now let us turn from the megalomaniac delusions of Sinn Fein to its practical aspirations. First, there is the Casement scheme. Casement was no ignorant countryside dreamer: he was a traveler and an official diplomatist. His plan, which has been for a long time in print in America, was that Ireland should bank on a German victory when the great war came. Germany's main object would be to break England's command of the sea; and he suggested that the most effective step in that direction would be to make Ireland an independent State right in the fairway of England's maritime commerce. This was a perfectly legitimate political speculation and it is by no means improbable that it may still recommend itself to Germany in the event of her coming out of the war in a position to demand such a change. It rushes into the head of Sinn Fein as air rushes into a vacuum. Before the war there was something to be said for it in Ireland: for there was then some excuse for the popular belief that the treaties by which great Powers, for their own purpose, guarantee the independence of little States as buffers and the like, are something more

than scraps of paper. That is to say, the independence of Belgium and Greece seemed worth having then. Does anyone think it worth having now? Surely, of all sorts of dependence the most wretched is that in which a State is helplessly dependent on a powerful neighbor who accepts no responsibility for her and shares nothing with her, but makes her soil the shell swept No Man's Land between her frontier and that of her enemy when war breaks out. If the English had a pennyworth of political sagacity instead of being, as they are, incorrigible Sinn Feiners almost to the last man, they would long ago have brought the Irish Separatists to their senses by threatening them with independence. It is as plain as the stars in Heaven that, if England tried to cast Ireland off, it would be necessary for Ireland, if she could, to make war on England, as Lincoln made war on Jefferson Davis, to maintain the Union. Yet here are these two sets of fools: one repudiating the invaluable alliance in the name of freedom, and the other insisting on conferring the boon by force in the guise of slavery. How Irish on the part of the English! How English on the part of the Irish!

SINN FEIN has one other pseudo-practical cry: Fiscal autonomy. What it means the dictionary knows, not Sinn Fein. For here again it is quite clear that England has everything to gain and Ireland everything to lose by separate banking accounts. It means shilling telegrams for Ireland and ninepenny ones for England, with postage rates to correspond. It means grant-in-aid to all the English countries for housing, education, public health, roads and railways out of the colossal fund of British rent nationalized by super-taxation—and nothing for the Irish country. It means rent and taxes collected in Ireland and spent on munition making in England. When Blucher saw London, he said: "What a city to loot!" That is how I, as an Irish Socialist, feel about London and her ground rents. Sinn Fein wants to protect London from me, and thinks that, in doing so, it is protecting Dublin. *Sancta Simplicitas!* The beggar refuses to pool with the millionaire; and the millionaire, terrified, calls for horse, foot, and artillery, to force the beggar to rifle his pockets. When people ask me what Sinn Fein means, I reply that it is Irish for John Bull.

Well may Ulster ask: "Are these Sinn Feiners to be allowed to rule us?" Deeply may Ulster feel that in me, the Protestant Shaw, she has found an inspired spokesman. But wait a bit. In my next article I shall put Ulster's brains on my dissecting table. And then my twenty-four hours' popularity in Belfast will wane.



REVIEWS OF REVIEWS

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Germans Will Bomb New York?

Well Known Writer Asserts That Reign of Terror for Americans is Ahead.

A SENSATIONAL article appears in *Collier's Weekly* from the pen of William Allen White in which he deals with the submarine menace. After asserting his belief that the U-boat campaign against Britain has passed the stage where it is a real menace, he goes on to say that it is going to be a menace to the United States. Here are his reasons:

And this is why the naval men in charge of the U-boat campaign for the Allies believe that Americans may soon have to face a raid upon the Atlantic Coast. For naval men know that Germany now has a seaplane which may be set up and launched from a submarine. This seaplane easily could fly from a submarine or a mother ship over New York or Boston and drop explosives that might kill a score or perhaps a hundred people. Two or three such seaplanes may be brought over in a convoyed U-boat fleet. The number of non-combatants killed may easily be multiplied by three or four. And the raids may persist by bringing in fresh relays of U-boats with fresh convoys.

Of course, the men in the seaplanes could not expect to get back to their ships. Having laid their death eggs and killed American women and children, they could fly to the ground, surrender, and be interned as prisoners of war, unharmed, well fed, and decently cared for until after the war, when they could go back to Germany as heroes. And if we shot them, it would do us little good. We are going to send thousands, probably tens of thousands, of flying men over Germany next year, and in the nature of things, hundreds of them will be captured, and if we shot half a dozen Germans who bombed us, the Germans would be justified in shooting our men by the hundreds. So there is no real risk to the German airman who flies over the Atlantic seaboard with his bombs.

And also there is no direct military advantage to be gained by bombing New York or Boston or Philadelphia, or all three. The few hundred lives sacrificed would avail nothing to Germany; the million dollars or so of financial loss would be trivial. They why, asks the average person, seeing the small gain and realizing how the brutality of the deed would unite America against Germany—why would Germany do it? The answer assumes that Germany is stupid and burning up with blood lust. And on that assumption men go around gnashing their teeth in rage, hating the Hun. Now, the Hun is no fool. He does nothing in the heat of passion. When he outraged women, mutilated children, burned villages, and slaughtered civilians in Belgium during the first six weeks of the war, he was not running amuck. He was preparing Belgium for permanent conquest, putting fear into Belgian hearts, and also putting on a parade for neutral Holland and Denmark and

Scandinavia, showing the civilian populations there what happened to a people who interfered with Germany's plans.

Speaking in cold blood, the Belgian massacre was worth what it cost. Without it probably Holland would be at war with Germany to-day. The bombing of London has kept an air fleet there guarding London which might be of much advantage to the military situation in Flanders. When the German deliberately starts a program of hospital raids, such as he started last August and continued for forty days, it was not because he preferred to slay doctors and nurses rather than to kill soldiers. He butchered those doctors and nurses in the hospitals of France for a perfectly good military reason.

The French and English put German prisoners in the hospitals at first, thinking to stop the German raids. But the check was temporary. The raids were renewed with increased fury. Scores of nurses and doctors and wounded French and English were killed in burning hospitals upon which German bombs were dropped deliberately and with a purpose. At last the purpose was made plain. Handbills were dropped from the sky one night after bombing the hospitals at Vadelaincourt, telling the Allies that if they did not want their hospitals bombed they would have to move the hospitals farther back from the line.

Now, the nearer a hospital is to the firing line the quicker the wounded man may be brought there for treatment; the quicker he is brought to the hospital the shorter time has gangrene to develop. The development of gangrene is the one dangerous element in the minor wounds of the battle field. The nearer the hospital is to the line the more wounded soldiers will be back on the firing line in from two to six weeks, as good as new. So the farther a hospital is from the firing line the more dead, the more crippling amputations, the more man-breaking fevers follow wounds, and thus the greater advantage for Germany.

The bombing of hospitals, the rape of Belgium, the air raids over London, the alliance with the Turks—and also, bear this in mind, a possible bombing raid from an air fleet of seaplanes over eastern America—are all part of the same cold, logical program.

For when New York is bombed, when a few hundred women and children are killed, the press of America will demand that the fleet be brought back from Queenstown.

"Why"—one can almost see the double-headed scream of the New York papers—"why is our fleet in English waters protecting England while our own women and children are being slaughtered defenseless in cold blood? Bring home the fleet."

Which is exactly what Germany desires, and all she desires. That fleet patrolling the dangerous area of water from Gibraltar to Liverpool, combined with the fleets of England and France, gives the added number of vessels to the patrol which makes it possible to get food to our army in France.

Take away the fleet, and take the convoys from our troopships, and Germany will be

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able to sink a troopship in which are four or five thousand soldiers, or she will be able to keep food from our men in the trenches so that they will go underfed into the terrible conflict, hand to hand, eye to eye, knee to knee with the bayonet, which, after all, will give the finishing stroke in this war.

To divide the fleet, taking part of the fleet away from Queenstown and to the American Atlantic Coast, will mean the loss of thousands of Americans on French soil. When the German does drop his bombs on New York, when he does kill a few hundred noncombatants and destroys a few millions' dollars worth of property, it will be hard to let him go on doing it; it will be difficult not to clamor for the return of the fleet. Yet naval men believe that exactly such a course must be our answer to the raid. We must be prepared to see our own blood flow without immediate retaliation. We must be prepared to read the demagogic editorials of the yellow press and to hear the whines of the pacifist who will cry

out: "For God's sake, haven't we suffered enough?" We must be prepared to turn deaf ears to the politicians who will make political capital against the Administration and accuse it of an Anglo-American alliance, or of inefficiency, or of criminal negligence in refusing to recall the fleet, and we must remember that

the whole business of slaughter and arson is staged just to get the fleet divided and to divide it for a military purpose.

And so, if the fury of air raids is turned loose on America, she must understand what they mean. She must brace herself; she must stand under fire without flinching.

Making New Faces For Soldiers

British Sculptor Finds Way to Replace Lost Features.

MANY soldiers come back from the front with serious facial disfigurements. It is one of the saddest parts of war. A remarkable method of replacing lost features has been evolved, however, by an English sculptor, Francis Derwent Wood, A.R.A. He has perfected a system by which any part of a face can be replaced, a mask being made which can be lifted on and off at will. It is a remarkable process and, as described by Ward Muir in *The Nineteenth Century*, is extremely interesting. He writes:

To begin with, it must be explained that the sculptor does nothing whatever unless the surgeon has finished with the case. The wound must be radically healed. It is useless for the sculptor to tackle it if further shrinkages are going to alter its contours. When the healing is pronounced complete, the man can be turned over to the Masks for Facial Disfigurements expert, not before. He enters the room, is seated in a chair, and very carefully scrutinized. He has been asked to supply, if possible, a portrait of himself as he was before he went to the front. This portrait guides the sculptor in some of the factors he must weigh in deciding what type of mask is best suited to the individual; later, too, the portrait will be of priceless help in the mask's finishing touches.

The decision arrived at, the patient's face is prepared for moulding. He has lost, perhaps, one eye, a slice of the adjacent cheek, and the top part of the nose. In such a case the whole of the upper half of the face, including the entire nose and the surviving eye, must be moulded. It is first painted over with oil. The eyebrows are smeared with vaseline. The moustache, if any, receives the same treatment. This is to prevent the plaster of Paris, which is about to be applied, from sticking to the hairs. Meanwhile our Lance-Corporal has been deftly mixing the plaster of Paris with warm water in a bowl—a minor preparation which nevertheless demands a craftsman's knowledge, for this substance's behavior is fickle. Soon it is of the proper consistency, and the patient, leaning back in his chair as though on the point of being shaved at a barber's, closes his one remaining eye and has a snippet of tissue-paper placed on its oily lid to protect it. A similar snippet protects the hole which once contained the other eye. Quickly a film of plaster is brushed on to the face; heavier dollops of plaster are applied to this film; soon the face looks as though its upper features had been very richly lathered. The lather grows thicker and thicker, more and more solid, drier and drier. At length the exactly correct moment, as recognized by the Lance-Corporal, has arrived, and he detaches and lifts off from

the patient's face a faintly steaming shell of plaster, the inner surface of which is a negative replica of the gargoyle which is to be restored to naturalness. A minute later the gargoyle's owner, none the worse, has had the oil sponged off and is ready to go back to his ward—or to his home—until he shall be required to pay his next visit.

After various adventures have befallen it, in which soft-soap and soakings play a part, the plaster of Paris negative yields a plaster of Paris positive. This positive has its few imperfections—minute lumps and the like—smoothed off; then another negative is made from it. From this second negative a "squeeze" of plasticine is taken. Why the technical name for these sometimes rather beautiful and bust-like works should be such an ungainly one as "squeeze" I know not; but "squeezes" they are.

It is upon the squeeze, in the first instance, that the sculptor exercises his art. The squeeze, as it stands, is a literal portrait of the patient, with his eyeless socket, the cheek partly gone, the bridge of the nose missing, and also with his good eye and a portion of his good cheek. These undamaged features were purposely included in the original cast.

for these are what the damaged ones must be made to match. But the eye is closed; its lid was, of course, lowered to shield it from the plaster; we remember that a morsel of tissue-paper further shrouded it. The plasticine squeeze, then, represents a face lacking one eye and with the other eye shut. The shut eye must be opened, so that the other eye, the eye-to-be, can be matched to it. With dextrous strokes the sculptor opens the eye. The squeeze, hitherto representing a face asleep, seems to awaken. The eye looks forth at the world with intelligence.

The opening of the closed eye is practically the sole function of the squeeze. From the squeeze thus modified a further plaster of Paris cast is made, a negative; and then a positive. This last positive is the basis for the sculptor's main task. On it, working with minute and elaborate finesse, he builds up the patient's portrait. The eyeless socket is filled in and given an eye, eyebrow, and eyelashes which pair with their neighbors; the concave cheek is made convex to pair with the good cheek; the nose is restored, its shape reproduced from measurements and from comparison with the photograph or photograph. It comes to pass in the fullness of time that a plaster likeness emerges of the man not as he is, but as he was; and from this sculptured plaster portrait the eventual "mask" is forged.

The mask, so-called, when it gets its preliminary adjustments on the patient himself, perhaps does not appear very promising. It is a thin metal contrivance—an electrotype plate 1-32nd of an inch thick—which bears a remote resemblance to an irregular bit cut out of one of those papier-mache vizors worn by revellers at a fancy-dress ball. As yet it is not tinted. It is only shaped—and shaped with notable nicety. It exhibits

an oval aperture where the eye is to come; adjacent thereunto is the upper part of the nose; at the side we see restored the lost slope of the cheek. Very, very painstakingly is the patient fitted. Then the plate is covered with an electric deposit of silver. Meanwhile the sculptor, turned painter for the moment, is painting on a slim oval disc of glass an eye which is an adroit reproduction, down even to the veins in the "white," of the patient's undamaged eye. This disc will be accommodated in the oval aperture left for it. Commercial artificial eyes were tried, but faultless pairing—and the Masks for Facial Disfigurements Department is fanatically particular—was seldom achieved; so the painted discs hold the field. Lastly, the silvered mask itself is painted. Oil paints are used—this after diligent investigations into the possibilities of fired enamels—and the patient's sound skin is matched with as microscopic precision as was his sound eye. Eyelashes, of metallic foil (real hair has been tried and abandoned), are fixed above the eye; these and the eyebrow are painted brown, black, or whatever the patient's color may be. Spectacles are soldered to the mask's fragment of nose; these spectacles are not to enable the patient to see, but to hold the mask in place—an office unobtrusively performed by the spectacles' hooks behind the ears. The mask is so light that it needs little support; with some of the smaller ones, spirit-gum suffices. Generally speaking, when the patient is wearing his mask the only differences which his friends can observe in him at a couple of yards' distance are (1) that whereas before the war he had no occasion to wear glasses, he now does wear them, and (2) that he occasionally squints. This latter (apparent) phenomenon is, of course, due to the fact that the mask's eye is immovable.



—Low in Sydney Bulletin.

Bruin and the Brink.

while the sound eye shifts from side to side. But as long as the patient, in talking, remembers to look directly at his *vis-a-vis*, no seeming squint occurs; the sole abnormality is that one eye winks and the other does not. This, and the squint, the spectacles partly conceal. It is difficult to convey a fair impression of the extraordinary, thousandth-of-an-inch sort

of correctitude with which these membrane-like but strong metal masks adhere to the face and cover the grisly gap beneath them. At a slight distance, so harmonious are both the moulding and the tinting, it is impossible to detect the join where the live skin of cheek or nose leaves off and the imitation complexion of the mask begins.

est charges on a national debt of \$5,000,000,000. The annual profits on the coal-mining industry would pay the interest charges on another debt of equal amount. The margin between the consumer's price and the producer's return for wheat would mean a very nifty interest charge. And so on.

Those that do not relish this prospect may be reminded that there isn't any choice about it. The case is one of sheer necessity, or will be. You had better have the government in business than have neither business nor government. It is much better to part with private profits in oil than to part with the country. I do not mean that riot, ruin, or red rebellion threatens. I mean that if these warring nations, including probably our own, try to collect in the old way the sums necessary to meet these tremendous charges they will break the back of industry. Or, to put it another way, taxes are paid only out of production, and these taxes will be so heavy they will not leave enough to support the producer. A farmer raising a thousand bushels of wheat would have to pay so many bushels in taxes that he would not have enough left to live on.

The advance along this road to the world's escape from its bog of troubles is plainly marked, and the nations are already moving upon it. I do not know how many factories the Government of Great Britain has taken over by this time, but on July 15, 1916, the number was 4,162.

A British Revolution After the War?

Writer Discusses What May Occur When Readjustment Starts.

IN discussing "The Future of Socialism" in *Collier's Weekly*, Charles Edward Russell makes, first, the assertion that the world is approaching a condition of almost unanimous radicalism. He tells of the new viewpoint of Americans who formerly were staid and conservative—a viewpoint that accepts the need for a sharp readjustment of social conditions. He then proceeds to show how all European countries are in the throes of complete changes and, reaching Britain, suggests the possibility of a revolution. He says:

Take Great Britain as an example because it is such a fine type of grand old conservatism jounced and shunted into the extreme of radical life. Two colossal factors are at work to remake life in Great Britain, and if you will contemplate either of them for a moment you will see that the bottom is out of the old regime.

In the old days Great Britain was, in proportion to its population, the greatest of all manufacturing nations, making things and sending them all about the world, competing with and surpassing other nations. She did this on the basis of a certain wage cost and a certain system of industry.

In three years and two months of war the wages of men in Great Britain have about doubled. Sometimes they have more than doubled. In the iron industry men are now receiving the equivalent of dollars where they formerly received shillings; that is to say, about four for one.

But meantime about 1,500,000 women have entered industry that were never in it before and have taken jobs formerly held by men. These women work for much lower wages than men receive. They work efficiently and well; in many cases the employers would rather have them than have men; and you are to remember that as a rule the women are not organized.

The war comes to an end, and the men come home, looking for jobs. It will be one of two things. Either the employers will give them the jobs, displacing the women, or they will retain the women, and the men will be whistling for jobs. If the employers displace the women, they must consent to double their wage expense. In that case Great Britain will no longer be able to fill her old place as a great manufacturing nation because production will be too costly to enable her to compete. She will not be able to export her surplus products nor to consume them at home, with the sure result of the collapse of her industries and the ruin of a great part of her commerce.

Or the employers will retain the women at low wages and refuse the men at high, whereupon all these returned soldiers, each with an undeniable claim upon the consideration of his country, will find themselves starving, and we can be sure they will not starve very long.

What impends, therefore, is a British revolution of some sort so soon as the war is over.

The other great factor in these developments is the national debt. Great Britain is increasing hers at the rate of \$33,000,000 a day, which adds each day about \$1,500,000 to the national interest charges. The war is good for another year, and in all probability for two years or three. Say one year, and by that time the debt will have reached such a size that the interest charges cannot possibly be met in any way such charges have ever been met before. To try to raise such sums

by taxation would cripple labor and, therefore, end in certain failure.

This dilemma being presented to many acute minds, they immediately suggest Repudiation.

But you cannot repudiate such vast obligations without shaking down your whole house of commerce and finance. You cannot repudiate war debts without, in some instances, at least, repudiating other national debts; you can't repudiate national debts without bringing down wholesale repudiation of private debts, which amounts to the destruction of the entire commercial system as it exists to-day.

The only possible road out of this morass is for the government to continue in business on a large scale that it may secure the profits that formerly went to a few individuals. Suppose the government, for example, had the oil business and the profits thereof continued as at present; they would pay the annual inter-

The Truth About Kerensky

An Intimate Picture of the Ex-Dictator of Russia.

MANY reputations have been built by the war and the events rising out of it, and many have been ruined. Kerensky stands in both these classes. At first his reputation grew like a soap bubble, expanding more and more with every whisper and rumor that came from chaotic Russia. Then, like a soap bubble it burst. To-day Kerensky has dropped out of sight.

Robert Crozier Long gives in the *New York Evening Post* an intimate and convincing picture of the erstwhile dictator. He gives what seems a real estimate of Kerensky—and it is not flattering. He says:

Kerensky proved that he was a failure long before the latest revolution registered the fact. He failed because he possessed no positive qualities except two, which are not essentially qualities of statecraft, though they are useful or necessary complements. These qualities were personality and energy. They were sufficient to raise him to power, but they did not qualify him to effect any acts of policy which could keep him in power. He was deficient in political principles, knowledge, steadfastness, and moral courage; and, though famous as an orator, he was deficient even in eloquence, for his oratory was merely an expression of his personality and energy, and was neither political in its contents nor literary nor effectively popular in its form. Energy and personality, backed by luck, brought him to power and gave him a certain popularity; and he stayed in power longer than he ought to have stayed. His popularity in certain circles survived the exposure of his incapacity.

Kerensky's personality was very marked. He had a sufficiently masterful manner to dominate assemblies politically opposed to him and convinced of his utter unfitness and even—as was the case toward the end—repelled by his excessive vanity. I saw this first at the Moscow Congress of August, later at the first sessions of the Petrograd "Preliminary Parliament." Nearly all of Russia's ablest men came to Moscow angry with his incapacity and clamorous for change; against him were the Constitutional Democrats, the Moscow industrial group, the Cossacks (except the Left Cossacks in the *Soviets*), the

Korniloffites, and all good economic and financial authorities.

To these critical men he made a very bad speech, full of egoism, menaces, and inanities. (An Ally diplomat who translated it told me that he could hardly read it without disgust.) Kerensky then posed absurdly, and grossly insulted several distinguished delegates, among them Mr. Rodzianko, Speaker of the Fourth Duma, and in an interchange of retorts with Rodzianko he came off second best. But he continued to dominate the assembly. Similarly he survived the challenge of Korniloff, who is an extraordinarily able, enterprising, and cultivated man, and whose whole speech was veiled condemnation of the Kerensky anarchy. Yet ten minutes after Korniloff had finished speaking every one forgot what he had said, and Kerensky remained in the centre of the stage.

His slight frame and unhealthy face made a striking contrast with the rough khaki, and there was a popular legend that he was a man of feeble body, but indomitable spirit. He had a harsh voice, and when excited he screamed; when at congresses he screamed at his opponents to stop speaking or sit down, he usually got his way. Undoubtedly his personality was strong enough to qualify him for playing a permanent role in the revolution had he had mediocre powers of mind and character, but he had not even these.

Kerensky's second quality, his energy, was great. He was a hard worker, and both before and after the revolution gained credit by ceaseless speech-making. But energy in itself is not a political quality.

The luck factor was that Kerensky, alone of the Socialist or Soviet leaders, entered the otherwise bourgeois Cabinet of Prince Lvoff. All power then lay in the Petrograd Soviet's hands, and as link between the two unreconciled factors, power and policy, Kerensky was bound to play a role. His histrionic abilities enabled him to turn his exceptional position to advantage, and as Prince Lvoff, being without power, was bound to fail, it was inevitable that Kerensky should succeed. In a parting statement Prince Lvoff recommended Kerensky for the Premiership, but it is not likely that Lvoff really believed that Kerensky could save his country—more likely he recognized that in the prevailing temper no one but Kerensky would be tolerated, and his recommendation was merely the recognizing of an inevitable, practically accomplished fact.

After personality, energy, and luck had made Kerensky Premier, he did nothing to strengthen his position. This position at

first was far better than Lvoff's, as the all-powerful Petrograd Soviet then ceased to be an *imperium in imperio*, and identified itself with the new Cabinet. At first Kerensky, backed by the Soviet majority, could have taken strong measures against the anarchy which began to raise its head a month after the revolution. As Vice-President of the Soviet, he could have demanded from it military support. This he failed to do; he was terrified by the Bolshevik minority, and he allowed anarchy to continue and grow. After tolerating meekly the seizure of private houses and the platonic defiance of Cronstadt under its self-appointed dictator, Lamanoff, Kerensky had to tolerate savage and unprovoked murders of officers at Helsingfors and Vyborg, and all he did against the murderers was to issue lachrymose proclamations.

In conversation Kerensky laid stress on his physical weakness. He postured, and was always photographed with one hand inserted between the buttons of his tunic and usually with the other hand behind his back, posing, his critics said, as Napoleon, though, in fact, he looked far more like Nelson with the sleeve of a lost arm pinned across his breast. At Moscow derision was excited by his sitting on an armchair different from the chairs of his colleagues, and by his keeping his military and naval secretaries, two young and good-looking officers, standing motionless and erect behind his chair. These officers became known as "Kerensky's footmen."

Kerensky's speeches were full of himself. He had a craze for phrases such as "I as your supreme leader," "I as your War Minister and your political chief"; and at Moscow he evoked open cries of "impudent fellow" by making the confession to his audience: "I have

been accused of putting too much faith in humanity; henceforth let no man say that Kerensky has too much faith." Newspapers ridiculed his occupancy of the imperial rooms and imperial beds in the Winter Palace; the *Zhivoe Slovo*, organ of the eccentric Alexis Suvorin, published a mock "Court Chronicle," beginning "His Majesty Alexander Feodorovitch deigned." At the Moscow Congress the scandal became so pronounced that on the last day the "footmen" disappeared; and Tseretelli rose and explained solemnly that Mr. Kerensky by no means claimed that supreme power was inherent in himself; he understood very well that he held office only by the will of the people. This correction made things worse; malicious persons even said that Tseretelli, who is a much abler man than Kerensky, was mocking at his chief.

Toward the end Kerensky's enemies went very far in their attacks, and one writer of cynical humor openly stated in the press that every Russian revolution must have a false Dmitri, therefore Russia must put up with Kerensky. Kerensky was called a conscious humbug and an adventurer who cared nothing for his country.

This charge, I am convinced, was untrue; his only defect of conduct was his excessive vanity; but vanity no more excluded genuine patriotism in his case than it did in the case of a really great patriot, Chatham, of whom Macaulay says that he never admitted visitors to his sickroom without first draping his dressing-gown picturesquely round his gouty leg.

Kerensky was a bad speaker. His sentences were long and meaningless, and indicated inability to think clearly; and his style was empty, turgid, and pretentious. As

he had neither literary culture nor mother wit, his images were cheap and familiar; his favorite resource was to threaten to crush "with blood and iron" and to punish "mercilessly." His proclamations and interviews during the Korniloff rebellion were full of such matter. He held control of audiences, but only audiences of inferior judgment, by his personality and manner of dominance. I have only once seen any one publicly challenging him. This was the president of the Union of Cavaliers of St. George, Skarzinsky, who, having been denounced as a coward, marched toward Kerensky's seat and was about either to strike or to challenge him when he was led away by General Verkhovsky.

In private conversation Kerensky was not impressive. He spoke in the tone of his proclamations and public speeches, and reminded me of Bismarck's cynical remark that a man who speaks in private as he speaks in public has very little in him. The only personal remark made by Kerensky to me that remains in my memory was in reply to an inquiry about his health. "If I fall," he said, "others will carry on my work." This remark was made at a time when his failure was evident to all; and it indicated that he honestly believed that he was working for Russia's good.

Kerensky was often threatened with assassination. I believe the threateners were always madmen or fanatics, for he had no personal enemies. Had the threat been executed, Russia's position could hardly have been worse than it is, but Kerensky's reputation would have been saved. Had he been killed in the first days of the revolution, when he showed some presence of mind, or, better, after Korniloff's dramatic advance to Kalisch, an achievement for which the parties really responsible did not get credit, his mediocrity and vanity would probably not have been discovered by historians, and he would have been immortalized alongside other "inheritors of unfulfilled renown" whose promise was crushed in the bud.

Who Will Run for President?

An Early Forecast of Probable Candidates in 1920.

WHO will run for President of the United States in 1920? It seems almost too soon to discuss this question, but the American people are already doing so. Thomas F. Logan sums up the situation as it already exists in *Leslie's Weekly* as follows:—

Unquestionably, William G. McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury, is the leading possibility for the Democratic nomination for President in 1920. He is a man of courage and political sagacity. However one may disagree with his economic theories, the leaders of both parties recognize in him a formidable factor in the Presidential race of 1920. He was not a candidate in 1916 and the discussion of his prospects now comes with a freshness that stimulates interest.

In the same manner and for the same reason, the discussion that centers about the possibility of the Republican party nominating Herbert C. Hoover, Food Administrator, as the Republican candidate for President, creates equal interest. He is rated as a Republican, although the fact that he has spent a great deal of his time abroad as a mining engineer might operate against him. He has never taken an active part in politics and his Food Administration has been free from any political considerations. He has been drawing into his public service work eminent men from all over the country, all of whom return to their own states singing his praises. It is in this way that great reputations are made. The field is much bigger now than it will be two years hence. It is necessary, therefore, to list as possibilities the names of some who will be eliminated in the trial heats.

On the Democratic side, the potential candidates in the order in which they are being



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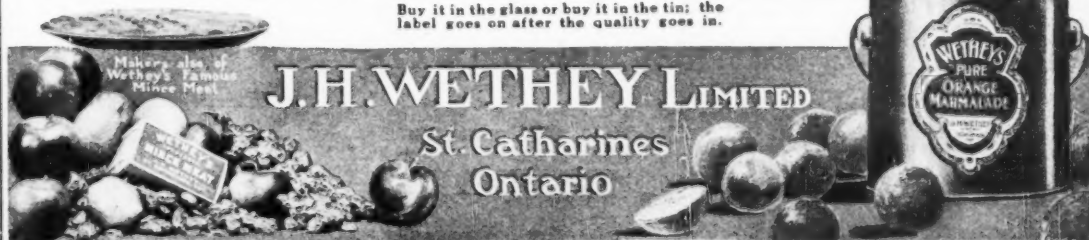
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discussed are as follows: William G. McAdoo of New York, Secretary of the Treasury; Governor Cox of Ohio; Newton D. Baker of Ohio, Secretary of War; Champ Clark of Missouri, Speaker of the House; Oscar W. Underwood of Alabama, member of the United States Senate; and the perennial candidate, William Jennings Bryan of Nebraska.

On the Republican side, the potential candidates, in the order in which they are being discussed, should be listed as follows: Charles E. Hughes; Theodore Roosevelt; Governor Lowden of Illinois; Governor Edge of New Jersey; Herbert C. Hoover of California; Governor McCall of Massachusetts, just elected for a third term; Hiram Johnson of California; Senator Weeks of Massachusetts; and Senator Knox of Pennsylvania.

The war may develop the candidacy of Hoover or that of a military hero such as General Pershing, now at the head of the American forces in France. State elections between now and convention time may reveal great political strength on the part of a Democratic or Republican governor. As the situation stands, however, Governors Lowden of Illinois, Edge of New Jersey and McCall of Massachusetts are the only Republican State officials in sight so far as the Presidential analysis is concerned, while Cox of Ohio stands alone among the Democratic governors.

In any discussion of the Republican nomination, Theodore Roosevelt must loom large. He has a knack of keeping out of the discussion until the time is ripe, and a way of keeping his intentions in mystery. But where the fighting is thickest in the political arena, there Theodore Roosevelt always is to be found. No great amount of political foresight is required for the prediction that Colonel Roosevelt will be one of the leading candidates in 1920. His effort to lead the first regiment to France, even his rebuff by the War Department, and certainly his patriotic and sportsmanlike acceptance of the verdict, followed by his civic leadership for recruiting and the Liberty Loan, all have contributed to his international reputation as an American statesman.

Peace Must be Made in the Open

*English Editor Makes Strong Attack on
Secret Diplomacy.*

GRAT BRITAIN has fortunately had a number of able, fearless critics in the ranks of her journalists—men who have not feared to speak out, to criticize, to ruthlessly destroy weak logic and administrative dilatoriness. These men have done a great deal of good by injecting "ginger" into the Government and by leading discussion of questions which needed dragging into the open. One of the most outspoken men of the group is L. J. Maxse, editor of the *National Review*. At the present time he is dealing with the question of "secret diplomacy" in which he sees a grave menace. He is strongly convinced that peace must be concluded in the open and before the eyes of the world and not in secret conclave by secret diplomacy. He says:

What is felt by every one who takes any serious interest in international affairs, or who has any appreciation of Prussian policy or methods, is that neither Mr. Balfour nor Lord Robert Cecil, with all their great gifts, are properly equipped to cope with the crisis which confronts them. Neither have ever taken foreign policy sufficiently seriously. With the one it was a side show which a Prime Minister could not entirely ignore, and though while in opposition (1906-1915) Mr. Balfour applied his fine intellect to many subjects and distinguished himself in the discussion of most, he never attempted to

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grapple with international politics, and treated war with Germany as something altogether outside practical politics. But he can at any moment indite a masterly memorandum putting us in the right and our opponents in the wrong—on paper. Unfortunately, however, when in the right Mr. Balfour is liable to allow men of inferior calibre to embark on devious courses producing disquieting incidents which might easily lead to diplomatic disaster. He is the soul of loyalty to our Allies and would observe the Pact of London in the spirit as well as to the letter, but he is of the *laissez-faire, laissez-aller* type which is so charming in private life and relatively harmless in normal politics, but terrifying in war. As Matthew Arnold would have said, Mr. Balfour lacks ruthlessness, while his love of argument, in which he excels, is so highly developed that he might almost be tempted to embark on a discussion with a German for the pleasure of putting him in the wrong. Then, again, he is desperately unsuspicious, and you cannot be too suspicious in dealing with Germans who expend themselves in devising fresh tricks and fresh falsehoods. Such manoeuvres are so nauseating to a man of Mr. Balfour's temperament that he speedily wearies of believing in them, and is, therefore, susceptible to the advice of those who elect to believe that the Germans are much less black than they are painted by themselves.

Nor can Lord Robert Cecil, who though a first-class fighting man in the House of Commons and keen and determined on the things he cares about, adequately supplement his chief. Prior to the war he never pretended to take the faintest interest in any of the subjects that are now seen to matter infinitely more than the relatively trivial topics upon which Parliamentarians concentrate and which they honestly believe to be the be-all and end-all of our national life. Foreign nations never meant anything to the Under-Secretary, nor can one recall any utterances of his on any aspect of national defence, while his views on Imperial questions might without unfairness be described as "Early Victorian." On the other hand, Lord Robert is a very hard and conscientious worker, who must have learnt a good deal during the last two and a half years, all the more as he has always been liked and respected by those who have had anything to do with him. Everybody wishes him well, and that is a great asset in office, but to be frank one would be alarmed if his country had to depend largely upon him in a diplomatic struggle with Wilhelmstrasse, partly because he has not begun to realize what he is up against, partly because he is liable to be tempted off the rails in pursuit of some will-o'-the-wisp. This hobby matters little in party politics, but is paralyzing in diplomacy. No one can hope to be infallible, every one is liable and, indeed, bound to blunder amid the pitfalls of foreign affairs, especially in war, but when Lord Robert Cecil is wrong he is wrong, and the more wrong he is the more obstinate and resourceful in wrongdoing. There can, therefore, be no profitable secret diplomacy by Great Britain under present conditions, because the only instruments that present themselves, however secret, are not diplomatists.

There has been much rumor throughout the month of October. Autumn is the season of rumor, and with von Kuhlmann at Wilhelmstrasse there was bound to be a flood of falsehood, which is his chief asset. But there were also some delusions in London, though one may hope that so far no harm has been done, and that all irregular diplomacy has been nipped in the bud. Let us equally hope that any misguided persons have seen the error of their ways and realize that the back stairs is the very last spot in which to play about either with a Boche or with any agent, confederate or friend of any Boche.

The more openly secret diplomacy is discussed in this country the better for everybody concerned—except the enemy. As the danger is momentarily overcome and no cloud at present disturbs our relations with any of our Allies, who fully appreciate the loyalty of the British War Cabinet and the British nation, there can be no harm in mentioning the fears which took possession of many minds during the circulation of all these conflicting canards. That Germany is desperately anxious to get into touch with any of



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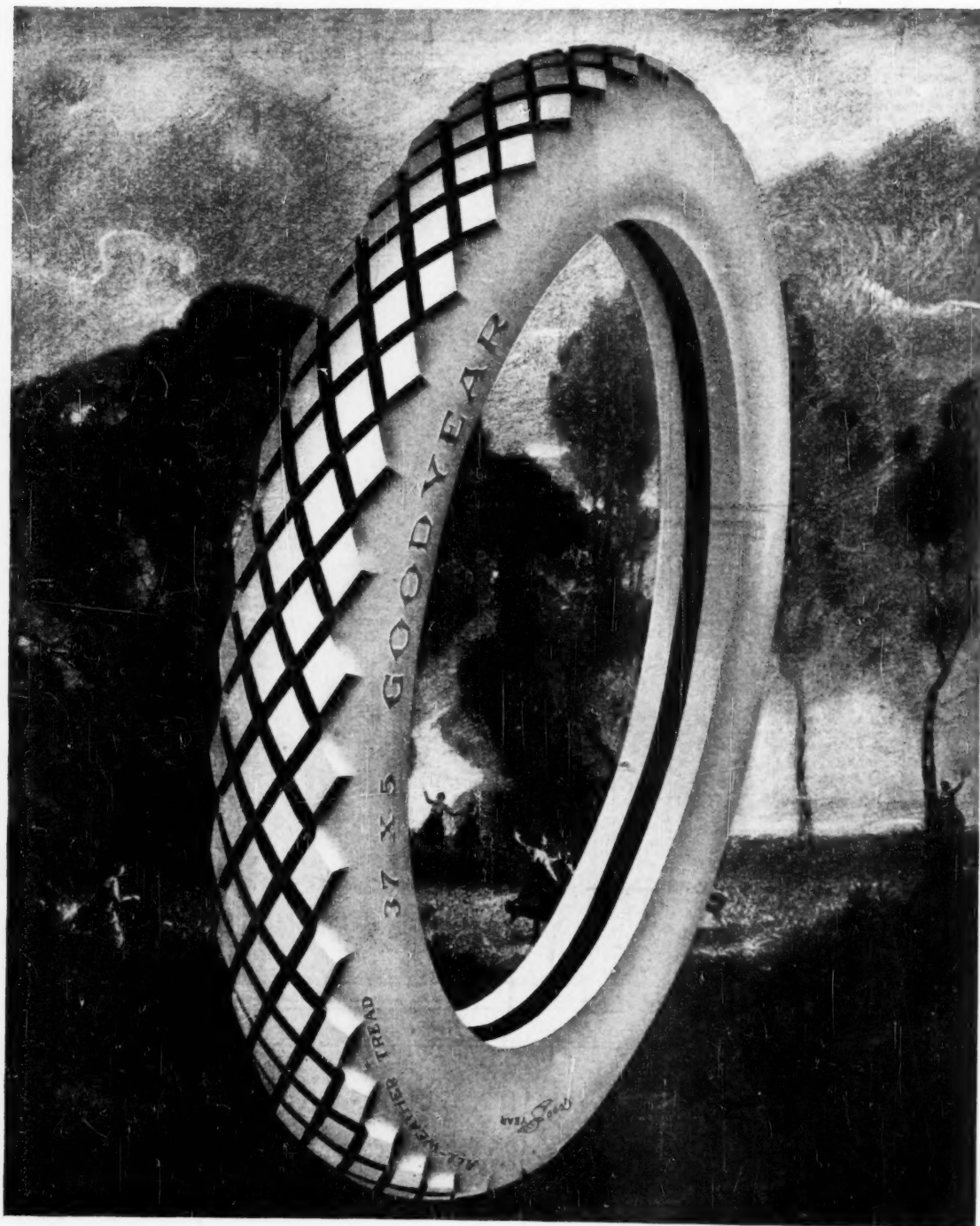
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	All-Weather	35.55	25.90	9.65
34 x 4	Plain	44.46	34.80	9.66
	All-Weather	51.94	41.75	10.19
36 x 4½	Plain	62.62	48.60	14.02
	All-Weather	73.17	58.30	14.87
37 x 5	Plain	76.66	58.55	18.11
	All-Weather	89.70	73.20	16.50

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the Allies goes without saying. Her semi-official press, which is run on identically the same principles, but with signally less craft, than in the days of Bismarck and Busch, has ingeniously disclosed the reason — namely, that once she can entangle any of her enemies in *pourparlers* she will have achieved her object and virtually won the war. The reason for this is obvious. *Pourparlers* through neutrals, if successful, would lead to direct negotiations, and any serious negotiations contain the promise of an armistice. The German general staff realizes that if once the cease fire sounded in so hideous a war there would be no further fighting. In other words, Germany would have achieved the first part of the Pan-German programme, holding as she does almost all Belgium, a very rich, if not the richest, part of France, Serbia, Rumania and enormous stretches of Russia. Therefore, her object is, by hook or by crook, regardless of what may be the military situation at any given moment in any particular theatre of war, to lure some Ally to talk,

because either that Ally by talking on its own account would compromise itself in the eyes of the other Allies, and the seeds of disruption of the Entente would be sown, or he would drag his fellow-Allies after him into the *pourparlers*.

What is the use of dealing with people who never mean what they say or say what they mean, and who glory in their trickery? It is sheer waste of time, it is worse, because any advance to the Bully of Europe is merely interpreted as cowardice and weakness, and simply stimulates him to fresh efforts. He is not going strong, he is decidedly groggy. Europe will not be "safe" either for democracy or any other civilized form of Government until Hohenzollernism has been knocked "down and out," as Mr. Lloyd George warned us a year ago. Let us hope that until that golden moment the Prime Minister will curb any of his colleagues who may be itching to get their legs under the same table, round or otherwise, with those of the revolting Boche.

The German Menace in Mexico

Efforts Being Made to Cause Trouble for Uncle Sam.

IT has been known for at least two years in well-informed circles that Mexico was being undermined by German propaganda. The United States Government is now learn-

ing that the German influence in Mexico has become a very serious menace. The scope of the propaganda is described briefly in the *World's Work* as follows:

Efficient and shrewd are the United Subjects of the Empire. They back up their news in the practical way of encouraging their own and other business men to advertise

in the Mexican papers which print their propaganda. The movies work for them, and they hire lecturers. In May, Manuel Ugarte, the well-known anti-American agitator, a Portuguese mulatto from Buenos Ayres, was giving a series of "conferences" in Mexico City under the academic auspices of the University and the financial management of the *Deutscher Verband*. In Vera Cruz, Cordoba, Puebla, Mexico, Queretaro, and San Luis Potosi, I found *Deutscher* posters plastered over the walls of gardens and buildings, abusing the United States in vigorous Spanish and interpreting events in bright German colors. Every Mexican town is similarly plastered. You wonder where they get the money, but even in your wrath you can't help admiring the effective way in which the money is spent. Mexico has Boy Scouts, several thousand of them, but they are all of the German variety, drilled in German style. It is very amusing to see the little rascals pounding their native soil with the German goose step. German influence is felt all through the Department of Public Education and, as in the case of the press, it is effectively backed up by practical advantages in the form of free courses in the German language, in calisthenics, and some forms of industrial teaching. One morning all the papers recorded the munificent gift of ten thousand pesos (\$5,000) donated by the German Minister, Von Eckhardt, for the founding of a good hospital. The papers did not record that he collected that fund by levying tribute on his hard-pressed nationals.

All through the strained relations which have existed between Mexico and the United States, even before our declaration of war against Germany, this unseen, subtle working of German influence kept up an active and helpful sympathy with Mexico. They promised money, they spoke of alliance, they hinted at the gift of territory. This sympathy paved the way for the diplomatic blunder of the Zimmerman note which, however fatal in other respects, did unquestionably have the effect of flattering Carranza and the 5 per cent. of Mexico which he represents by the international notice it gave them. It made the task of Ambassador Fletcher more difficult in winning the nominal accession of Mexico to our cause, or at least a proclaimed neutrality. Carranza, up to the first of November, had not proclaimed the neutrality of Mexico, although he mentioned it in his address to the Mexican Congress at its extraordinary session on April 15th, and "reaffirmed" it in an interview with a representative of the *New York American* on April 28th. In November, 1916, however, when Carranza got out his amazing note proposing that all neutral Governments unite in cutting off food and fuel supplies from all the Allies, the nominal neutrality of Mexico was necessarily therein implied, but it is helpful to know that this interesting document was issued within a week after the return of Zubaran, the Mexican Minister to and from Germany. In its English form, this note will not go back into idiomatic Spanish. It will re-translate into perfect German.

Unquestionably the object of our diplomacy for Mexico's sake, and for our own sake, is to maintain and improve the *status quo*, at least until the conclusion of the war of all nations. Progress has unmistakably been made toward that end. But it is progress against the grain of Mexico. It has nothing to do with the heart or the inclinations. It is purely a matter of policy, of necessity. Mexico, that part of Mexico which can read and reason, is beginning to see that we hold all the cards.

In case of a break, we would not have to send a soldier across the line. We could police the border with the citizen soldiery of the border states, blockade every Mexican port, and starve Mexico into good behavior. This we could do and we could also take our pressure off the forces antagonistic to the Government, which we alone have enabled to remain partially *de facto* and have impliedly recognized as *de jure*, and thus allow Messrs. Villa, Zapata, Felix Diaz, and their co-agitators to work their will on their forlorn fatherland. Such a campaign would divert very little money or effort and need not materially distract our attention from our main job. After that were finished, Mexico could be summarily dealt with by a nation in arms.



Bernard Partridge in *Punch*, London.

Kaiser: "If I grant you my glorious pardon, will you promise not to terrorize me again?"

"Belgium would be required to give a guarantee that any such menace as that which threatened Germany in 1914 would in the future be excluded."—German Foreign Secretary to Papal Nuncio at Munich.

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Voluntary Rationing at Home

Continued from page 43.

who cares to study the real nutritive and health value of certain of our home grown vegetable foods will find that she can cut down her usual meat supply considerably and still keep her family well fed. The price of bacon, of course, automatically regulates its consumption in homes of moderate income, but whether we can afford it or not, when we know that the allied armies are thirty-three million hogs short, and that the entire hog population of Canada at the present time is only 3,500,000, it is not unreasonable to suppose that there will be a few homes where not only "bacon" will be banned (except in case of illness or other emergency), but where ham, pork roasts, chops, anything in the shape of pork except the tenderloin, liver, heart, or head will be given up for the duration of the war.

"But," someone says, "this is the most short-sighted kind of economy. Any drastic cutting out of the fat in the diet is going to react directly on the children. A child of five years should have half as much fat as a full grown man, and to limit this is to invite some more or less serious result of malnutrition. Bacon is the most wholesome fat we have, next to butter, and the price of butter is beyond the means of many families in Canadian cities." This is one of the sanest objections we have to saving food for the army—the possible danger of underfeeding the children at home. Fortunately, so far as fats are concerned the outlook is brighter now than it has been since the war began. With the permission of the sale of margarine in Canada, we are going to have an available supply of one of the most wholesome fats at a cost within the reach of everyone, or at least of many who never hope to see butter from one month's end to another.

There still seems to be a little prejudice against margarine in some communities, even though the best food authorities say that there is no physiological or sanitary reason why it should not be used. It is made largely from beef fat, usually being a by-product in the making of canned meats where the fat cannot be used and is cut off. The fat is rendered and the temperature gradually lowered until the stearine, or hard fat, crystallizes, because it hardens first. The softer fats are left, and by chilling in certain ways they take on the granular texture of butter. Sometimes the fat is churned with buttermilk or a culture is added to give the butter flavor. In homes where butter will still be used on the table, margarine will make a wholesome good flavored substitute in cooking. As a shortening it gives the same flavor and texture as butter.

FOR the first few months of the food administration we were asked to go on voluntary rations to the end of saving wheat, beef and bacon. Late in the summer events occurred which made it necessary to add sugar to the list. The British Government had bought Java's entire sugar crop, an order of 100,000 tons. Submarines sank the whole of it. Immediately one hundred thousand tons of raw sugar had to be taken from the United States and Canada and sent to England and France. The temporary famine might have caused a panic among the refiners, a buying up and hoarding

of the whole available supply and an unreasonable rise in prices, if the market had not been placed at once in the hands of an International Sugar Buying Committee. As refiners can buy only through the Committee, the supply can be distributed fairly and no dealer of an over-enterprising business turn can take advantage of the shortage to boost the price. The Committee have set the price of raw sugar not above 5½ cents a pound.

There is no doubt that sugar is scarce in Canada and that it will be scarcer before the new crop comes in, which will be early in January. After that there should be an abundant supply as the crop promises to be unusually good. Perhaps, however, the temporary inconvenience may do some good in teaching us a more careful use of sugar as a food rather than an indulgence of the appetite; we may have overcome its excessive use in candies, cake icings, and over sweet desserts; we may have learned that while sugar is a natural food for children it will not build one cell of bone or muscle, and should not be taken until the end of the meal when the appetite has been satisfied by wholesome building foods. For even when the regulation that allows us to buy only two pounds of sugar at a time is removed, it will become us to still remember that while the average Canadian consumes seven pounds of sugar per month, France has only one pound per person per month. Our soldiers, too, want sugar, not just because it is a quick source of energy, but because the soldier's diet is absolutely devoid of frills or variety. If there is any prodigality when the restrictions are lifted it should be in the way of sugar for soldiers' boxes. In the meantime, if the famine should tighten seriously before the new crop comes in, let us remember that the children need sweets most, and to see that the sugar element is supplied in the way of corn syrup, honey, yes, and even black molasses.

ses. You remember how fond of that you were years ago. It is possible that the child of a decade later, with all his indulged tastes, may like it just as well.

THROUGH the whole scheme to save staple foods for the army we have not once been asked to eat less, but we have repeatedly been asked to eat substitutes, especially such perishable foods as could not be exported. It would be difficult to estimate just how much staple food has been released for export on account of the large quantities of vegetables grown in last year's war gardens. The housekeeper who went farther than this and canned all the surplus vegetables of varieties which could not be stored has added just so much more to the nation's food supply. It would seem as though this year we might be ready to extend the work by more co-operative canning. A Women's Institute in the town of Parkhill, Ontario, this summer established a canning centre where they have already canned about \$5,000 worth of vegetables, fruit, and chicken for the military hospitals in Great Britain. Occasionally they have a "community day," when they bring their own fruit or vegetables to the canning centre and get their home canning done in the best and quickest way. It is an idea worth spreading.

So it is an easy restriction, but a big responsibility, this voluntary food saving in private homes. It is a system capable of achieving amazing results, but it will require the co-operation of every household in the land. The Food Controller counts on the co-operation of the women. "In fact," he has said, "they have told me they would co-operate with me if I would do what they want me to." Now since the thing that troubled most women has been removed by the Order in Council stating that "no grain of any kind and no substance that can be used for food shall be used for the distillation of potable liquors," it seems hopeful that any Canadian woman, knowing the need as it is, will not hesitate in the matter of food saving—even without a condition.

Tested War Time Recipes

HEALTH BREAD

3 cups bran
1½ cups graham flour
1 cup white flour
¾ cup molasses
½ teaspoon baking soda
1 teaspoon baking-powder
2 cups milk

Sift together the dry ingredients. Beat in the milk and molasses, pour into greased pans and let stand twenty minutes before baking. Bake in a slow oven. Chopped dates or raisins may be added.

SCOTCH SCONES

1 cup fine oatmeal
¾ cup scalded milk
2 tablespoons shortening
1 cup flour
4 teaspoons baking-powder
1 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar

Pour hot milk over oatmeal, mix well, add shortening and let stand until cold. Mix and sift flour, baking-powder, salt and sugar; add to oatmeal and milk and mix well. Roll out three-fourths of an inch thick, cut in rounds and cook on a greased griddle for about twenty minutes, turning when half cooked.

BARLEY BREAD

2 cups barley meal
1 cup graham flour
1 cup white flour
2 tablespoons sugar
1 teaspoon salt
6 teaspoons baking-powder
2 cups milk

Sift dry ingredients together, mix well with the milk, turn into a greased pan, let stand fifteen minutes and bake in a moderate oven for about fifty minutes. Raisins, dates or nuts may be added.

QUICK COFFEE CAKE

¼ cup shortening
¼ cup sugar
1 egg
1 cup milk and water mixed
½ cup seeded raisins
2½ cups flour
5 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar (to sprinkle over the top)
1 teaspoon cinnamon

Cream the shortening and sugar. Add egg well beaten, milk, raisins, flour, baking powder and salt. Spread in a greased shallow pan, brush with melted butter and sprinkle with cinnamon and sugar.

Bake in a hot oven fifteen to twenty minutes. This is delicious cut in thick slices, toasted and buttered for afternoon tea.

CORN BREAD

- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup cornmeal
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup flour
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon soda
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups buttermilk or sour milk.

Mix and sift dry ingredients, add buttermilk gradually, and beat well. Pour into a greased shallow pan and bake in a hot oven for about twenty minutes.

POTATO SCONES

- 2 cups flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- 4 tablespoons baking powder
- 1 cup mashed potato
- 2 tablespoons shortening
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk

Sift flour, salt and baking-powder. Add potato and shortening, and work in with the finger tips. Add milk and mix to a soft dough with a knife. Roll out three-quarters of an inch thick, cut in rounds and cook on a greased griddle for about twenty minutes, turning when half cooked.

BAKED BEANS

- 1 quart white beans
- 1 onion
- 1 carrot
- 1 level tablespoon salt
- 1 teaspoon dry mustard
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar
- 4 tablespoons butter or dripping.

Soak beans over night in cold water to which a teaspoon of baking soda has been added. Drain, rinse, cover with cold water, heat to boiling and simmer until beans are tender but not broken. Place in an earthen bean-pot, pour on boiling water, cover closely and bake slowly for about eight hours. Uncover for the last

hour. Replenish with water as needed. If you do not use a coal range, and find gas too expensive for the long cooking required for baked beans, set the bean pot on the ledge of the furnace, protecting it from the direct heat from the coals by a piece of asbestos, and turn about every hour.

CORN MUFFINS

- 1 cup cornmeal
- 1 cup flour
- 4 teaspoons baking powder
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 1 cup milk, or milk and water mixed.
- 1 beaten egg
- 4 tablespoons melted shortening.

Mix ingredients in the order given, beat well, pour into hot greased gem pans and bake in a hot oven for about twenty minutes.

BRAN GEMS

- 1 cup bran
- 1 cup white flour
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 4 teaspoons baking-powder
- 1 cup milk
- 1 egg
- 1 tablespoon melted shortening

Mix and sift flour, baking powder and salt. Add sugar, milk, egg well beaten and melted shortening. Bake in greased gem pans in a hot oven.

CREAMED COD

- 2 cups cooked cod.

Cream sauce:

- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups skim milk
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons butter
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons flour
- 1 teaspoon salt
- cayenne
- chopped parsley
- onion juice

Arrange alternate layers of flaked fish and sauce in baking dish. Cover with buttered crumbs and brown in oven.

Read Trade Papers

By H. Addington Bruce, in the Winnipeg "Telegram"

YOU are anxious to get on in your chosen calling. You long for promotion. Perhaps, having lagged for some time, you are beginning to feel discouraged.

But are you doing all that you can to deserve success?

Are you, for one thing, making it a point to read and study some authoritative journal of the profession, business, or trade in which you are working?

All truly alert business men read trade journals as a matter of real necessity. They feel that it is impossible for them to continue progressing unless they keep abreast of the latest developments in their particular line of business as recorded in the journals they read.

You, let us suppose, are an electrician—a young, ambitious electrician.

Well, there are trade journals specially addressed to you. They are published in your interest, published for the express purpose of helping you to become skilful at the trade.

Do you read any of these journals?

If you are a plumber, there are other journals of particular value to you as a plumber. Likewise if you are a hotel clerk, a bank clerk, a salesman, a hardware merchant, a dealer in china, a cigar-maker, or whatever else you may be.

For every vocation there are trade

journals—some of them, of course, much better than others. And he is indeed a wise young man who early becomes a subscriber and constant reader of a good journal dealing with his trade.

He will learn from it how other men in the trade have won success. Almost every week he will glean from it something of direct helpfulness in winning success himself.

One week he will be specially enlightened by a leading editorial. Another he will profit most of all from a seemingly insignificant item of three or four lines, of peculiar interest to him because it chances to touch on a problem with which he is for the moment much concerned.

Or, tucked away in some letter in the trade journal's correspondence columns, he may come across an idea opening up to him new vistas of thought, perhaps a new avenue of opportunity.

Knowing these facts, I would say to any young man:

Read the newspapers. Read general magazines. Read good books. All of these are broadening.

But in addition read at least one good journal specially intended for men in your trade.

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Why We Are in the War

A Soldier's Father Gives His Reasons for Wishing His Son to Fight

"UNTIL the world rids itself of nations organized into beasts of prey no man's home is worth building. No man's business is worth pursuing. No man's wife or his cradled baby getting a breath of fresh air in the street in front of his house is safe from rape or death."

These are the words of a former Congressman from New York, who speaks with especial force as a father whose only son is on his way to the front in a letter which the New York Tribune prints as a leading editorial. He says, in part:

The mouth of sedition should be shut by a bullet.

I am not boiling with rage. I am not even excited. The point is this—my son, my only child, in prompt response to his country's duly sounded call, is to-day headed for the French trenches, there to be the target for German bullets. Every voice raised here at home to discourage others from going with him, to try to back him and he to back them, and so to make their mighty work a success at the least sacrifice to any, increases the chance, already considerable, that he will never come back to his mother and me. I think that that voice ought to be stifled before his has been.

But this view, so important to me, so important to the fathers and mothers of the hundreds of thousands that are being gathered from all over this land to places of training and departure, is the very best of it. The great thing is that until the world rids itself of nations organized into beasts of prey no man's home is worth building. No man's business is worth pursuing. No man's wife or his cradled baby, getting a breath of fresh air in the street in front of his house, is safe from rape or death.

I have often heard it remarked that this war is unpopular. What war ever was "popular," except to the greed, lust, and ambition that caused it? What war ever was popular to people who want to live in the enjoyment of peace, order, and liberty? The word "popular" in connection with a war is despicable. But never before has there been a war where the principle of individual liberty, the right to make a home, to go about freely, to do one's lawful business without interruption, to protect one's women and children against the barbarity of lust and murder, has been so definitely presented to the American people as it is presented to us to-day.

Not "popular"! Do you suppose that five millions of fathers like myself would permit our boys to be taken away from us, hustled into barges, and then planted straight in the way of bullets and bombs and killing stench if we didn't think it was their duty to go and our duty to urge them to go? The reason we are handing guns to our young men is because, after patience against provocation unexampled in history, after hopes created one day only to be blasted the next, after proofs that we could no longer doubt, we have at last become convinced that the end for which the German armies were sent against France and Flanders and Russia means not their conquest only, but ours also—means that if that end is successful Europe it is an everlasting menace to national organization and individual liberty everywhere on this earth.

What is the use of trying to keep up a home and to conduct a business, a farm, a profession, to earn a living that will content your wife and educate your children, if you have got to spend half of what your labor earns and, to the interruption of your business, spend years of your life creating military equipments and performing military service in order to be ready to beat some ravenous beast that is watching for the right time to spring at you? The German people must now get the sense of this, at whatever cost to them

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or us. They are responsible. They don't have to have the Hohenzollerns and the German military autocracy unless they want them, nor unless they mean what their godless rulers mean. They are not obliged to have William and his scheme any more than we have been obliged to have our Presidents, from Washington to Wilson. No blacksmith ever shod a horse, no farmer tilled a field to better results than is got when our President speaks the mind of the American people in his answer to the Pope telling the German people that before this war can end the purposes for which they have permitted their armies to be sent out must be definitely abandoned.

How perfectly Mr. Wilson said what the nation means is proved by the fact that we have allowed Congress to enact and the President to enforce this selective draft, well knowing that others are likely to follow; that we have allowed him and the Congress to place on our shoulders a tremendous burden of taxes, well knowing that other and greater burdens will be added. Now, shall we permit anybody, big or little, rich or poor, whether his name is Hearst, or Moore, or Haywood, or Berkman, or Goldman, or whatever his interest, sincere or insincere, to appeal to that instinct of avoidance of great burdens and fearful risks which is common to us all and is to be resisted only by a high sense of duty?

I don't care what anybody said a year ago about England. I might then have agreed with a whole lot of it, even if he had started with William the Conqueror and had never stopped until the day when the Germans invaded Belgium. I don't care what men said a year ago about capitalists and money power and the encroachment of entrenched wealth on the rights of the unprotected poor. I might

then have agreed with most of what they said, even though I might not have been able to agree with all they suggested in remedy. But the only thing before this country now is how to win this war with the smallest possible sacrifice of the arms, legs, lives of the boys that marched down Fifth Avenue recently; of the arms, legs, lives of those who are marching from everywhere throughout the country to points of training and departure for Europe; of the wealth that is the sustenance of American industry and that earns bread and butter to keep them in the field and to keep their wives and children, their fathers and mothers, their dependents and those on whom they may have to depend, from distress and starvation. That is the only question before the people of this country just now.

Only at the risk of his life should any man be permitted to say or do a thing that imperils the success of our cause in this war. Only at the risk of his life should any man be permitted to say things or do things that tend to increase the sacrifices that our nation must now make to render this world "safe for democracy." Those of us who are over fifty, who are not worth drafting, who are absolutely unable to tote fifty-three pounds of ammunition and equipment, who must remain at home, in the office, behind the counter, or in the factories, or on the farm, can still do something more—we can make it damned unpleasant for sedition; and in support of any step that the President will take to suppress sedition at home, while my son and other men's sons are doing the nation's work abroad, I offer to the President my service and present to the spirit of sedition what much or little I can do for its swift extermination.

Germany and Britain at Grips

How the Issue Now Stands Between the Two Chief Belligerents.

FRANK H. SIMONDS has become recognized as a sound military critic. He has at most stages accurately gauged the progress of the various campaigns and in some instances has accurately predicted future developments. In a complete summary of the present situation in the *American Review of Reviews*, he concludes with a statement of the issue as it stands between Britain and Germany. He says:

So much for the major strategy. It is essential to grasp it because unless the ultimate objective is perceived the battle reports are meaningless. But the value of the struggle that is going forward is not comprehended in a mere examination of the strategy. Grant, in his great campaign from the Rapidan to Petersburg, did not realize any one of his immediate objectives. Lee met him and blocked him, but Lee's army in the contest was worn "to a frazzle." Grant could replace his losses, Lee could not.

More than this, as the contest continued and temporary checks to Grant did not stop him, the Southern army slowly but surely learned the fatal truth that the war was lost. It was an army already beaten which Grant faced the following spring and disposed of in a few days. Now the German army in Flanders is learning the same lesson. It knows its own inferiority in numbers, in material, in guns and in munitions. It has been losing ground steadily for more than four months. It has lost all the high ground it held in June.

The mission of the German army as explained to it by its commanders is to hold until the submarine saves the day. It was asked to hold three months; it has held six and the submarine has not won and is not winning the war. Even Tirpitz, who set a limit as early as May of this year, now asserts that the time cannot be fixed for the submarine triumph. The German soldier knows his disadvantages, he knows that another campaign is inevitable, and he also knows that another campaign will mean a new period of pounding, of defeat, like the Somme and the present Ypres struggle.

Since the year opened the British have taken 60,000 prisoners and lost less than 20,000—something like 16,000 in point of fact. They have taken 332 cannon, many of them heavy pieces, and they have lost not one. They have taken the Vimy Ridge, Hill No. 70, the Paschendaele Ridge; they have advanced wherever they have attacked, and their advances are beginning to have a serious threat to German positions from the Meuse to the Lys. The result is simple; the British army feels itself superior; the German army is conscious not alone of its present inferiority, but of its rapidly declining strength.

At the moment German strategy is comprehended in a grim resolve to hold on until the weather ends this year's campaign; and the end is already in sight. Then will begin the most determined peace offensive of the war. If the Germans should be compelled to make their great retreat to the Antwerp-Brussels-Namur line this year, then the confession of defeat would be so plain that they would find little hearing for a peace proposal. It would be accepted as one more sign of consciousness of defeat. If they are to have a case for peace this winter, peace without large concessions, they must hold their lines for the rest of the campaign.

This they will probably be able to do, because the weather is already getting bad and we may see little more attacking before the close of operations. But, in my judgment, if the Germans fail in their peace maneuvers this winter, they will in the spring be forced to make another retreat like that of this year, but very much more considerable. If they can postpone retirement until spring they will have all winter to perfect their new line, already fortified, and to devastate the country they mean to leave as they did the Noyon salient last winter.

But when the retreat is made the whole course of the war will change. Unless all signs fail the next attack will not be made in Belgium; it will be made from the Lorraine front, where the firing-line is now on the frontier and a short push will carry the Allies into German territory. Once the Germans have been turned out of Northern France, I believe the war will go east to the gap between the Vosges and Verdun. Then the invasion of Germany will begin; and in that invasion American troops will inevitably play a part.

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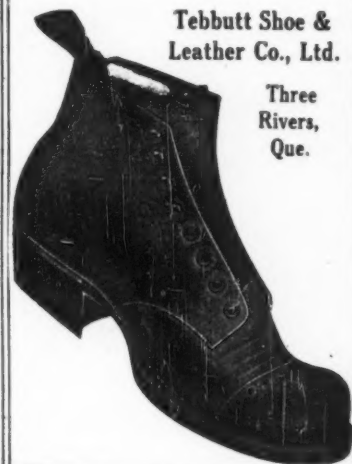
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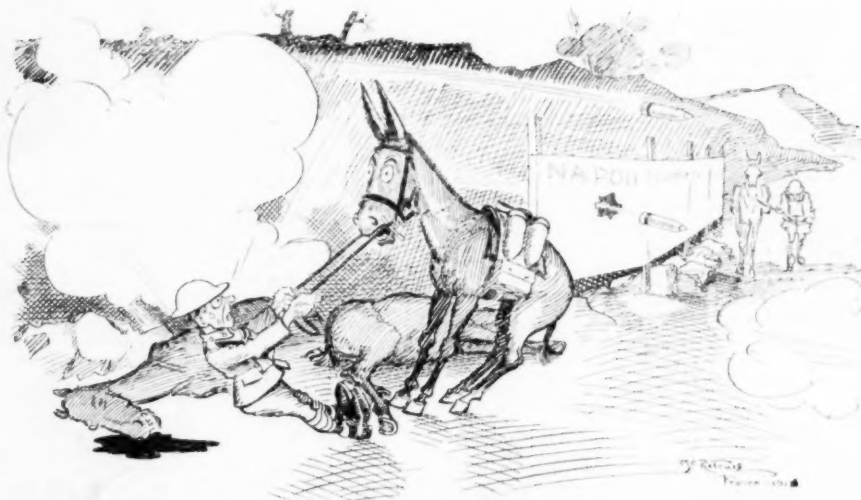
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Sketches from the Trenches

By Gunner McRitchie



The Evening "Strafe."



THAT AWFUL MOMENT.

When your moke stops on one of the hottest corners in France.

Something About the Dingonek

A New Monster Discovered in Darkest Africa.

ARE there strange animals in the wilds of Africa that science has not yet discovered? Writing in the *Wide World Magazine*, J. A. Jordan declares that there are, citing the pygmy hippo, the Rhodesian monster and the dingonek. His evidence on the score of the latter, the dingonek, is very positive and believable. He has seen the dingonek himself. It is a monster reptile, something like the prehistoric dinosaur, only smaller, and it lives only around Lake Victoria Nyanza. His description is as follows:

The celebrated Swiss ichthyologist, Agassiz, once said: "The possibilities of existence run so deeply into the extravagant that there is scarcely any conception too extraordinary for Nature to realize," and this philosophical announcement has never been more substantially confirmed than by the discovery of the dingonek.

The dingonek is a huge, unclassified aquatic monster. It resembles in many of its characteristics the extinct dinosaur, a huge reptile of the Mesozoic period, fossils of which have been discovered by palaeontologists in the sandstone strata both of the African and American continents.

The dingonek is probably somewhat smaller than the extinct amphibian referred to, and measures approximately from fifteen to eighteen feet.

It lives in Lake Victoria Nyanza and its numerous tributaries, and there is no record of the monster having been seen in any other part of the world. Whether it is a descendant of one of the huge prehistoric saurians that has by a process of adaptation—living as it does in impenetrable regions far away from the encroachments of civilized man—continued with but slight modifications through prodigious ages to the present time, or whether it is an unclassified reptile or amphibian, it is equally impossible to say, as no specimen exists either of its bones or of its skin. That this monster does exist, however, there can be no particle of doubt, as the testimony of authoritative eye-witnesses cannot be reasonably discredited.

To the home-keeping reader it may seem very remarkable, and difficult to credit, that so huge a monster as the dingonek should continue to exist until recently unknown to either hunters, travellers, or to the scientific world, but when it is remembered that Lake Victoria Nyanza, in which it lives, although the largest known lake in Africa, with an area of twenty-five to twenty-six thousand square miles, was not discovered until 1858, this will not be so hard to realize.

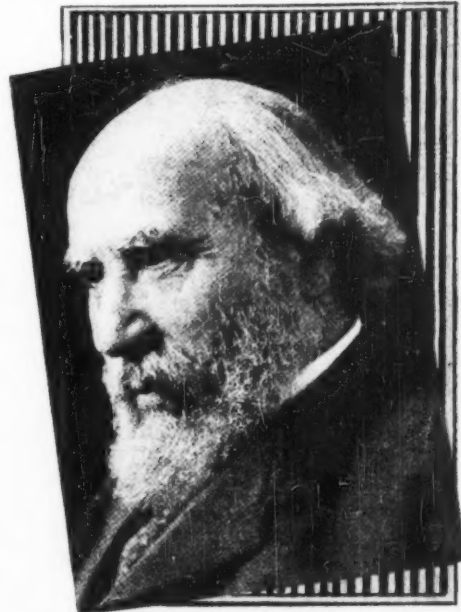
The word "dingonek" is probably a Wandering term for the mysterious beast, and among that tribe and certain others subsequently referred to the existence of this huge reptile has been known for many years.

Mr. James Martin, one of the pioneers of Africa, at one time aide-de-camp to General Matthews (I think in 1880), who guided Joseph Thomas from Mombasa to the head of the Nile, and was, with the exception of Stanley, Speke, and Grant, one of the first white men to see the Victoria Nyanza Lake, asserts that a huge animal has been known in this water for many years. Mr. Martin has a greater knowledge of the natives dwelling on the banks of the Lake than any living man, and has sufficient experience to be able to extract the truth from their exaggerated accounts.

Continued on page 70

How Hill Achieved His Great Success

The Fundamental Principles and Morals of Business



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King George a Busy Collector

He is the Prince of all Modern Hobbyists in That Respect.

IN course of an article in the *National Magazine* on "Hobbies of Great People," George Leon Varney says of King George:

The prince of all modern collectors is George V., King of England. His collections range from the most valuable plate assortment in the world down to a series of the smallest and rarest of postage stamps.

His Majesty's so-called gold pantry consists of two large fire-proof store-rooms in which is kept plate at an estimated value of nine million dollars. Think of it! Enough cold lucre with which to make nine paupers millionaires, or a sum large enough with which to build a city boulevard and flank it on either side with ninety modern churches.

It may be of passing interest to know that the gold plate which is used for state banquets weighs several tons. This is not, of course, all solid gold. If the larger pieces were gold, they would be too heavy to move at all. As it is, some of the epergnes take four men to lift. These are of silver-gilt. It takes one man to carry two dishes, or eight plates, the plates being of pure gold.

Someone who is in position to know informs us that there is not much ancient English plate in the gold pantry. Charles I. melted down all the plate of his day and coined it into money; but there are some exquisite foreign pieces, among them a great silver flagon taken from the flagship of the Spanish Armada, and the famous Nautilus Cup, made by that master of the art, Benvenuto Cellini. There is a shield by the same great Italian, and the wonderful gold tiger's head taken from Tipu Sahib's throne after the storming of Seringapatam in 1799.

This tiger's head is a marvellous work of art. It is life-size, and its teeth and eyes are cut out of pure rock crystal. Another relic captured at the same time, we are told, is the jeweled bird called the Uma. In shape it is like a pigeon, with a peacock's tail. Its feathers blaze with precious stones and a

magnificent emerald hangs from its breast. According to an old Indian legend, whoever owns this bird will rule India.

Other odd pieces include a shield formed of snuff boxes and valued at forty-five thousand dollars. Then there's the wonderful embossed shield of solid gold given to Edward VII. by a number of Indian rajahs. Very attractive and valuable, too, is the rosewater fountain of silver designed by the late Prince Consort, and weighing nearly three thousand ounces. Beautiful cups and salvers numbering into the hundreds help fill the guarded shelves. All of them bear cobwebs of history, and any one of them would fetch an enormous price if put up at auction.

To the weight and wealth of the gold pantry must be added the collection of objects got together by the King's father. These include the Coronation presents, which are valued at over a quarter of a million, and works of art that could not be bought for either love or money. Nor must we overlook the jewels which are locked in an underground safe. These jewels have, of course, nothing to do with the Crown jewels, which are kept in London Tower. They are the private property of the Royal family, and for precaution's sake have been duplicated in paste.

As a collector of books, the King has a library containing over one hundred thousand volumes. Below the library is a room holding one of the finest collections of prints in existence. These alone would probably fetch half a million dollars if sold. In the same treasure room are no fewer than twenty thousand drawings of the old masters and a collection of over a thousand miniatures. The late Queen Victoria collected the latter.

Speaking of royal personages and collections, the late King Edward, father of the present George, collected many things, including autographs, photographs, and first editions of the English classics. He was also very proud of his collection of walking-sticks, of which he had several hundred. One of the most treasured was a stick made from one of the piles of old London Bridge; and another, equally valuable, was cut from a branch of the famous Boscobel Oak.

these things were done when an expedition to Britain or Gaul or Germany appeared to the Romans as a wonderful audacity, worthy to be celebrated in prose and poetry.

"Europe never came to Asia. The Greeks built up a whole literature about the fact that Asia invaded their country . . . and not because they invaded Asia. Afterwards the descendants of Alexander, the Macedonian Generals, founded a few dynasties in Western Asia. They disappeared, and they did not leave even a trace of themselves behind. Nothing European has ever taken firm root in Asia. If England left India to-morrow, inside of three hundred years the very name of England would be forgotten. Thus with the Americans in the Philippines, with the French in Indo-China. On the other hand everything that has ever come to Europe from Asia has come to stay. The influence of the East will never be eradicated from Europe.

"Not one Asian nation, not a single tribe, not even a single Asian individual has ever become completely Europeanized. Not a single European idea, habit, custom, not a single distinctively European branch of knowledge has ever penetrated into Asia . . . unless it came from Asia in the first place. Europe has copied. But Europe has never originated.

"Therefore this town: Centuries ago, the Black Sea was a centre of Asian influence and civilization and trade. We forgot it. We had so many other things to think of, to attend to. Then Europe, utilizing the lessons learned from us, re-discovered this port.

"Then we saw. We came. And you, my friend, this evening you bought Japanese shoes from a Persian, Chinese handkerchiefs from a Tartar, Persian glass from a Circassian."

"What else did you expect?"

The next day I repeated the conversation to the Russian officer. He smiled.

"I know Chin Ko-Ou," he said. "A nice old Chinaman, but a dreamer, a visionary. This is Europe. This is Russia. We have made it and built it. Trade and progress and wealth." He lit a cigarette. "By the way, you must come to the Apollon Music-Hall to-night. You will hear a French soubrette and some capital American negroes."

I did go, and in the box next to mine sat the Persian shoe-merchant. He recognized me and leaned over the low railing which divided the two boxes.

"A good show," he said, "don't you think so? We Asians import these play-people from Europe to sing and dance for us. They do not cost much. Also we can afford it. This is a wealthy town."

The Real Yellow Peril

Does the West Always Give Way Before the East?

THE Yellow Peril, but in a new guise, in the likeness of steady penetration and superior durability, enters into an article by Achmed Abdullah in the *Forum*. It is introduced in the form of a conversation between a European and a Chinaman who meet at Batoum, a city in Russia. It is close to the Asiatic borders and it is distinctly an Eastern city. The European wanted to know why. The Chinaman told him.

"Always," said the Chinaman, speaking in French, "always since the world evolved from a pellet of star-dust has the West been swallowed by the East.

"I will not speak of war. What meaning can there be to me, a Chinaman, a civilized man, in a sword which is red and a land hissing in blood?

"So I will not mention the fact that a small federation of Mongol tribes swept over Europe, reached France, after enslaving Russia and Germany, and nearly overthrew the Roman Empire on the plains of the Chalons. I will not mention the fact that a handful of Arabs, debouching from their arid desert, destroyed the Vandals of North Africa, conquered Spain and Sicily, and, long after their energy had decayed, drove the picked chivalry of Europe out of Palestine. I will not mention how a tiny little Asian tribe, the Turks, warred down the Eastern Empire of Rome, threatened all Central Europe, and still holds on to a good proportion of its early conquests.

"These are the things foreign barbarians

boast of. Not I. I see things as they are. I see this town," he pointed a thin yellow hand at the streets which were still packed with the men of all Asia in spite of the late hour, "its wealth, and its progress.

"And so I repeat: always, since first an Egyptian or a Chinaman considered the wisdom of gravating the annals of his family, his clan, his nation, on stone and brick, has the West given way before the East.

"Always, since first race spoke to race across the chasm of mistrust and dislike, has Asia taught and influenced Europe. This influence, this teaching, has time and again lain stagnant for centuries . . . but without rotting or staling; always keeping intact the marvel and the swing of its energy, its vitality.

"Asia has given to Europe the first-fruits of civilization and culture; letters, articulate speech, arithmetics, medicine, astronomy, the knowledge to guide a ship out of the sight of land. Take the sum-total of these few things, and you obtain trade and exploration.

"We know that early Mongols and Malays reached the South Pacific and America; that early Hindoos converted and civilized Java; that early Malays conquered and governed . . . still govern . . . Madagascar; that the Arabs traded with China before Mohammed was born. All



OPTIMISTIC MUSIC DOESN'T STIR THE FIGHTING SPIRIT



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Before we define how these sums can be employed, we shall first define the correct principle in planning an advertising campaign.

This principle is: (1) Decide on the one best medium reaching the class of persons likely to give you business; (2) use this medium in an attention-commanding way—that is, use advertisements bold enough in size and display to assure the attention of readers; and (3) give this "first" or chief medium your full schedule—that is, all the insertions you deem necessary to secure your object.

If your appropriation for advertising permits the use of more mediums than one, to be used simultaneously, use each additional medium listed after the manner of the first one chosen; that is: (1) use it adequately; (2) give it bold "copy," and (3) a full schedule of insertions.

As against this method and idea is the following practice: (1) Decide on the sum you want to spend; (2) make up a list of all the mediums you would like to use; (3) decide on the number of insertions you think is necessary; and (4) let these three factors in combination determine the size of the advertisements. The consequences of this method are (1) small-size "copy," and (2) a thin—very thin—scratching of much soil.

Now Experience in the advertising world, as in other worlds, says: Concentrate, intensify, get out of each unit all that it can be made to yield; multiply units only when each unit employed is being worked to its maximum. This is the teaching of Experience, substantiated by your own knowledge, if you will think it out.

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, with its 50,000 circulation, has achieved circulation results in its smaller field comparable with the achievement of the most largely circulated

U.S.A. magazine of the same general class in its 20-times-larger field. The circulation of MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE in Canada is the equivalent of a million circulation in the United States.

The circulation of FARMER'S MAGAZINE (27,000-30,000) in Canada is the equivalent of 600,000 in the United States.

Determining Dominant "Copy"

Granting that these two mediums are the "first" or chief mediums in their respective classes; the next thing to consider is what is dominant or adequate or sure-to-get-attention space. Obviously a full page is dominant space; so also is 2/3 of a page. Half a page may be. We shall compromise, for the sake of illustration, on a space occupying 2/3 of a page—a space measuring 10 inches deep (a full column in either medium) by 2 columns wide. This means "copy" measuring 20 inches, or 280 agate lines.

We'll suppose, further, that one insertion each month, for the whole year, is scheduled in each medium used. That is a total of 3,360 agate lines (280 lines monthly x 12).

The Cost of a Strong Campaign

So the cost of an all-the-year-round campaign in each medium becomes:

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FARMER'S 3,360 lines @ .19— 638.40

Both Mediums \$1,881.60

If one's field takes in urban and rural communities, then a year's advertising in "first" or chief mediums, using dominant "copy," and with full schedules, can be obtained for a little less than \$1,900. If one has more to spend, then other mediums can be added, each used dominantly and fully, until the limit of one's appropriation is reached.

Remember that it is wisest to grow into advertising than to go into it. Many an advertiser has started out beyond his strength, and came to grief, perhaps blaming advertising rather than himself for the failure.

The Local Influence of National Mediums

Now a word about the local effect of advertising in these two mediums—the effect on

consumers and dealers. First, on consumers. When we talk about magazines having national influence, we really mean that this national influence is the sum of its influence on each individual subscriber or home; for it is clear that any single copy of a magazine can and does influence only those persons who read it. Which means, that a magazine's influence is exerted primarily on persons, and that its national influence is the aggregate of its personal influences.

So a magazine has personal, family, community, and national influence, progressively.

This influence has local effect. It sends persons and families to local dealers to obtain what may be advertised; and it helps local dealers to sell nationally-advertised goods to persons and families familiar with advertised goods—this because of the magazines they subscribe to.

All of which means that the national advertiser, using magazines as his mediums, secures local community effect and national effect at one and the same time, and thus accomplishes economically his two objects.

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In the limits of this page, it is not possible for us to elaborate the above and other ideas as fully as we would like; nor to convey all desired information concerning MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE AND FARMER'S MAGAZINE. We have, for example, detailed circulation statements of these two magazines, by provinces and counties, and in the case of MACLEAN'S by towns. Also, we have printed matter designed to prove that "a little advertising in a few magazines" has been and is the way to great success by many famous advertisers. Send for copies of "Good Stuff about Canadian Magazines" containing information of the sort indicated.

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THE year 1918 is at hand, and you probably are shaping your merchandising plans. It is important, in such case, that you should know much about the service which the two magazines, named above, separately or in combination, can render you.

Write for the proffered copies of GOOD STUFF, this as a first step.

The MacLean Publishing Company, 143-153 University Ave., Toronto
Publishers of MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE and FARMER'S MAGAZINE.

(M.M.)

Mention MacLean's Magazine—It will identify you.

King George a Busy Collector

He is the Prince of all Modern Hobbyists in That Respect.

IN course of an article in the *National Magazine* on "Hobbies of Great People," George Leon Varney says of King George:

The prince of all modern collectors is George V., King of England. His collections range from the most valuable plate assortment in the world down to a series of the smallest and rarest of postage stamps.

His Majesty's so-called gold pantry consists of two large fire-proof store-rooms in which is kept plate at an estimated value of nine million dollars. Think of it! Enough gold to make nine paupers millionaires, or a sum large enough with which to build a city boulevard and flank it on either side with ninety modern churches.

It may be of passing interest to know that the gold plate which is used for state banquets weighs several tons. This is not, of course, all solid gold. If the larger pieces were gold, they would be too heavy to move at all. As it is, some of the epergnes take four men to lift. These are of silver-gilt. It takes one man to carry two dishes, or eight plates, the plates being of pure gold.

Someone who is in position to know informs us that there is not much ancient English plate in the gold pantry. Charles I. melted down all the plate of his day and coined it into money; but there are some exquisite foreign pieces, among them a great silver flagon taken from the flagship of the Spanish Armada, and the famous Nautilus Cup, made by that master of the art, Benvenuto Cellini. There is a shield by the same great Italian, and the wonderful gold tiger's head taken from Tipu Sahib's throne after the storming of Seringapatam in 1799.

This tiger's head is a marvellous work of art. It is life-size, and its teeth and eyes are cut out of pure rock crystal. Another relic captured at the same time, we are told, is the jeweled bird called the Umu. In shape it is like a pigeon, with a peacock's tail. Its feathers blaze with precious stones and a

magnificent emerald hangs from its breast. According to an old Indian legend, whoever owns this bird will rule India.

Other odd pieces include a shield formed of snuff boxes and valued at forty-five thousand dollars. Then there's the wonderful embossed shield of solid gold given to Edward VII. by a number of Indian rajahs. Very attractive and valuable, too, is the rosewater fountain of silver designed by the late Prince Consort, and weighing nearly three thousand ounces. Beautiful cups and salvers numbering into the hundreds help fill the guarded shelves. All of them bear cobwebs of history, and any one of them would fetch an enormous price if put up at auction.

To the weight and wealth of the gold pantry must be added the collection of objects got together by the King's father. These include the Coronation presents, which are valued at over a quarter of a million, and works of art that could not be bought for either love or money. Nor must we overlook the jewels which are locked in an underground safe. These jewels have, of course, nothing to do with the Crown jewels, which are kept in London Tower. They are the private property of the Royal family, and for precaution's sake have been duplicated in paste.

As a collector of books, the King has a library containing over one hundred thousand volumes. Below the library is a room holding one of the finest collections of prints in existence. These alone would probably fetch half a million dollars if sold. In the same treasure room are no fewer than twenty thousand drawings of the old masters and a collection of over a thousand miniatures. The late Queen Victoria collected the latter.

Speaking of royal personages and collections, the late King Edward, father of the present George, collected many things, including autographs, photographs, and first editions of the English classics. He was also very proud of his collection of walking-sticks, of which he had several hundred. One of the most treasured was a stick made from one of the piles of old London Bridge; and another, equally valuable, was cut from a branch of the famous Boscobel Oak.

these things were done when an expedition to Britain or Gaul or Germany appeared to the Romans as a wonderful audacity, worthy to be celebrated in prose and poetry.

"Europe never came to Asia. The Greeks built up a whole literature about the fact that Asia invaded their country . . . and not because they invaded Asia. Afterwards the descendants of Alexander, the Macedonian Generals, founded a few dynasties in Western Asia. They disappeared, and they did not leave even a trace of themselves behind. Nothing European has ever taken firm root in Asia. If England left India to-morrow, inside of three hundred years the very name of England would be forgotten. Thus with the Americans in the Philippines, with the French in Indo-China. On the other hand everything that has ever come to Europe from Asia has come to stay. The influence of the East will never be eradicated from Europe.

"Not one Asian nation, not a single tribe, not even a single Asian individual has ever become completely Europeanized. Not a single European idea, habit, custom, not a single distinctively European branch of knowledge has ever penetrated into Asia . . . unless it came from Asia in the first place. Europe has copied. But Europe has never originated.

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(M.M.)

Mention MacLean's Magazine—It will identify you.

Something About the Dingonek

Continued from page 67.

Mr. Edgar Beecher Bronson, the celebrated American big-game hunter, in his interesting book entitled "In Closed Territory," published in 1910, records the fact that when he was in Uganda in the November of 1908 or 1909 he there met Mr. Martin, who stated that it was well known that a huge water reptile appeared from time to time near the north shores of the Lake, usually after very long intervals of time, and that the natives worshipped this strange monster, believing its coming to be a harbinger of heavy crops and an increase of flocks and herds. Mr. Bronson also tells us that the celebrated African naturalist, Mr. G. W. Hobley, C.M.G., who was at that time Senior Deputy Commissioner (and at whose residence in Nairobi Mr. Bronson was staying), informed him that certain tribes living on the north shore of the Lake, the Baganda, Wasoga, and Kavirondo, had from time immemorial sacrificed burnt offerings of cattle and sheep to a huge reptile of dreadful appearance living in the Lake, and which they called the "luquata." From Mr. Hobley's description of this monster, gleaned from most careful inquiries among the native tribes referred to, there can be little doubt that the "luquata" and the dingonek are one and the same. The Baganda, Wasoga, and Kavirondo tribes firmly believe that the white man, or, as they called him, the "Muzungu," had killed the "luquata," and that in consequence they have become victims of the dreaded sleeping-sickness plague. Their idea probably is that the destruction of this animal, so long known and worshipped by them, would bring them bad luck, and as about this period—1905—the ravages of sleeping-sickness were extraordinarily severe, this is undoubtedly the explanation of this strange superstitious belief.

Mr. Hobley considers that there is absolutely no doubt whatever as to the existence of the dingonek, and his evidence is supported by several other authorities, the value of whose evidence it would be unreasonable not to acknowledge.

Some few years ago there appeared in the *London Daily Mail* a very interesting report of an encounter with this animal. Sir Clement Hill reported, in the article referred to, that while cruising round the shores of Lake Victoria Nyanza an immense water animal endeavored to clamber on to the boat—an old steam-tug. The beast was so enormous that the crew were only able to beat him off with great difficulty, and at one time the boat itself was in danger of capsizing. These old river steam-tugs weighed from five to ten tons—a fact which gives one some idea of the size and strength of the beast. Sir Clement Hill's description of this monster tallies so closely with the accounts of the dingonek and "luquata" that there can be little doubt as to its identity.

It lies within my own experience, also, to be able to give an exciting account of a meeting with a monster of this description.

In 1905 I was making a trading and shooting expedition to the Loita Masai, near the border of Germany's late possessions in East Africa. I had to cross a river named the Magore, a broad and rapid tributary of Lake Victoria Nyanza. On my arrival at the river I found it in flood and impossible to ford, so I camped on the bank while I constructed a temporary bridge. After pitching camp I went along the bank to search for a good tree to drop across the river, and soon found what I wanted. Telling some boys to start felling it, I sent some of my Lumbwa warriors to follow the river bank to try and find a suitable place to swim the pack-donkeys over. Meanwhile I sat down and lighted my pipe with a contented mind. I should think I had been sitting there for about an hour when some of my Lumbwa came rushing back in a state of indescribable terror, all trying to tell me at the same time about some very strange and weird-looking animal they had come across asleep on the bank. From their account it seemed that the animal was a cross between a snake, a crocodile, and a

leopard! Knowing the natives fairly well, I paid very little heed to their wild descriptions, but decided they had come across some rare beast that was unknown to them. I told them to return and see if it was still there; if so, one of them was to come back and fetch me, while the others were to keep watch in case it moved. After a period of about half an hour, a man returned to say that the monster was lying fully exposed on the water in mid-stream. I at once took my rifle and hurried through the forest with my boy to the place where the others were keeping watch. They pointed out the beast, and I got down the bank and stood at the water's edge. When I had taken up my position with great care, I glanced towards the animal, and saw a huge monster lying lengthwise in the centre of the stream, about thirty feet from where I was standing. I made careful observations for some minutes, and will endeavor to state what it appeared like. The beast measured from fifteen to eighteen feet in length. The massive head was shaped something like that of an otter; two large fangs descended from the upper jaw, resembling those of a walrus. The back of this strange beast was as broad as a hippo's, but scaled like an armadillo, and the light deflected on the scales gave it the appearance of being colored like a leopard. It had a broad tail, with which it lazily switched the water, this action apparently

assisting it to remain stationary, heading up-stream in the extremely rapid current.

My sensations are difficult to describe. I felt a kind of awed pleasure. Before me lay a totally unknown monster which I should be the first to record; the thrill of possession was upon me. Taking careful aim, I fired at the head with a solid .303 cartridge. Then an extraordinary thing occurred. The beast turned and, facing the bank, leapt straight upwards into the air, standing, as it appeared to me, ten or twelve feet on end. What happened after that I do not know, for losing my nerve, I scrambled up the bank, and with the Lumbwa raced for about two hundred yards into the forest before I could pull myself together. There we stood, speaking in whispers, scared out of our lives and afraid to go back. At last, however, I regained my nerve and we returned, but no trace of the animal could we find. All over the bank, in the soft mud, the spoor of the beast was clearly impressed—huge imprints about the size of those of the hippopotamus, but bearing claws like those of a reptile.

I camped on this river for some days, searching for the dead body, but without success. The beast could not possibly have lived if my bullet penetrated at the point I aimed at.

The natives called this weird monster the dingonek, the name by which it was known among the Wanderobo. I made searching inquiries among these people, who seemed to know all about this strange animal, and they informed me they had seen more than one.

How Motion Picture Film is Made

A Brief Description of the Processes of Manufacture.

HOW are motion picture films made? The public has accepted the motion picture so avidly that interest attaches even to the details of manufacture. Austin C. Lescarboura explains clearly in *Scientific American* how the film is produced as follows:

The developing of motion-picture negatives is much the same as that of amateur films. The film is received in either the camera magazine or in a tin case, and upon being removed from the container it is wound on a wooden rack, emulsion side out. The rack is then placed in a narrow, vertical tank containing the developer and the developing process allowed to proceed. But while the amateur photographer has merely to place the contents of a packet into so much water, and then deposit his film in this solution for so many minutes, the motion-picture worker handling hundreds and thousands of feet of film, has to make sure that his solution is in constant motion. To this end it is the usual practice to keep the developing solutions in constant circulation, while to ensure perfect results the temperature is carefully maintained at a fixed standard.

The film racks are occasionally lifted from the developing tanks and brought in front of dim ruby lamps to ascertain the extent of the development, and it is such movement of the racks which prevent air bubbles and subsequent markings from appearing on the finished film.

When the film has been developed to the required degree, it must be washed to remove all traces of developer. For this purpose the film, still on the wooden rack, is placed in a large tub through which passes a constant stream of water. As in the case of the chemicals every drop of water must be filtered and known to be chemically pure before it is allowed to come in contact with the film. This means that a pure supply must be available in the first place.

Films, after they are thoroughly washed, are placed in tanks containing the fixing solution so as to remove the unaffected or free silver, making them transparent. Again they are placed in the washing tanks, this time for even a longer period to make sure that every trace of the fixing solution is eliminated.

Now the celluloid strips, still on the original

racks, are sent to the drying room. Here they are taken off the racks and wound on huge wood or metal drums which are revolved at a fair speed. This drying operation is carried out in a room whose temperature is such as to insure absolute dryness; and the air, too, is carefully adjusted so as to aid this condition. It goes without saying that the drying room is barred to dust of all kinds.

Time was when the film producer had to depend on the weather in drying his films; and on rainy days it was next to impossible for him to make any headway. He decided, at last, to sever all connections with the weather man; and to-day the work goes on whether it is wet or dry outdoors: the drying room is in reality a little world by itself where the dryness and the temperature are regulated by the mere twist of an electric controller. Thousands of feet of film can be dried at one time on a battery of drying drums, and this method prevents the film from developing troublesome bends or twists.

No matter how perfect the drying process may be, a negative always comes out of the drying room with numerous spots which are nothing more than the solid matter left after the water evaporates. To remove these spots the dried film is wound on a drum a few feet in diameter and covered with soft cheese-cloth, and polished by girl operatives. Strangely enough, the best polishing material is the palm of the hand, and these girls rub their soft hands over thousands of feet of film in the course of the day's work. Of course, one must have absolutely dry hands to qualify as film polisher.

With the negative in its finished form, we are ready to make positive prints. As in the case of amateur photography, the negative film shows the image in reversed order, with the whites in black and the blacks in white, and a print is necessary to obtain the proper order of black and white. And just as in the case of prints on paper, it is possible to make any number of prints from the motion-picture negative.

Positive stock is not as sensitive to light as the negative stock, hence can be handled in a room provided with numerous ruby lamps, as compared to the almost total darkness of the perforating and the developing rooms. Still, to the stranger the room is uncomfortably dark; and it is with marked surprise that he notes the ease with which the operatives carry on their work. It appears that these workers, toiling day in and day out in semi-darkness, develop their eyesight to a point where they can see almost as well in the dim red light

as they can at twilight outdoors. At any rate, they appear to have no trouble in this direction.

The negative film is run through a printing machine face to face with fresh positive stock—the emulsion faces in contact. Each time a negative image comes into position in front of an aperture, a shutter allows a flash of light to pass through it and onto the positive stock in back, after which the two films are pulled down the space of one picture, bringing the next image into position. Thus the printing operation proceeds one picture at a time until the entire negative is run off.

If negatives were all of one density the printing of positives would be a simple matter. But negatives vary to a great extent, and almost every one requires a different printing time. So the first step in making a print is to determine the density of its negative. Some laboratories simply run off a foot or two on the printer with different adjustments of the light, and then develop the strip so as to note the tones and select the proper one. Other laboratories have a set of negative strips of varying intensities arranged in front of a lamp, and simply compare the negative with the standard samples to obtain the printing factor. In either case the density of the negative is obtained and marked on the negative; in this manner the girl operatives know how to adjust the intensity of the light or the speed of the printer when the roll comes to them.

Anyone who has made prints on fast, gas-light papers realizes how important are the light intensity and the printing time in this kind of work.

Positive film is developed, fixed, and washed much after the manner of the negative film, after which it is dried and polished in the ways already described. But there are occasions where certain strips are to be tinted or toned, in which case special treatment is required before the final operations.

A vast difference exists between tinting and toning. Tinting has to do with making the celluloid stock of the positive film take on any desired color, so that the entire picture appears of that one color and black. Toning, on the other hand, has to do with converting the blacks into any desired color, but leaves the celluloid stock untouched or colorless. By combining the tinting and toning operations many beautiful effects can be obtained, such as tinting the film a light buff and toning it a dark blue. Tinting is mostly carried on with dyes, while toning requires mineral salts and chemicals which in some colors are now very scarce. The treatment in either case consists in dipping the film, as it comes from the washing tanks, into the vats of coloring matter, and removing it only after the desired shade is attained, after which it is given a final washing.

Again with titles, diversity of methods available is not lacking. Some laboratories prefer to print the copy for titles on plain pieces of paper, in bright red ink, thus obtaining a negative. Others print the titles in white on a black background, thus obtaining a direct positive effect. In either case the services of a printer-compositor are required, and also a skilled pressman who can pull clean proofs on a small job press. A method which has passed out of favor of late is to lay out the titles with movable ornamental borders and letters on a background of black plush, permitting rapid changes.

The titles are photographed with a motion-picture camera in the same manner as would be the case with a scene, and the resulting negative or positive is available for any number of prints or in any quantity.

By this time small rolls of positive film containing up to 200 feet of film make their way to the assembling room, where they are ready to be examined and cut and assembled into finished productions. Although it is not generally known to the public, we never see but the abridged film of any given production; that is to say, the average five-reeler is actually made up from ten thousand or more feet of film, trimmed down to size. For it is a physical impossibility for the producer to make a production of five thousand feet with only five thousand feet of film. Many scenes have to be retaken and many are found unnecessary to the story when examined on the screen.



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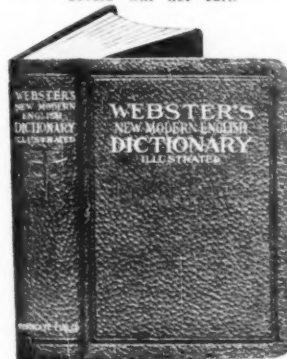
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Kingship in the Balance

The Countess of Warwick Writes of the Trend in Europe.

THE Countess of Warwick writes in the *American Bookman* a strong attack on monarchical government as exemplified in many European countries, leading to the conclusion that kingship is in the balance. She says:

Kingship, strictly limited as it is in our own Empire, is no evil thing, though certain evils gather round it. Queen Victoria was the last ruler of Great Britain who impressed her personal predilections upon her ministers. But one of the faults of our limited monarchy is that it encourages in us a certain self-righteousness, a feeling that we are not as other people of the earth. We talk proudly of conferring liberty upon small nations, but at the time of writing we have not conferred that liberty upon Ireland, our nearest neighbor. We talk about freedom, as though it could only be written in these islands with a capital letter, while as a matter of simple fact the Defence of the Realm Act has not left us as much freedom as the villeins possessed in feudal times. The liberty we still enjoy is by grace of those who administer the Act and can be taken away without difficulty. Liberty and limited monarchy are excellent things in their way. It is our business in my country to regain the first and pay strict attention to the adjective attached to the second. Across the Channel monarchy is more or less in the melting pot and the hardest, cruellest, most autocratic and most vicious monarchy in Europe has been the first to go.

Now the Czar went, and the Czarina and family with him, because he preferred absolute monarchy to victory over the enemy. He feared that a Russian victory would make the people, whose sacrifices had brought it about, insist upon a share in the results. Owing to the unending series of thefts in high quarters a great part of the burden of supporting the war had fallen upon the bodies that may be compared with our own parish councils. The most remote rural district had sent their sons to fight. In the trenches men had learned something of life, had realized that their valour and their blood were saving the Empire. Rather than pay the fair price for redemption Nicholas Romanoff, weakest of the weak, preferred not to be redeemed. He was urged to every kind of reaction and filled the cabinets with pro-Germans, who held up army supplies, deliberately sent men to slaughter, sold Rumania and prepared the way for a peace with Germany, just as a Russian Czar made peace with Frederick the Great when that melancholy degenerate had been beaten to his knees in the Seven Years War he brought about by stealing Silesia. Happily, and yet to us almost inexplicably, the people rose in revolt, and Russia bids fair to enter the ranks of the world's republics. I am afraid that many in England who pay lip service to this vast and far-reaching transformation secretly regret it. It is clear that all who are interested in monarchical institutions would have preferred Russia as a constitutional monarchy that the evils of old time might have been perpetuated in a milder form.

Of old Francis Joseph, who passed away last year full of years and empty of honor, there is nothing good to be said. The blood guilt that he carried to the grave is appalling in its magnitude, and the question as to how far senile decay and imbecility could condone it is one into which there is no occasion to inquire. Whether the successor to the throne, the son of an eccentric degenerate, is capable of handling the problems he has inherited time alone can tell, but it is indeed a matter for surprise that any one of the Hapsburg house, a family enfeebled by every crime and excess, should be permitted in the twentieth century to rule over as much as a score of sane men.

The house of Hohenzollern will, we hope, pass soon beyond the sphere of rule. The first German Emperor was a sane and kindly old soldier, the second a hero and gentleman, the

third may be left to the verdict of history. Perhaps the greatest charge to be made against him is that under his regime the interests of the people have been widely studied and skilfully guarded in order that there may be the greatest possible number of men to throw into the furnace of war, to no nobler end than that Germany might rule the world, to the greater glory of the Hohenzollern. Germany has sinned with knowledge. The developments within the Empire turned to peaceful purposes would have helped the whole world. But there was the glorification of a royal house to be considered, and by its side the real interests of the people were of no concern. German thoroughness, business capacity, education and industry were rapidly making a commercial conquest of the world; but that did not suffice. It was no conquest in Hohenzollern eyes that carried German capacity to the republic of America, where double-headed eagles would be shot at sight and put into a museum. Finely organized, universally drilled and half starved, the German rank and file that remain at home may be unable to express itself with force or coherence, but a time must come when the remnants will return from the battle-fields. Then they will realize the whole of the price they have been asked to pay for kingship.

If Bulgaria had been a republic, instead of being misruled by a man who for treachery, vanity and heartlessness has not an equal even among the crowned heads of Europe, it would never have entered into the war. Ruined beyond recovery, dependent for existence upon doles of weapons and money, Ferdinand of Bulgaria has probably betrayed his people for the last time. It was a struggle for them to forgive him for his failure in the Balkan war; they will not forgive him again, and it is well to remember that the Balkan struggle against Turkey was merely a diplomatic move by kings who did not concern themselves for a moment with the suffering involved. Territory was their sole interest.

Turkey's Armenian policy was always directed by rulers to gain political advantages, and the arrival of Turkey into the war area was arranged by rulers unknown to the Turk, who would rather have fought anybody than have fought Englishmen—his regard for them is sincere. But kings planned, and the Turkish rank and file have paid in their tens of thousands for the planning. In short, one may look all over Europe for any people outside Prussia who really wanted war, and Prussia itself was beguiled by false prophets in Hohenzollern employ—mad soldier men like Bernhardi, or mad philosophers like Frederick Nietzsche. If the people did not know the truth before they have learned it now, and when all the tale of evil is told the responsibility of kings will be apparent even to those whose mind is slowest at forming conclusions from well-ascertained facts. In short, as I see it, the Great War has placed

kingship upon its trial, and though the verdict has only been pronounced in Russia, it is likely that a similar verdict will be heard all over the Continent.

It would be easy enough to point to men who have borne the burdens of kingship honorably. Belgium has a real friend in King Albert, the king without a kingdom, and yet one of the most attractive figures in Europe. The danger is that the royal houses in Europe tend by intermarriage to create and sustain interests that are wholly inimical to democratic progress. Kingship rather than the individual king is the public enemy. We find the Czar surrendering feebly to influences that tended to ruin him and quite unable to help himself. Constantine of Greece is another who has tottered to his downfall for the same cause. Most royal unions are *mariages de convenance*, they have political aims first. The result is not flattering.

In this supreme crisis of their fate kings have not led their own armies, or if they have done so it has been after the fashion of the Duke of Plaza Toros in Gilbert's play:

If there was any fighting
He led his regiment from behind,
He found it less exciting.

To go from place to place and make speeches, to send telegrams and kill enemies by word of mouth, all this is magnificent, but it is not war. In the light of the red fires they have set blazing there is not a monarch who does not look terribly insignificant. The old fighting spirit that made kings out of the most valiant warriors died with the discovery of gunpowder; Europe is awake to the true aspect and value of kingship. At present France, Portugal, and San Marino are the republics of Europe, and while a Russian republic has been declared, owing to the many and rapid political changes there we may not yet definitely claim her, although the portents are all favorable. How long before the great change comes?

For the rulers who go there will be neither pity nor regret. In twenty-four hours Nicholas Romanoff lost every friend he had in Europe and out of it. Even the monarchists had no good word for him. If and when the other autocrats go there will be no regrets, only an expression of relief. Remember I am not attacking kings personally—many of them have all the virtues and most of the charms of manner: it is kingship that is out of date. Kings are feared for what they can do, flattered for what they may give, but there are few to love them in spite of the fact that many have a truly appealing personality. Their trade is not a reputable one, the aims enforced upon them are selfish or sordid. Across the broad Atlantic your United States laughs at them and the whole American continent is free from the taint of kingship. True sovereignty is in the people and nowhere else. The great tragedy is that it has taken a war of unexampled horror and magnitude to teach the simple truth. But if the teaching has been effective the world will soon have one anachronism the less to contend against.

Voluntary Saving: Suggestions From The Food Controller

Do not eat bacon or ham unless you are engaged in heavy manual work.
Do not eat meat in any form at more than one meal per day.
Do not eat both butter and jam with bread.
Do not eat candy which is made principally from cane or beet sugar.
There is an abundance of other delicious confections sweetened with honey, molasses and dark syrups.
In place of a slice of bread, eat one extra potato every day.
Use less cream and more whole milk and cheese.
Eat oatmeal, barley and corn breakfast foods, and buckwheat cakes instead of wheat preparations.
Waste no milk, condensed milk is needed overseas.
Drink fewer sweet drinks, and omit icing from cakes in order to save sugar.
Do not display the joint of meat on the table. It is an inducement to eat more than you need.

A GILLETTE



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FOR HIS CHRISTMAS

Some Lighter Phases of Trench Life

Continued from page 48

The kitten is providing some excitement for George.

I HAD intended to keep entirely away from the tragic side of it. But I find that I can't entirely. I do my sketching at nights on my knee and by the light of a candle or lamp; and my custom is to dash off anything that has especially impressed me during the day. This is the only chance I have. Fortunately I have a photographic memory and can get reasonably close to the truth.

I want to show, first, the remains of a very fine church that I saw to-day. The spire is standing, but a shell hit it some time ago, and the gilded statue of Our Lady, holding in her arms the Christ Child, is hanging downward, pointing to the street. There is a story that when this figure falls, the house of Hohenzollern will fall also, or the war will end, or something or other will happen. Anyway, our engineers have fixed it so that it is not likely to come down for a while yet, but still, it looks very quaint, giving the impression of a spruce tree with a broken top. I am not allowed to send a postal card, because it would have the name of the town on it, so will make a little sketch which will give you a sort of idea of the church tower and the statue.

I was through the other night while Fritz was giving his evening "strafe," and walls and bricks were flying in all directions, and faintly heard through the din come the thin tone of a violin, on which was being played "The End of a Perfect Day." I listened for a time, and then went on my way. A little later a "whizz-bang" found that house and gathered in eight of the Berkshires, three of them going "all the way west," and the rest wounded. I couldn't but wonder where the man was who was playing "The End of a Perfect Day!"

I am sending a sketch also of an incident which shows the real "entente."

I went through the nearest village of any size a few days ago, and ran into a large bunch of Fritz prisoners. They looked all in. They had been heavily shelled over night, cut off from supplies, and then routed out of their holes by a lot of unpleasant persons with bayonets and bombs, marched about 10 miles in a heavy rain, and altogether they were very unhappy. A little further on I stopped to let another procession pass. It was a child's funeral—a little girl first, carrying a big cross, then the priest, then the coffin and mourners. The first of these were a *poilu* and a Tommy. The town had been shelled a day or two before and this was one of the victims. The tiny coffin was carried along by six little girls in white dresses and veils. I expect "Tommy" had been billeted in the house and had been invited to participate in the obsequies. Another evidence of the entente cordiale! The French think a lot of little things like that. I afterwards saw the curé trotting home in the rain, his surprise under his arm and a small boy with the cross tucked under his arm.

FINALLY let me tell you of the wide and joyous smile that went round when the news came that conscription in Canada was an accomplished fact. We don't exactly want the unwillings here, but we're human enough to want civilians to taste one or two of the discomforts—

having to submit to strictest discipline, being fined seven days' pay for a half-minute late on reveille, having to crawl out at 3.30 in winter up to the necks in slush and mud in wet clothes to feed horses, feeling how the warmth of a blanket arouses to full activity those friends who stick closer than a brother, the pilgrims of the night! We don't wish the comfortable civilian any harm, but, still, he can have some of our privileges!

Of course, we volunteered and would not be denied and some of us knew what we were up against, but since this business has developed to such a size that instead of being sport, it has become as much a public duty as paying taxes, it makes a difference.

The need of reinforcements is pressing. There is hardly a battalion in this division that can show more than 30 of the men they brought overseas twelve months ago, and if this is true of the fourth and third, what about the first and second division?



The Best Selling Book of the Month

A RALPH CONNOR book becomes a best seller, as sure as death and taxes. "The Major" (McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart) has been on the market for two months only and has already climbed into the lead. It will probably remain the best selling book on the Canadian market for some time.

"The Major" is a typical Ralph Connor story, although Larry Gwynne is not in any sense a typical Ralph Connor hero. The story begins with his school days and introduces him as a rather delicate, clever lad of extremely refined sensibilities and an aversion to conflict which has come to him through his Quaker mother. He is, in fact, a pacifist in the real sense of the word, a peace-maker and a peace-lover. In his early manhood the war breaks and, after a struggle, Larry goes to the front to play his part as a man should.

It is a fine, stirring, well-moulded story in Ralph Connor's best style. There is, of course, a love interest and a most satisfying one it is, ending logically with the bride's departure overseas with her soldier husband.

It will be a popular, much read and much discussed book.

Best Selling Books in Canada

FICTION.

- 1—The Major. Ralph Connor.
- 2—The Definite Object. Farnol.
- 3—Anne's House of Dreams. Montgomery.
- 4—Christine. Cholmondeley.
- 5—The Soul of a Bishop. Wells.
- 6—Long Live the King. Rinehart.

NON-FICTION.

My Four Years in Germany. Gerard.

JUVENILE.

Bedtime Stories. Burgess.

Record of New Books

FICTION.

- Unconquered. By Maud Diver. Wm. Briggs. \$1.35.
 The Mystery of the Hasty Arrow. By Anna Katherine Green. Wm. Briggs. \$1.35.
 Drowsy. By J. A. Mitchell. The Copp. Clark Co. \$1.50.
 His Own Home Town. By Larry Evans. The Copp. Clark Co. \$1.35.
 The Wonder Woman. By Mrs. Long. The Copp. Clark Co. \$1.35.
 Apron Strings. By Eleanor Gates. McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart. \$1.35.
 Ninety-six Hours' Leave. By Stephen McKenna. McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart. \$1.35.
 The Major. By Ralph Connor. McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart. \$1.50.
 The Hillside Christmas. By Ethel Penman Hope. McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart. 25 cents.
 The Gift Supreme. By George Allan England. McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart. \$1.35.
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 Francis Joseph and His Court. By Herbert Vivian. S. B. Gundy. \$3.
 Through Iron Bars. By Louis Raemakers. S. B. Gundy. 75 cents.
 Intimate Prussia. By A. Raymond. The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.
 Lines of Communication. By Capt. James E. Agate. McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart. \$1.75.

The Efficiency of Siam's King

*He is Raising the Standards of His People
in Many Directions.*

AN interesting sketch of the latest ruler to enter the lists against Germany, the King of Siam, is given in *Munsey's Magazine*.

The first impression one gets from meeting his majesty, Maha Vajiravudh, is that he is a gentleman of unusually high culture. His English accent is perfect and his vocabulary large; and, although equally at home in French and German, it is to English that he turns with greater pleasure than to any other foreign tongue.

When a lad of twelve, Prince Vajiravudh was sent to England and put in charge of the brother of a noted archbishop—a man renowned for learning and eloquence. The next decade of his life was spent in Europe, mostly in Great Britain, where he studied at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, and at Christ Church, Oxford, besides serving for a time in an English regiment. He has written in English on historical, political, and scientific subjects. Just lately he has been amusing himself by writing English plays, which he himself produces and directs as stage-manager.

The king also acts as stage-manager of his cabinet, being his own prime minister. He is emphatically the ruler of his people, and has a tremendous tradition behind him. For centuries the Siamese have looked up to their sovereign as a divine being.

Siam is a tranquil and contented country, whose people are far better off than their neighbors, the British-ruled Burmese and the French-governed Indo-Chinese. In these neighboring states taxation is exceedingly high, and a constant stream of emigration flows from them into the kingdom of Vajiravudh. The Siamese monarch is working for his people by methods of his own. Nothing distresses him more than the aping of European customs and costumes; nothing pleases him so much as the development of his country along natural and nationalistic lines.

Vajiravudh is cautious in making up his mind, but acts promptly when once the decision is made. The announcement of war with Germany was immediately followed by the internment of all Teutons in the kingdom. One of the prominent European clubs in Bangkok was the German Club. This the king took over and fitted up for the accommodation of the German women and children, while the men were taken to a discarded palace outside the city walls. Within twenty-four hours of the declaration every German and Austrian in Siam was under lock and key, and the nineteen German vessels lying at anchor in the Menam River were manned by Siamese sailors and flying the Siamese flag.

Many foreign officers—American, English, French and German—were formerly employed in the Siamese army, but these have been displaced by natives, all of whom are graduates of foreign military colleges. The king himself is a thoroughly-trained soldier, and he gives personal attention to selecting and testing the leaders of his fighting men.

As in the army, so also in the schools of Siam, he shows a never-tiring interest. The University of Bangkok, started by his father, is still scattered all over the city, but the former rather loosely amalgamated colleges have been knit together more closely; and while there is no chancellor of the university, the royal minister of education is as it were the centralizing link of the entire educational system. Some of the most worthy and ambitious youths are sent to foreign schools; but, of course, it is impossible for all the young men of Siam to go to Europe or America for college degrees, and the king is seeing to it that good schools shall be provided for them at home.

Another thing that is sure to impress the visitor to Siam is the pomp and magnificence of Vajiravudh's court. The most democratic of gentlemen in his every-day intercourse with Europeans and Americans, no one could be

8 JANUARY 1918

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stricter in his demand for an elaborate etiquette at state functions. At the time of his coronation, seven years ago, he dazzled Occidental spectators with ornate ceremonies, as well as with the costly jewels and gorgeous costumes worn by himself and his attendants.

Not above medium height, and compactly built, his majesty is careful to keep himself in the best possible physical condition. He is a good horseman and a skilful fencer, and enjoys giving his pet regiment—known as the War Tigers—the hardest possible afternoon on the drill-field. He is fond of all outdoor

sports. Following his lead, everybody in Bangkok belongs to the Royal Sports Club, where everything from tennis to golf and from football to cricket finds its place.

Immediately upon coming into power, Vajiravudh banished the royal harem, an institution having the sanction of twenty-five centuries. As king, he is the head of both church and state. He has taken his place among the shaven monks to beg his food from door to door, and he has outdone even his father in his devotion to the tenets of the Buddhist faith.

and is about to bulge into Russia, who is sitting on top of what's left of his chassis with a monkey-wrench in one hand and a pair of pliers in the other wondering whether he'd better take down the engine, or look over the differential, or get a new car, or something. Also the Kaiser has run over a double handful of Uncle Sam's own children. And our Uncle is as sore as a boil and as hot as a lady who's lost money.

"Gi' me my car, and give it to me quick!" he says. "I'm going over there and take a wallop at that lad if it's my last act on earth. Nobody can mess up my folks like that and get away with it, and don't you forget it!"

Well, he waits around a while, and nobody brings out his car.

"Where's my machine anyway?" he demands, getting impatient.

"It's probaby in the attic, or the cellar, or somewhere," says the efficient garage man. "Anyhow, you ain't had it out since eighteen ninety-eight, in the first place."

"Well, I want it now," says Uncle Sam. "And I want it quick! I got business to attend to and I can't wait."

"I'll ask Joe if he knows where it is," says the garage man. "Hey, Joe! Have you seen the boss's machine around anywhere?"

But Joe hasn't seen it. So he asks Newt; and Newt asks somebody else; and somebody else asks someone else. And then they all get out and look around. Finally they find it, tucked away in the back end of the carriage house between a victoria and a one-horse shay. It's full of whiskers and somebody's been sleeping in it.

Uncle Sam gets a peek at it, and is sorer than ever.

"Whose job was it to take care of this thing, anyway?" he asks, excitedly.

"The Democrats," says the Republicans.

"The Republicans," says the Democrats.

Uncle Sam sees it's no use trying to find anybody to blame, and there isn't any time anyway.

"Well, let's get it out where we can see it," he says.

So they all take off their coats, and roll up their sleeves, and shine their shoes, and shave, and comb their hair, and manicure their nails, and go home and take a bath, and then they bring it out. It's got one cylinder, and hardly that. And the tonneau buttons up the back, and somebody's been using the radiator to boil water in. And it weighs five hundred pounds per horsepower.

"Do you suppose we can get it started?" asks Uncle Sam.

"Yes," says Joe.

"No," says Newt.

"Well, can we?" asks Uncle Sam.

"No," says Joe.

"Yes," says Newt.

So they try. But first they need some gas.

"I want some gas," says Uncle Sam.

"You can't have it," says an old party with long, white whiskers, rubbing his eyes as though he just awoke from a long sleep.

"Who are you anyhow?" demands Uncle Sam.

"Congress," says the strange party. "And you can't get nothing except through me."

"How do I get it through you?" asks Uncle Sam.

"You ask me for it," says Congress smothering a yawn. "And then, maybe I give it to you, and maybe I don't. Usually," he explains politely, "I don't."

"But I've got to have some gasoline!" exclaims Uncle Sam. "You must give me some!"

"Must," says Congress, frowning a little. "Them's harsh words, Nell. And besides, kerosene's much cheaper. Also I have an uncle in the kerosene business, in —"

"But this car won't burn kerosene," says Uncle Sam, pleadingly.

"Then have it fixed so it will," says Congress. "Unless you prefer tomato soup. My nephew has an interest in a concern that —"

"But look!" says Uncle Sam, pointing across the pond to where the Kaiser has stopped long enough in his favorite outdoor sport of running over Belgians to look over and give our Uncle a loud, coarse laugh.

"That feller's killing everybody and I've got to go after him or I can never look in the glass again as long as I live."

Congress looks and rubs his eyes once more.

Reclaiming the Zuider Zee

How Holland is Pumping a Great Sea Dry

HOLLAND is undertaking a tremendous task in the reclamation of that part of their country now covered by the Zuider Zee. It simply means that a great sea must be pumped out and protection provided against further incursions into this low-lying land. John Sheppard tells of what is being done as follows, in the *Wide World Magazine*:

A great dam or embankment is now being built across the north end of the sea from Wieringen, in North of Holland, to Piaam, in Friesland. It will have a length of nearly fifteen miles, easily making it the longest of sea embankments. On the inner or Zuider Zee side it is to carry a double-line railway and a road for ordinary traffic, thus affording easy access between North Holland and Friesland. Contrary to the usual plan, it is being built of sand mixed with rubble and stone, and not of concrete.

Communication with the North Sea will be maintained by thirty large sluice-gates and a couple of docks for shipping. The construction of the embankment is expected to occupy nine years.

Within the embankment, four areas, known as the North-Western, South-Western, North-Eastern, and South-Eastern, are to be drained and reclaimed, each of which is to be apportioned to the provinces which it adjoins.

The North-Western area will be the first to be drained, and the method of procedure will be as follows. After the great embankment has been built along its northern end, it will be divided into four parts by the construction of low inner dykes, from each of which water will be pumped out separately. For this work four steam pumps of nineteen hundred horsepower each will be erected.

This section of the undertaking is estimated to cost two million pounds, and the work is to be completed in seven years, of which it is calculated that three will be required for the making of the dykes and four for the draining, making of canals, roads, bridges, and sluices in the recovered land, and for the preparation of the soil for tillage. The moment this work is finished, operations will be proceeded with on the other areas until the whole four sites have been drained, and made ready for occupation.

The main reason why the work is being done in sections is because draining a great sea in this manner is liable to affect the health of the workmen and of the citizens of adjoining regions. Malarial fever, for instance, is likely to arise, and unless kept in check might prove a serious menace. Then there is the displacing of the fishing industries. At present some four thousand fishermen pursue their hardy calling upon the waters of the Zee, and these are to be removed gradually and compensated by the Government as they retire.

After these four sites have been drained there will still be a considerable sheet of water behind the embankment, but it will be, for the most part, an inland lake of fresh water. Into it the Yssel and other rivers will flow, forming, as it were, a storage reservoir for supplying the surrounding districts with pure water, which is badly needed.

The reclaimed land will become the property of the Government, and it is expected to yield a yearly net return in rents of at least a million pounds sterling. It is also estimated that the population that will eventually settle upon it will total two hundred and fifty thousand souls. Thus it will come to pass that in another generation men will plough and build their cottages where the anchors of their fathers' boats used to drag, and little Holland will have won another battle in her endless warfare with the sea.

Only Autocracy Can Win Wars

A Humorist Shows That Democratic Muddling is Fatal.

ONE of the most smashing indictments of the way in which democracies go to war is contained in an article by Porter Emerson Browne in *McClure's Magazine*. Mr. Browne has been noted as one of the most outspoken men in the United States. Long before Uncle Sam took the plunge, this fearless and humorously dynamic writer was "talking out" and slashing American pretensions to neutrality. In the present article he attains his object by putting the Kaiser and Uncle Sam into automobiles. Then he proceeds:

The Kaiser comes out in the morning, and climbs aboard his war machine. Von Hindenburg is at the wheel.

"Give her the juice, Von," says the Kaiser. "Step on her tail and let's get out of here."

"Right-oh, Kais," says von Hindenburg, and twenty-seven minutes later they've gone through Rumania and come out on the other side. And if, when they stop for lunch, any nosy interloper comes around and tries to peek into the hood, both von Hindenburg and the Kaiser mutually and coincidentally kick

him spang in the nose and he alights thirty-eight feet off in the poison ivy—and when another machine comes along he's that car-shy he ups and beats it and you don't see him again for weeks!

Meanwhile the Kaiser tears around, with the exhaust open, carrying no excess weight but a couple of spare tires and an extra can of gas, and one day he's busting loose the echoes in Flanders and the next he's coming out the big end of the Golden Horn, and all with no more lost motion than a machine gun. And if he sees von Hindenburg beginning to crack under the strain, he pushes him out and puts in von Somebody Else; and when he weakens, the Kaiser cans him, and in goes von Who's-Is. And all the superfluous old parties with whiskers and ideals and morals and decency and things, that want to give him advice and talk things over, he sticks in the Reichstag where they can sing themselves to sleep without bothering him or confusing his chauffeur. For he's out to make time, and by golly, he sure makes it! Despise him or not, you've got to admit that.

And that's the way the Kaiser gets around. But what about our Uncle Sam?

He comes down to the garage in a hurry to get out his car. The Kaiser's run over Belgium, leaving her a mangled pulp; and butted into France, and chased Rumania up a tree

"Dearie me!" he says, "when did all this happen?"

"It's been going on a long time," says our Uncle.

"Strange!" murmurs Congress, stroking his whiskers caressingly. "So you're going over there, are you?"

"You bet your sweet life!" returns Uncle Sam. "Nobody can bounce all that off me and get away with it!"

Congress bends and puts his ear to the ground. From long practice he's got so he can do it standing up.

"I hear a murmur," he says.

Meanwhile everybody around the garage has had a hack at the machine. It won't go.

"What we need," says the garage man, "is a man who understands automobiles."

"Don't you?" demands Uncle Sam.

The garage man laughs cordially.

"Not yet," answers the garage man. "I've only been here six years. And besides, I never seen a machine before in my life. And anyway, I don't like automabeels in the first place. I prefer a nice team of oxen."

Seeing he can't get anything out of the garage man, Uncle Sam calls in a lot of experts. They're good men, and patriotic. They leave their homes, and their businesses, and come to Washington full of high ideals and patriotism and ready to do everything in their power (and it's a lot) to help Uncle Sam, in his great emergency.

"Who are these strange parties?" demands Congress, peevishly.

"Fellers that have come down to help me get this machine going," explains Uncle Sam, courteously.

"They got their nerve with 'em all right," opines Congress. "Who asked 'em in, anyhow?"

"I did," says Uncle Sam.

"Well," says Congress, "ask 'em out again. Ain't I told you once I'm runnin' this show?"

"Well, why don't you, then?" demands Uncle Sam, who's getting hot himself.

"Maybe I will when I get darned good and ready," says Congress. "And then again, maybe I won't. But I don't like these fellers. They got their shoes shined. And I never did trust a man that wears a necktie. He's liable to be a slicker. And besides, I ain't had my sleep out good yet."

"Furthermore," continues Congress, "while it's perfectly true that there's a subterranean murmur I ain't none too certain yet as to the exact words and music, and I don't forget that some of my constituents is German, and some pro-German, and I ain't used to antagonizing nobody; that is, of course," he explains, "nobody but you."

"But the Kaiser'll be over here next!" cries Uncle Sam. "He's said it, and he means it! And what do you think will happen then?"

"Sufficient unto the day," says Congress, folding his hands on his tummy, and taking on a fatuous or William Jennings Bryan expression, "is the evil thereof. What the Kaiser may or may not do is, at present, none of our business."

"It will be," retorts Uncle Sam, "if he does it to us."

And he turns around to consult his experts in spite of Congress. The experts tell Uncle Sam that the old machine is no good in the first place. And that he'd better get a new one. And he asks what kind. And everybody in the automobile business starts to tell him. And as fast as an automobile expert thinks up anything good, there are a hundred conversation experts to make so much noise nobody can hear him.

But out of the chaos, in spite of everything, is coming a new machine. And it will be a good machine; the best that brains and money and time can build. The country, as a whole, has made it terribly hard for the competent men who have been trying so earnestly and so honorably to build it; as it has made it so easy for well-meaning incompetents to botch it; and for fools and malcontents and traitors to delay it. But order, at last is coming out of chaos. Our machine will soon be ready.

And when that machine shall be ready, in heaven's name let's have everybody in Washington stop trying to run it. Running a machine, whether a ninety horsepower racer

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or a highway beetle, whether a war machine or a sewing machine, is a one-man job.

Where would the Kaiser have got to in this war if, every time he wanted to make a move, he had to wait for a delegation from the Reichstag, and the Bundersrath and Aufgesannngreigswuertsknghptmniyindilyukdonyuwkuhgerschafft to comb their whiskers and press their pants and talk about the thing a couple of weeks, not because they knew anything about it but because it was their prerogative to talk and they weren't out to lose any prerogatives if they knew themselves.

The Mystery of the Der-ish

A Dancer Drives a Spear Through His Head During Performance.

STORIES, more or less authentic, have drifted back from the Orient of the strange feats of the Dervishes in Persia and Arabia, and of the fakirs in India; "illusions" they are generally called, for these conjurers appear to cut and hack the human frame in unbelievable fashion. An intimate description of such an exhibition is given by Galene Philadelphus in *The Atlantic Monthly*. The writer had visited a Turkish camp on Karadagh, and there saw a dervish perform.

Drawn by the strange scene, I approached. By the green turban which the dancer wore I knew him to be a dervish. A prominent forehead, a clean-cut nose, and deep-set eyes whose blue shone even in that dim light, were all that I could see of his features, and this only fragmentarily as flashes of firelight, from moment to moment, fell on his face. The rest of it was covered by a thick, bristly, red beard. Under his white cap and green turban, long, reddish-fawn-colored locks fell in curls and mingled with the glossy fleece of a sheepskin which he wore suspended from his shoulders and covering his back. The fleece was the exact color of his hair, so that one could not distinguish where one ended and the other began. This gave him a strange, half-wild appearance.

At first, the dancer's motions were slow and rhythmic, accompanied by a low chant that heaved now and then into greater volume. His feet tapped the ground and his body swayed. As though waiting for some power to come to him out of the vast night, he fixed his eyes in absent expectancy on the starry distance. He invoked it and appealed to it, till slowly and by degrees its influence seemed to steal over him and, through him, to bind us also in its spell. Now he danced in an ecstatic frenzy. Louder and louder rose his monotonous song as he stamped his feet one moment and whirled on his toes the next, now bent low and again leaped high, sending the fantastic sheepskin flapping behind him like a thing alive. The veins on his forehead stood out; he labored for breath; his song broke into detached hoarse notes; then abruptly he stopped. He cast a look about him as though awaking suddenly to the fact of our presence; then, with a quick movement, he put his hand to his belt and drew out a narrow two-edged lance about a foot and a half long.

A backward spasm ran through the crowd as we caught the gleam of the thin blade. What might not the frenzied dervish do? Yet, he was calm. He removed his cap and laid it on the ground before him. Then, placing a large stone beside his cap, he knelt and lifted the weapon over his head. Turning it downward and holding it so that it touched the crown of his head, he called for some one out of the crowd to go forward and drive it in. At his repeated call, several made a movement to go and then drew back. But finally, a rough-looking fellow slouched forward with a self-conscious grin which ill-disguised his superstitious fear, giving the lie to his nonchalant scorn. He lifted the stone from the ground and started pounding on the short handle of the lance. Thud after thud drove the blade in. Our hearts echoed

Our Uncle Samuel has entered himself in the toughest, bitterest, most gruelling race the world has even known. Don't ask him to handicap himself by trying to win with a thing that looks like a cross between an over-loaded sightseeing bus and a vacuum cleaner.

Give him a car as good, or better, than the one he must race. Give him the best of drivers to race it. And having given them to him, let them alone to do the racing. For that is the one way in which he can win, and the only way.

each stroke with a dull grating pang, but the dervish knelt perfectly still, except for the jar of the blows which shook the thick locks that rested on his shoulders. The distant look once more crept to his face and transformed it, lending to it a strange grimness. The heat and frenzy of the last dance were replaced by a cold rapture, while a steely look came into his eyes.

At last he rose, with the lance fastened firm and upright on top of his head.

"Humbug! Deceiver!" voices broke out among the crowd. "There is no blood! We want to see blood!"

The dervish made no answer. Undisturbed, he swept us all with a look of stolid contempt, and then abandoned himself once more to his religious emotion. With rhythmic intonations he swung into a dance which was fierce in restraint and rugged reserve. His motions cast the shadow of that upright lance now here, now there, making it touch now one and then another of the spectators like a grim, black, gruesome finger. I shuddered when once it swung suddenly round and pointed accusingly at me.

Whether the second dance lasted ten minutes or half an hour, I do not know. The immediate situation held me so in its spell that I could judge nothing—estimate nothing. I only felt; and what I felt had no parallel or counterpart in my previous experience. At such times the primitive and elemental prevails. The soul sees itself divested of the accumulations of centuries. It recognizes the origin of thoughts, and moods, and feelings

which, before, had seemed incongruous and perplexing. It emerges out of such experiences strangely sobered and enlightened. Enlightened, I say, because it has looked into its own mysterious depths. As I stood there that night, I felt as if the fire, the mountains, the stars overhead, and the crude inarticulate call in that man's soul were all a part of my very being. In the strength of that primal affinity, a whole world of artificial distinctions seemed to vanish away.

When he paused, the dancer's face was haggard. He raised his arm and drew the weapon from his head. Then he brought the point to the right side of his face and, keeping the blade level, with an artful twist of the hand he thrust it into the cheek. Another twist, and yet another, until the lance pierced the left cheek also and showed through on the other side.

One solitary hoarse taunt was heard, calling upon for blood, but it was suppressed by the crowd.

The dervish resumed his dance. His emotion rose to a white heat as once more he whirled on his toes, flung his arms, flapped his sheepskin, and tossed his heavy locks. The blade interfered with his tongue and reduced his chant to broken, guttural sounds. Finally, exhausted, he stopped. He drew the lance out of his cheeks and held it up, calling to the unbelievers to inspect it.

The dance was over. The fire dropped low in crumbling embers. The moon hung above in its pale, distant light. The chill breeze still swept the mountain-side. From one of the tents there came the wail of a sick child and the low murmur of a mother's voice. A horse whinnied in the outskirts of the camp. Our surroundings resumed their reality, and we dispersed to our own tents.

The next morning, the sun shone once again upon the dirty camp. The twentieth-century doctor rode from the neighboring village to inspect us as we filed past him. Those who had completed their three days of quarantine were dismissed; the rest of us returned to await our time.

A skirted figure, with a sheepskin over its back and the sole outfit of a walking stick, set out alone upon its onward journey. All that remained of the previous night's experience was a weird memory and a circle of ashes and charred bits of wood in a clearing at the centre of the camp.

Using Bodies to Make Soap

A Story Which Figures in German Propaganda in Dixie.

IN the course of a smashing straight-from-the-shoulder article on the seditious propaganda that the German-American press is still keeping up, Samuel Hopkins Adams tells a story of considerable interest in *Everybody's Magazine*. It has to do with the efforts which are being made to influence the colored population.

In the South, a word-of-mouth propaganda was conducted among the blacks, with a view to prejudicing them against the war and in favor of Germany. Commercial agents, supposed or real, selling sewing-machines, crayon enlargements, household utensils, and the like, went from cabin to cabin spreading the report that the equality denied to the negroes by the United States would be theirs when the Kaiser came into power; therefore, any colored man taking arms against Germany would be fighting his race's best friend. To what extremes this campaign was carried may be judged from the incident which follows. A young, "foot-loose" negro came to the postmaster and storekeeper of a southeastern Missouri town for information:

"Boss, I want to ask you-all sumfin'. You-all got any Gehman soap in you' stor'?"

"No, Jake; haven't got such a thing. What do you want with German soap?"

"I do' want any!" cried the negro. "Lawdee! I do' want any. I jes want to know."

"Well, now, you know," said the postmaster, and as the young man still hesitated, "What else is on your mind, Jake?"

"Boss, do them Gehmans make soap?"

"Certainly. They have to if they want it."

"And' they sen' it over heah foh weuns to use?"

"Why, I reckon they used to before the war."

"An' they goin' to sen' some mo' afteh the wah?"

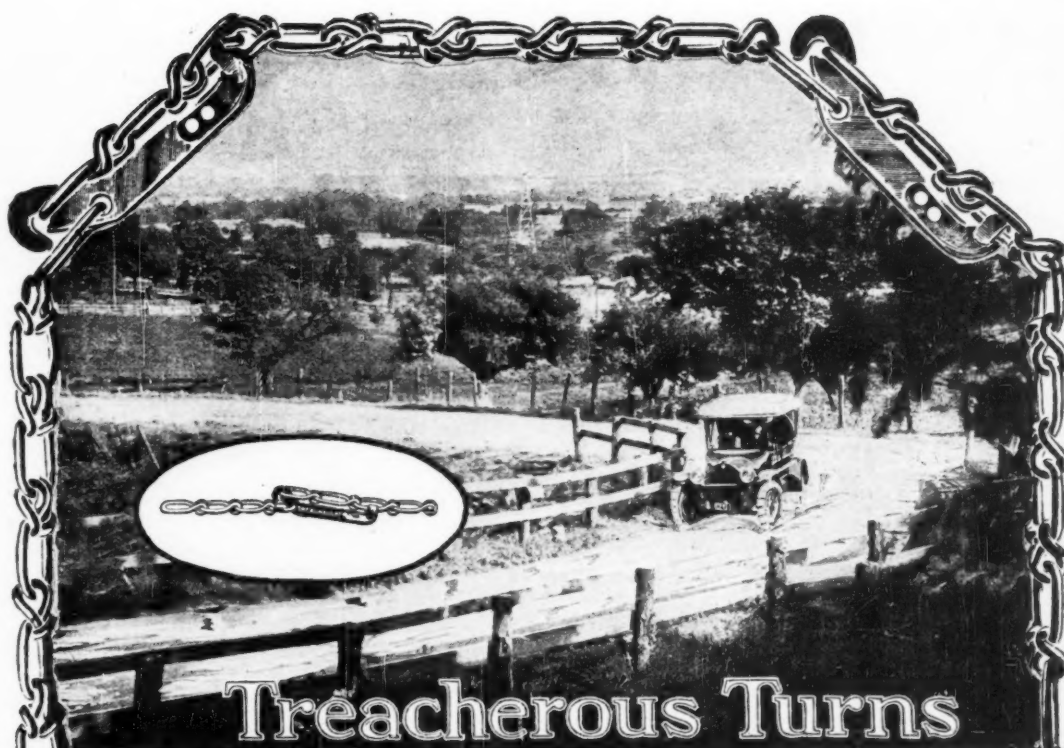
"Likely they are."

"Nossuh!" vehemently declared the youth. "Nossuh! Dey do' git me to enlis'. I'ae go'n' to light out. I is! And dey'll be plenty go with me."

After some persuasion the postmaster extorted an explanation of the caller's obvious horror. Some German agent, having devised or had furnished to him a means of turning the famous "kadover" rumor to local uses, had been sedulously working upon the fears of the negroes. It will be remembered that the Germans were accused — and subsequently denied the charge with heat and probably with truth — of using the dead bodies of friend and foe in their reduction plants and deriving animal fats therefrom. Having passed through the manipulative processes of German-American propaganda, this legend, duly fortified by newspaper clippings (which always bear conviction to the mind of the ignorant black whether he can read them or not) had been borne through Missouri by a wandering propagandist in the form of a horror-tale, with a conclusion somewhat to this effect:

"And when your old mother goes out to her washing after the war is over, she will pick up a bar of soap—and that will be you, her boy, that was killed!"

Imagine the effect upon a ghost-ridden race!



Treacherous Turns

HOW frequently we come upon them unawares, with scarcely time to shut off the "gas" and jam on the brakes. They're bad enough on dry days but the danger is redoubled on muddy roads or wet pavements.

FATAL ACCIDENTS

THE turn illustrated above was the scene of several fatal accidents last year. We can all recall a

number of similar disasters. Most of us have narrowly missed nasty smash-ups ourselves. Yet, despite these repeated warnings, how often we take chances.

ONLY SURE PROTECTION

ON slippery roads, the most careful driving and the most efficient brakes are not sufficient to ensure safety. Dreadnaught chains should always be used. They are the only sure protection.

DREADNAUGHT TIRE CHAINS

WEAR LIKE GRANITE

TREMENDOUS strength and service are built into these chains. The specially hardened surface of the cross chains resists tenaciously the grind of pavements and the jags of rocky roads. A tough inner core prevents breaks.

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THE long lever Rim-Chain Connector is an original feature of the "Dreadnaught." It is so handy—the only fastener that secures the chains against loss. The word "Dreadnaught" on the lever is your protection.

COST YOU LESS

THE greater value obtained in Dreadnaught Chains makes them worth more than other kinds, yet they actually cost you less. You save \$1 to \$3 a set, depending on the size, because of our superior manufacturing facilities. Order through your dealer or direct.

**McKINNON CHAIN COMPANY - ST. CATHARINES
ONTARIO**

A Leaf That Brings Happiness

Arabs Chew Khat and Their Troubles Fall From Them.

FEW people have ever heard of khat, but it is a form of stimulant that the Yemen Arab uses which is almost as potent as Hashish and not in any marked degree injurious. It turns the sulkier into a veritable ray of sunshine, it puts happiness into the hearts of the sorrowful. Charles Moser tells all about khat in an article in the *National Geographic Magazine*. He calls it "the flower of paradise":

The world knows almost nothing about khat. Our scientific books are nearly silent on the subject. Travelers who ought to have observed its uses write from hearsay and usually with the most amazing ignorance. There are even Europeans in the Yemen, whose servants have chewed khat every day of their lives, with so little knowledge of native life and customs that after years of residence they ask, "Why, what is khat? We never heard of it." Yet no Yemen event is complete without its presence, and no Yemen Arab—man, woman, or child—passes a day if he can help it without the aid of at least a few leaves of the precious khat.

When the European is weary he calls for alcohol to revive him; when he is joyful he takes wine, that he may have more joy. In like manner the Chinese woos his "white lady," the poppy flower, the Indian chews bang, and the West African seeks surcease in kola. Khat is more to the Yemen Arab than any of these to its devotees. It is no narcotic, wooing sleep, but a stimulant, like alcohol. Unlike alcohol, it conceals no demon, but a fairy. The khat eater will tell you that when he follows this fairy it takes him into regions overlooking paradise. He calls the plant the "flower of paradise."

How and when khat came into the Yemen is not certain. Botanists say that it was brought over from Harrar, in Abyssinia, many centuries ago. There is a tradition among the wise men of the East that the Sheikh Ibrahim Abou Zarbayn introduced it into Hodeidah from Ethiopia about 1430. But ask any Yemen Arab and he will tell you, "It has been always. Allah gave it to us in the beginning, to make us forget labor and pain." And for the surcease of khat he will spend more of his earnings than for all the rest of his meager necessities of life. A coolie who earns 30 cents per day spends 10 cents of it for the support of his family and the rest for khat. A wealthy merchant will consume many rupees' worth in the course of an afternoon.

There's a reason. "Cut off my strong hand," cries the sambuk coolie, his back bent under a goatskin bale of three hundredweight, "and I will become *Hadji*, the sweeper (a despised caste); but take away my khat and let me die." In the morning your Arab servant is surly and taciturn, your friend the coffee merchant sharp at a bargain and acrid of manner. In the afternoon your servant, with a wad of the vivifying leaves in his cheek, does your commands with smiles and a light foot, and the punkah-wallah who slept through the morning now keeps your office fans moving briskly. Your friend the merchant bestows compliments and presents upon you; by Allah, he will buy your horse for the price of an elephant and find no favor too great to give you. The bale the coolie could not lift this morning is now but a feather on his back. Without khat your Arab, laborer or gentleman, is evasive, apathetic, dull; with it he performs prodigies of strength and energy.

Contrary to the general opinion held by those who pretend to know anything about it at all, khat is never used as a beverage in the Yemen, but the fresh leaves are invariably chewed. The youngest leaves are the best. They have a sweetish, slightly astringent taste, not unpleasant to the European palate, but certainly not alluring. When brewed, they lose most of their strength and the flavor of the decoction is much like that of those grapevine "cigarettes" which most of us enjoyed (?) in boyhood days. The old

leaves are tough and ought to tan a leathern tongue.

Just what is the exact toxic effect of khat on the human system has never yet been ascertained. It is certainly a stimulant with a lively and nearly immediate effect upon the brain and nerve cells; the gloomiest man becomes cheerful under its influence, the most enervated active. Withal, I have been unable to learn of a single case of immediate or harmful reaction such as invariably follows the use of other stimulants. It is true that excessive indulgence in khat, especially on the part of the novice, produces a sort of intoxication, with symptoms similar to those ob-

served in alcoholic cases. The victim staggers, his speech becomes foolish, and he acts as if in a sort of amiable frenzy. Occasionally he has headache and nausea. But such cases are exceedingly rare and the symptoms invariably depart without leaving any apparent ill after-effects.

To the charge that khat eating affects the heart seriously, sufficient reply is returned when it is said that notoriously few Yemen Arabs die of heart disease, and yet they constantly perform feats which are supposed in civilized countries to put severe taxes on the heart's action. One great evil, however, that does result from long-continued and excessive khat eating the Yemen Arab admits, and the statements of Turkish doctors in the Yemen support him: it appears to cause impotency.

Crewless Naval Warfare

The Germans Try a New Form of Naval Warfare.

THE Germans are trying a new scheme to overcome British supremacy at sea—a crewless raider operated by electricity. The *Scientific American* describes it as follows:

Once more the Germans have sprung a surprise on the Allied forces, this time in the shape of a crewless raider that is electrically-operated through a cable from a shore station. Already several of these craft have been encountered by British warships cruising off the Belgian coast, but at the moment of writing all such attacks have failed of result.

The present crewless raiders of the Germans, we learn from statements of the British Admiralty, are electrically-controlled boats propelled by twin gasoline engines, partially closed in, and are capable of traveling at a high rate of speed. Each raider carries a drum with between 30 and 50 miles of insulated, single-core cable, which is paid out in the wake of the vessel, and through which the mechanism is controlled from shore. The forepart carries a considerable charge of high explosive, probably from 300 to 500 pounds, which is arranged to explode on impact.

The method of operating the crewless raider is to start the engines, after which the men leave the boat. A seaplane, protected by a

strong fighting patrol, then accompanies the vessel at a distance of from three to five miles and signals to the shore operator of the helm. These signals need only be "starboard," "port," or "steady."

By an obviously clever grouping of the wireless idea, the high-speed gasoline craft, and the electrically-controlled plan, the Germans have made use of the crewless raider scheme in a twentieth century way. They have not overcome the disadvantages of a trailing cable, to be sure; but they have overcome the problem of visibility, for the aerial observer in the seaplane which conveys the raider is at all times within visual distance. Since power to drive the craft is entirely self-contained and need not be transmitted through the cable, the Germans have been able to use a much smaller cable and thus overcome the difficulties in this direction. It is evident that they use a one-wire cable, depending on the salt water for the return current to complete the circuit.

Just how effective the crewless raider is in practice still remains to be proved. Perhaps the Germans, over-confident of their scheme, have been rather premature in launching their latest naval surprise. Perhaps the crewless raiders are best adapted to work at night or during foggy weather, when the craft, by means of hooded lamps as in the case of the old Sims-Edison torpedo, can remain invisible to the enemy while its course is in plain view of the seaplane observer.

Business Men Handle Business End of War

Continued from page 34.

from commercial use entirely and handed them over to the Government. It has increased the wires out of Washington from 148 to 294.

IT is possible merely to skim over the surface of what these business men at Washington have accomplished and to tell a story here and there. There are scores of stories that could be told of the results achieved in the matter of economies. A single instance will, however, serve to show how things have gone.

It was deemed very desirable that wool should be saved and Chairman Shaw and his committee worked out a number of ways in which savings could be effected. The matter of swatches was taken up. A swatch is a sample that is sent out to tailors and merchants, attached to a card, for use in showing to customers. It was thought that these could be made smaller and a campaign was inaugurated to influence the clothing manufacturers to that end.

Grumblings arose. "We want to do all we can," said the manufacturers. "We're keen to save wool ourselves. We'll do any sensible thing you ask.

But, in the name of common sense, don't bother us about such darned picayune things as swatches!"

The trade, in fact, was inclined to laugh. Swatches! Little, dinky, no-account scraps of cloth. Give them a chance to work on something big in an economical way. Then they would show what they could do.

However, the campaign bore fruit and the size of swatches was reduced. The result up to October 1 was an actual saving of enough wool to make uniforms for 57,000 infantry troops!

If time permitted the story might be told of how returns of bread from stores were cut off and enough waste prevented in that way to conserve flour to the extent of 600,000 barrels a year.

SPACE, however, is limited and it is not possible to do further than to briefly enumerate the results that the business men committees have achieved:

The very general acceptance by labor and capital of the suggestion of the Council that existing labor standards should not be changed until the need for such

JOHNSON'S FREEZE-PROOF



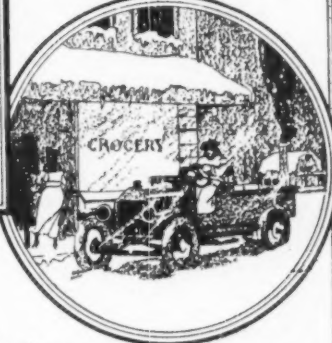
This truck driver fears neither the cold days nor the cold nights for his radiator is protected with Johnson's Freeze-Proof.



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THE only way you can be positive that your radiator won't freeze up in winter is to use a non-evaporating, anti-freeze preparation. The present high price of Alcohol—its low boiling point—and quick evaporation make it impractical. Besides, you are asked to conserve the supply of Alcohol for use in explosives.

Does Not Evaporate

Johnson's Freeze-Proof does not evaporate so one application is sufficient for the whole winter unless the solution is weakened by leakage of the radiator or hose connections, thru the overflow pipe, or by boiling over.

Johnson's Freeze-Proof is put up in packages containing 6½ lbs. net which retail at \$2.00 each. One package will protect a Ford from freezing at 5° below zero. For larger cars use two packages to protect to 5° below zero, and three packages to protect to 20° below zero.

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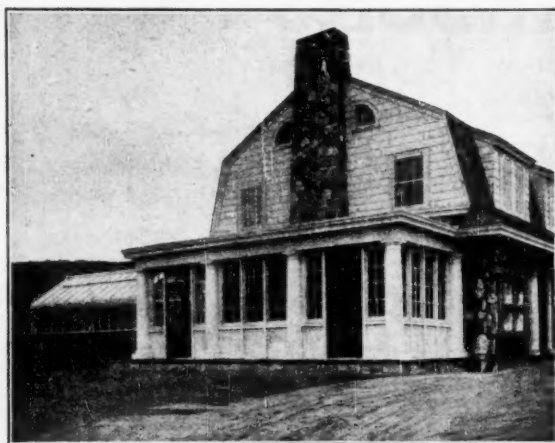


Johnson's Freeze-Proof should be used wherever you wish to prevent water from freezing—in automobiles, gas engines, tractors, electro-lighting and heating plants, traction companies, etc. One box will prevent 3½ gals. of water from freezing at 5° below zero. For lower temperatures increase the proportion of Freeze-Proof.

Absolutely Harmless

Johnson's Freeze-Proof contains no oil and does not interfere with the cooling system. It will not injure rubber, cloth, packing or metal of any kind. It does not rust or corrode any metal. Johnson's Freeze-Proof is economical and easy to use and it raises the boiling point of water 12° to 25°. Write for our new booklet entitled "Keep Your Car Young". We will send it to you free and postpaid. The information in this booklet will enable you to greatly improve the appearance and performance of your car.





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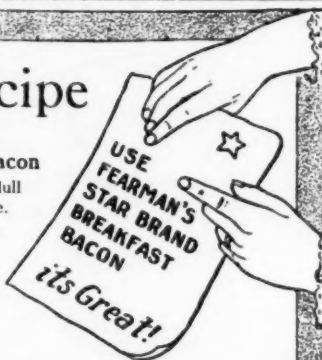
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action had been determined by the Council, with the steady influence on industry growing out of such action.

The procurement of raw materials for the use of the military and naval forces of the United States at prices greatly below the current market price, this being made possible by enlisting the patriotic co-operation of industrial leaders.

The completion of the inventory, for military purposes, of American manufacturing plants.

The saving to the Government of millions of dollars by the proper co-ordination of purchases through the agency of the General Munitions Board of the Council of National Defense, this Board being later absorbed by the War Industries Board.

The organization of the agricultural newspapers to work in conjunction with the Secretary of Agriculture for greater and more efficient production.

The mobilization of the 262,000 miles of railroads of the country for the Government's defense.

The close-knit organization of the telephone and telegraph companies of America to insure to the Government the most rapid and efficient wire communications.

The creation, under the Medical Section of the Council, of a General Medical Board, consisting of many of the most highly qualified surgeons and physicians of the country.

The selection by the same section of thousands of doctors specifically qualified for membership in the Medical Officers' Reserve Corps, and the standardization, far on its way to completion, of surgical instruments and supplies.

The creation by the Council of the Aircraft Production Board, which developed the Liberty motor, and which, in co-operation with the U.S. Signal Corps is setting out to establish a great American air service at the earliest possible moment.

The results obtained by the Council's Committee on Coal Production in the procurement and expeditious shipment of coal, both in the civilian and federal interests.

The saving to the Government of millions of dollars through the application by the Committee on Supplies of the Council of the most modern business methods in the purchase of supplies for the War and Navy Departments, largely through the elimination of middlemen.

The work performed by the Council's Committee on Emergency Construction and Contracts in enlisting the best building and architectural experts of the country for the erection of the cantonments for the national army. In this they were greatly assisted by Canadian experience.

The successful initiation of a movement to co-ordinate activities on the part of the states of the Union for the national defense, brought to a clear and workable focus by a conference of states held in Washington at the call and under the auspices of the Council, which movement has reached a high point of organization under a special section.

The organization of a railroad committee which was sent to Russia.

The enlistment of reserve engineer regiments to aid in rehabilitating the railroads of France.

The creation by the Council of the War Industries Board to assume the duties formerly discharged by the General Munitions Board and to act in addition as a clearing house for the war industry needs of the Government. Under this

board are handled vital war matters having to do with raw materials, finished products, and priority. A commission of this board is authorized to arrange purchases in accordance with general policies formulated and approved. The board recently made the arrangements with the copper and steel producers to fix the price for their commodities, announcement thereof having been made by the President.

The carrying on by the Commercial Economy Board of the Council, with the co-operation of the business press, merchants, manufacturers, and consumers at all points, of successful campaigns for conserving wheat, wool, and other commodities in which there have been shortages and for reducing the amount of labor employed on non-essential services in trade.

The creation by the President, at the request of the Council, of a labor commission to aid in the adjustment of social and labor disturbances throughout the country, particularly in the Western States.

The creation by the Council of a Woman's Committee, which is enlisting the woman power of America for the prosecution of the war.

The pronouncement by the Council through the Secretary of War, its chairman, of a policy to the effect that all effort should be centered to help win the war, this pronouncement having been made in response to queries as to the attitude which should be taken relative to improvements, public and otherwise, involving large construction work.

The creation, in little more than 30 days, through the Automotive Products Section of the Council and the Society of Automotive Engineers, in co-operation with the Quartermaster's Department of the army, of the standardized U.S. heavy-duty war truck.

The mobilization, in short, of the industrial forces of the country for war, the act of Congress creating the Council having made it mandatory upon the latter to bring about "the creation of relations which will render possible in time of need the immediate concentration and utilization of the resources of the nation."

To go through the building that serves as headquarters for the committees is a revelation. There are several thousand on the staff altogether and only eighty are paid, for the most part clerks and stenographers. The man who takes your card at the door—courteous, affable, capable—is a retired wholesaler of very comfortable means. He is "doing his bit." He is on duty from 9 until 5 and he works hard.

In small offices with temporary partitions are men who ordinarily sit behind mahogany desks with batteries of secretaries to conserve their valuable time. They work hard and they observe discipline. Break in on any one of them with a request for information and he will refer you politely to the head of his committee and the chairman in turn will refer you to Grosvenor Clarkson. Mr. Clarkson is a young man who typifies accurately the popular conception of the American super-business man. He is quick at decisions, dynamic, has his work at his finger tips, knows everything that is going on. Generally he will tell you what you want to know, for the haze of mystery that most Government officials like to wrap about them has been discarded here. Business men are accustomed to working in the open.



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The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy and relieves the congestion, assuring restful nights. Called a BOON by Asthma sufferers.

For the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles, and as an aid in the treatment of Diphtheria, Cresolene is valuable on account of its powerful germicidal qualities. IT IS A PROTECTION TO THOSE EXPOSED.

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British "founded 1883".

Business men of Canada and of the United Kingdom are just as public-spirited and self-sacrificing as are their contemporaries in the United States. Many of them offered their services, but were snubbed or neglected by the political leaders excepting Mr. Lloyd George in England, and Sir Thomas White here. The Kaiser has so far beaten us in the war and in diplomacy because he encouraged and called in the specialists of his Empire.

When Sir Robert Borden told the Minister of Agriculture in 1914 that he must organize the country and produce more from the farms he did not call in the successful farmers who knew how. Instead Mr. Burrell hired a party hack to write a book on "Patriotism" and sent an army of party spell-binders to exhort the farmers on "Patriotism and Production." Their ignorance gave the farmers great offence, and acreage failed to increase.

The Minister of Trade, the Minister of Labor, the late Minister of Immigration, the late Minister of Fisheries, ran their departments on similar lines. That is, they refused the advice and services of the great experts of the country. They failed, and are out of the Cabinet or ought to be.

When Sir Thomas White wanted to sell \$150,000,000 worth of bonds in Canada, all precedent demanded that he should seek the advice of the professional politicians, and place the bonds through their party friends. Instead, he called in the experts, the successful specialists, whose life-work is selling bonds. The Chairman of the Bond-dealers' Association, A. E. Ames, was made National Director. They got over \$415,000,000. A marvellous result. More wonderful still is the splendid organization that was built up, and the national public spirit that it engendered. But most important of all is the great object lesson the Finance Minister's policy gives to Canada and the Mother Country. It confirms the wisdom of the Kaiser and

President Wilson in calling the great executives and experts of their countries to co-operate with their governments in carrying on the war.

When the war broke out the one important thing Germany was short of was cotton. This was well known to the members of the International Cotton Association, one of the most perfect business organizations in the world. A number of the most able business men called upon Asquith and Grey, pointed this out and urged that cotton for Germany be declared contraband of war. They were told their suggestion was absurd, that it was impossible to carry it into effect; nothing was done and Germany bought all the cotton in sight. For a year it poured in through Italy, Holland and other neutral countries. Finally in September, 1915, an indignation meeting of big business men was held in London. They talked plainly and strongly to Grey. Within a week the British Government made cotton contraband. Experts whose opinion is worth while say that if the Asquith-Grey crowd had listened to and not ignored the urgent representations of the British business men the shortage of cotton would have compelled Germany to seek peace in six months.

The situation at home is very sad and depressing. Family and party influence keep petty brains and fearful failures like Admiral Jellicoe in office instead of giving them peerages and getting them out of the way, and seek to handicap big successes like Geddes. One wonders how much longer the Americans will consent to leave the management of the war in the hands of the pig pen provincialists, as Professor MacNaughton of McGill, described them the other day. Geddes, who is a young business man who has been accustomed to things done, not talked about, seems to be our only big find of the war.

The Strategy of Paula

Continued from page 37.

"Why, Mabel!" Paula exclaimed. "Isn't this funny, running across you here?"

"Funny nothing," gurgled the girl in the punt, her voice, though carefully anglicized, ringing with unmistakable over-sea tones. "You and Bim had it framed. He dragged me up here just for a sight of you; and, of course, by chance you wander picturesquely to the landing at 4.15 precisely. Oh! I know."

Bim flushed till his deeply tanned face became the color of mahogany, contrasting oddly with the sun-burned gold of his hair. Paula lowered her eyes and smiled the smile of Da Vinci's lost love, as she murmured, "You are horrid! Don't you know you might make me self-conscious?"

"You!" exclaimed the vision in pink. "Not on your life! By the way, why don't you both lunch with me day after to-morrow, you and Bim? I take my music lesson at twelve, so make it half after one; and don't either of you say I'm not amiable."

"I'd love to," said Paula, still with lowered eyes. "I suppose Mr. Wroxham will be there?"

Bim made a curious throaty noise that might be variously interpreted, while Mabel slowly lowered a flawless left lid over a dewy hazel orb.

"If you wish, Paula, dear—of course." Paula's smile became more cryptic. "If Mrs.—if my chaperone hasn't made other engagements for me, I'll be delighted."

"All right! then," laughed Mabel with a flourish of her parasol. "That's a go. And now, Bim, having so bounteously feasted your eyes, kindly punt me back. I've got to be at V.M. by six you know."

The man reluctantly obeyed. Not, however, before he managed to articulate: "May I come for you to-morrow, Miss Folsome?"

Paula hesitated. "I'll telephone," she called. "I don't know, of course."

"Oh, nonsense!" exclaimed Mabel. "Bim will bring you. That's settled."

The eddies caught the punt and swung it out into the current. The tall, athletic figure of the man silhouetted sharply, as he vigorously plunged the pole and sent the little craft forward, not, however, before turning to look back with a world of reluctance in his eyes.

"WHY, Paula!" It was Mrs. Challoner's voice. "Who—who have you been talking to?"

"That's Mabel Hasbrook," said Paula. "Isn't she pretty?"

Mrs. Challoner shifted her parasol, and

Mention MacLean's Magazine—It will identify you.

gazed with interest. "She's very pretty, indeed, very!" she acquiesced. "I wonder where I've seen her before—her face is very familiar. Is she related to the Baltimore Hasbrooks?"

Paula waved a slender, ringless hand at the departing visitors. "I really don't know," she said hastily.

"I'm sure I've seen her before," ruminated Mrs. Challoner. "And who's the young man?"

"That's Mr. Bim," said Paula, and waved her hand again.

"But, Paula, my dear, you musn't run off from your hostess like this. It's not good form, you know."

"Really? I am sorry!" exclaimed the culprit, looking the picture of contrition. "I didn't realize. I—I'll try to be very, very nice and make up for it."

And very nice, indeed, she was, so irreproachable that her request to lunch again with Mabel met with no opposition. Mrs. Challoner, in fact, was delighted with the arrangement, the impromptu bride and groom having implored her to be with them for their first meeting with the new-made father-in-law, due to arrive that morning. The Gerald Gaineses felt that Mrs. Challoner's presence might ease the strain and help to palliate the crime of elopement.

MRS. CHALLONER realized, with a little thrill, that Benjamin Loomis owed her some apologies. Light-heartedly she bade Paula "have a good time," and advised calling a taxi. She did not see "Mr. Bim's" big chocolate-colored car receive her charge. Instead she sat smiling and expectant in Mrs. Gaines' sitting-room, and just at the moment when Paula, her hand in Bim's, alighted before Victoria Mansions, she was surrendering her own little hand to the cordial pressure of Benjamin Loomis, the Powder King, and listening to the big good-natured boom of his voice.

The reunion was a pronounced success. Everybody was delighted. The spirit of celebration seized upon them all.

"I'm off on a holiday!" thundered Mr. Loomis. "And you're all my guests. Bring your girl along, Jeanne—I mean Mrs. Challoner. I'll look her over for you; and I'm a connoisseur."

Mrs. Challoner blushed, hesitated, and accepted. Mr. Loomis was not to be denied.

All the afternoon father-in-law shopped with an utter disregard of cost, assembling wedding presents for his runaways. It was a hilariously happy party.

Paula had not returned when Mrs. Challoner entered her apartments, but she was too full of her own concerns to note the delay; and when a moment later she found a small sealed parcel directed to her lying on her dressing-table, she was even less susceptible to the lateness of the hour. The white paper disclosed a cream kid box, around which a sealed envelope was fastened with an elastic band. She opened it and read: "A medal for the best little chaperone at large." It needed no signature. There was no mistaking that handwriting. Mrs. Challoner opened the case. From a delicate platinum-chain swung a glittering diamond plaque.

"The very idea!" she exclaimed. "The impertinence!" She thrust it back, laughed again, and swung it over her neck, watching "the medal" sparkle on the black velvet of her dress.

Paula softly entered. There was a look of trepidation in her eyes, of guilt

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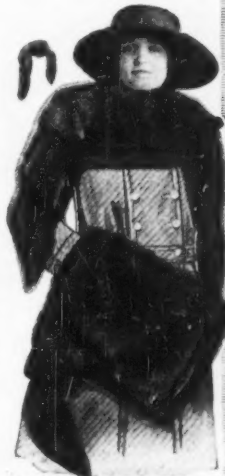
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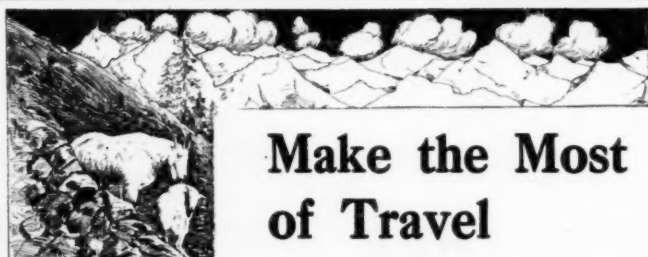


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CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY

in her face. Indeed, the hour was quite unexplainably late, but the chaperone greeted her absently.

"Run and dress quickly, dear. We dine and go to the play with Mr. Loomis and Mr. and Mrs. Gaines."

Paula's was truly a lightning change. It seemed only a moment when she rejoined Mrs. Challoner, to be subjected to the promised "looking over," which Mr. Loomis did very thoroughly; and as they moved through the coffee-room on their way to dinner, he announced a disquieting decision.

"Little chaperone," he whispered, "that Paula girl of yours is ten thousand years older than you are!"

Mrs. Challoner turned inquiring eyes. The big man laughed. "You're a babe, and she's your nurse. Oh! that's all right; you needn't be peeved; but your Uncle Dudley's wise."

The "little chaperone" felt vaguely unhappy; but the feeling wore off in the exhilaration of the moment. They took in the Empire, enjoying themselves, and attracting quite as much attention as the performance.

"And now," announced their host, as the curtain descended, "Romano's for us, none of your Ritzes and things. It's me for the look in at the professional beauty show. Guess we can put their eye out. What do you say?"

They said "yes" quite readily except Paula, who blushed, hesitated; there was something pathetically girlish in her protest.

"Romano's—Oh! no, do you think?"

Benjamin Loomis revolved slowly toward her.

"I guess," he grinned, "a chaperone, a married couple, and an old chap like me, can manage to appease Mrs. Grundy. No? Let's be going."

WITH much stir they found a table in the famous after-theatre restaurant; the somewhat dingy simplicity of whose interior is atoned for by the night-blooming series of stage beauties. Mrs. Challoner looked about her with quickened curiosity. She was not disappointed. Leading lights shone at every angle.

Paula, after a hasty survey of the room, settled herself demurely, looking neither to the right nor left, as, beginning with pink shrimps and champagne, Mr. Loomis began to order through the menu. Momentarily her glances were directed toward the door.

All at once there was a craning of heads, a general turning. A group of late comers was being escorted down the room.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Loomis. "There's Mabel Delorme, the American girl who's made such a hit here in musical comedy. By Jove! Why didn't I think to get tickets for to-night?"

Mrs. Challoner turned, frankly staring with the rest of the crowd. Then her mouth and eyes opened simultaneously, her lorgnette dropped unheeded. With a blank look she turned to Paula, who was studying the pattern of her plate with suspicious concentration. The party passed them, laughing and chaffing, and were seated at a table just beyond. No wonder Mabel Hasbrook's face had seemed familiar! No wonder! And the Bim person, doubtless her leading man, was there in attendance, with two other women and three men. So this, then—Mrs. Challoner controlled herself with difficulty, and drained her glass of champagne. When

her eyes cleared again, and she could bear to gaze at the Hasbrook party, she discovered the gaze of the Bim person fastened with adoration on her charge. Mrs. Challoner sat speechless, as in an evil dream. The dreadful moments passed. Suddenly the lights winked out and up again, the first warning to the revellers that the closing law must be obeyed. There followed a hurried settling of checks, and a general rising, amid the usual buzz of objections and regrets. A moment later and the throng was moving toward the door. Paula became unaccountably separated from her party. A gross person had elbowed her aside; several gross persons followed suit. Strangely enough, Bim found himself at her side. He bent down, searching her face earnestly.

"You will let me come for you tomorrow, won't you?" he begged.

Paula looked up at him, her great eyes swimming, her tender mouth quivering. "Oh, I'm afraid," she murmured. "You see, my chaperone has found out to-night who Mabel is—on the stage, you know; and I'm sure she'll forbid me. At home, they're so prejudiced. I—I didn't even tell mother, when I wrote her that I'd met a schoolmate—and—I suppose it was awful of me; but I'm so fond of Mabel."

Bim said something under his breath. His hungry eyes were on the lovely upturned face at his shoulder. "But," he protested, "why should that bar me?"

Paula turned away. "You will be tarred with the same brush," she said, sadly. "I met you with Mabel. She's seen you here to-night. I know I won't be allowed—"

Again she lifted her eyes to his soul so full of regret, yet so full of promise. He caught his breath and his heart beat painfully. Out went the lights again. For fully ten seconds they were plunged in night. In that moment he bent and kissed her full on the lips; and it was as if all the thrills of all lovers had been melted and run together for that one instant.

"Paula," he said, and his voice shook with feeling, "I'm coming for you tomorrow with the car at ten." He bowed with the courtly grace of one saluting his Queen of Love and Beauty.

It was Mr. Loomis' firm hand that reached and caught his little guest and drew her toward the entrance, where the others waited.

"Nifty young chap, that," he said genially. "The chaperone didn't see who you were talking with either."

Paula gazed at him tremulously. "I'm afraid Mrs. Challoner won't—"

But she got no further. The party had secured their taxis, and Mr. Loomis, the last to enter, was addressing a question to the starter, and receiving an answer that evoked a chuckle.

Hannibal Helps

Continued from page 31.

eyes gleamed with affection as they rested on the generous and busy dispenser.

But Jack read anything but affection in the sharp eyes of the bear. Besides he was trapped in a corner of the store and his only possible means of escape lay over the top of the showcase. In view of the proximity of the bear, he deemed any attempt at escape that way inadvisable. So he stood his ground and kept his enemy busy.

THEY reached the Savoy in portentous silence, but Mrs. Challoner was too weary and distressed to take up the cudgels that night. Morning found Mrs. Challoner ready for the fray, and dressed with an eye to dignity. It also found Paula in her motor hat and coat, quietly leaving her room, after a solitary breakfast. She had been gone but a moment when Mrs. Challoner entered and immediately noticed the absence of the automobile accessories from the open hanging closet. She flew to the door leading to the corridor, and was just in time to see her charge disappear in the elevator, which in its next descent carried her in hot pursuit. In the lobby she paused, and, looking about anxiously, descried Paula near the reading room entrance—with the discredited Bim. Anger and resentment added sudden inches to her stature. She descended upon the culprits, her face all stretched to speak in no uncertain tones of reprimand.

"Paula!" she exclaimed.

The girl turned with a little frightened cry. Instinctively and with an air of protection, Mr. Bim swung toward the girl.

"Paula!" Mrs. Challoner began again. An exclamation behind her in Vi's familiar voice, petrified her into stony silence.

"Why, Cyril! What in the world are you doing here!"

"I have the honor to be engaged to Miss Folsome, Paula, this is my sister, Lady Cuthbridge."

"Your sister!—Lady Cuthbridge! Then—why—I didn't know!"

He grinned. "Bim's just a pet name," he said, "for Harold Deneland Middleton, Lord Ormond of Cavanagh, and—I'm his brother—I—"

"But where did you meet him?" Lady Vi's curiosity got the better of her manners.

"With Mabel—" Paula began.

"With the future Lady Wroxham, Countess of Morden," answered Bim.

"Oh!" came the chorus of surprise.

"Delighted—congratulations!" The great, warm voice of Benjamin Loomis sounded. They turned to find him standing behind them with the chuckle that seemed to be habitual. "I'm going to kiss the bride," he announced. "You overdid the surprise act, you minx," he whispered as he bent close to her blushing cheek. "You knew perfectly well who he was, and—you knew the right hunting ground all right."

No one had overheard, but Paula glanced about with apprehension.

He studied her quizzically, and she could not meet his eyes. Still laughing, Benjamin Loomis turned to Mrs. Challoner, to whom animation was slowly returning.

"Little Chaperone," he rumbled kindly, "somebody owes you another medal."



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That all depends on whether you have made good. You know whether you have or not. It is the confidence you have in your own ability that is going to tell. Why not prepare yourself for a bigger and better position paying a larger salary by qualifying for it by gaining confidence in your own ability. Confidence in yourself can only be maintained by learning how to sell. Learn how to "put things across." Learn how to close a deal. Learn how to sell something, no matter how small, for in successfully handling others you are gaining confidence in yourself.

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We teach salesmanship. While we are teaching salesmanship, the salesman or saleswoman is earning. Regardless of your present position in life, you owe it to yourself to at least write for information and learn how to take your place in the long line of those who can and are earning good salaries.

Do not wait until to-morrow to learn how you can turn your spare time into money. A Post Card will bring you the details.

The MacLean Publishing Co.
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143 University Ave.,

TORONTO - ONTARIO

been a coward since the day he was born. He runs from dogs and wouldn't even bother a mouse. The friendliest bear that ever lived is old Hannibal."

And then the Big Idea occurred to Jack Hindley.

"You are quite sure that he wouldn't hurt anyone?" he asked. "Will you guarantee that? If he's as harmless as you say, I'd like to hire him for a while."

"What seems to be the idea?" asked the Professor. He was never adverse to turning an honest penny.

Jack explained after making sure that the proprietor of the store was not within hearing. All he wanted to do was to take the bear across the road and shove him through the door of the dance hall. He would follow personally—the Professor was sure about Hannibal's harmlessness, absolutely?—and see that no one was hurt. The Professor thought he had met the prince of practical jokers. But Jack's mind was running along strictly practical lines. He saw a chance to shatter his rival's reputation for bravery. Perhaps also he could manage to appear himself in a creditable, not to say romantic, light.

"Look here," he said, "how can I manage to get the bear out of there once he has got in? Without your help, I mean."

"Hannibal is well trained," said the Professor in an off-hand way. "See, take this cane. Two sharp taps on the floor and old Han. will stop still and get up on his hind legs. Three taps and he'll follow you anywhere. Get it?"

A ten-dollar bill changed hands and the protesting Hannibal was forced from his delectable feast and urged across the street.

ONCE within the lobby the bear's curiosity got the better of him. He pushed open a music-wafting green baize door and squinted within. Shades of the immortal Bruin! The sight was most awe-inspiring. The moving figures, the laughing lights, the blare of the orchestra! He hesitated a moment. He didn't know exactly whether to advance or retreat.

But it was too fascinating. He thrust in his head.

At that instant an extremely thin young man, with carefully slicked back hair and a Palm Beach suit extremely pinch-backed, paused in a difficult gyration and advanced toward the door.

"Pretty good little bear make-up, old top," he remarked to Hannibal's head. "You'd take the blue ribbon at a fancy dress, all right; but you can't fool your uncle Simsey!"

His manner was most inviting. Hannibal stepped inside.

Almost at once Harry Sims' ingenious features became painfully mobile. His first impulse was to utter a loud yell and engage in wild flight. Then for half a second he endeavored to get a grip on himself. He must not give way to fear. He must maintain his pose. Everyone knew he was a brave man. And there was a reason!

However at this moment Hannibal opened wide his arms for a friendly embrace. Harry Sims, losing all control, gave an inarticulate yelp and wheeling, dashed in the opposite direction. He gave no heed to Myrtle whom he had deserted in the middle of the floor.

Rather puzzled, the newcomer strode onto the floor. . . .

THERE was a swift indrawing of breath, a stiffening of startled muscles, and then—well—some people would have said pandemonium reigned. It not only rained, it hailed and poured. Harry Sims, who had never seen the Alps, started up the narrow balcony stairs with all the agility, and none of the grace of a Swiss mountaineer. He finally found himself jammed in a throng of screaming girls and brave men, all going upward and wishing they had wings. Others of both sexes were leaving by the rear exit with the quiet calm of people in a theatre fire.

Georgie Ball, the fattest young man in Bayhurst, was politely informed that the stairway was in no respect his special property. He therefore started up one of the balcony posts faster than a fireman in a climbing contest.

The hall by this time was a lonely, desolate, barren spot, but the music went on. The leader, true to tradition, was going to do his duty and go down with the band stand. His eye, however, being on the lumbering dark mass on the floor, his baton moved up and down spasmodically. Fancy dancing had always appealed to Hannibal who accordingly executed a few intricate steps and, with the inborn modesty of a vaudevillian, looked around for applause. None came.

HE next observed that the drummer was above him. He knew perfectly well that something was wrong! On the stage he always looked down on this genius who drew such strange noises from nowhere. This drummer ought to be put in his place. In some psychic way the drummer anticipated Hannibal's intention and, with a wail that no sandpiper, cymbals or woods could make, dashed for cover. "Such fun," mused Hannibal: "I've been missing a lot that goes on while I'm asleep in my cage."

Above the other noises of the room came a loud roar followed by a scraping sound, ending in a thud that shook the building like an exploding mine. Hannibal, turning quickly, saw a mass somewhat similar to himself arise from the floor as if jerked by a derrick and with the speed of an aeroplane disappear rearwards. It was none other than Georgie Ball who had fallen from his post. Under the mental stress of the moment he had become a sylph.

The frenzied Juliets in the balcony gasped, and the Romeos who should have been on the ground but were up in the air groaned. Hannibal, cocking his hat on one side, with something resembling a wink, seemed to say, "I'm going to join you and stir things up. It's getting awfully quiet and slow!" Crossing the slippery floor, sliding like a drunken man, he commenced to shin up one of the supporting posts. Fresh screams arose, disconcerted faces peered over the rail.

Thoughts were flashing through Harry Sims' mind with machine-gun rapidity. He knew that Myrtle must be among the frightened group of girls who had taken refuge at one end of the balcony. The bear was headed for them. Now was the time to make good on the reputation he had built up for himself. But after all—safety first!

"Say, fellows," he whispered, "we can slip down and make the door."

"It's only the trick bear from the show," said one of the young men sheepishly.

"He's only having a bit o' fun; he won't hurt anybody."

"Y' can't tell," said another, "what they'll do when they get loose."

"We better go get help," declared the unhappy teacher of new steps. "Get a policeman with a gun. I b'n thinking—"

His thinking stopped abruptly however. A hairy paw shot over the rail, and, like the bullet from an air-gun, Harry was on his way down the stairs, followed by as many braves as could navigate the narrow passage. Hannibal, about to boost himself over, saw the downward flash and wondered why these strange playfellows were always changing their positions. Then he saw the girls on the balcony and decided to continue his climb.

AT this stage Jack Hindley made his appearance. He struggled through the stream of fugitives in the lobby and gained the floor of the dance hall just as Hannibal was preparing to scramble over the balcony rail. Shrill screams from the girls rang in his ears.

Jack went up the stairs three at a time, calling encouragement to the imprisoned fair ones as he went. Hannibal recognized his former benefactor out of the corner of his eye and turned to welcome him. Tap, tap went the cane in Jack's hand and the bear, true to his training, reared himself up on his hind legs.

"Don't be afraid," called Hindley. Among the girls he recognized Myrtle. She was watching him with something akin to amazement and—yes, there could be no doubt—a look of pride and exultation. "I'll get this bear out. He's harmless. Come along, sir, and stop frightening the ladies!"

Tap, tap, tap went his cane—and then another for good measure. As the fourth tap came, a look of surprise might have been seen stealing over the physiognomy of the bear. But a trained bear knows nothing but obedience so—out shot his furry paw. And darkness suddenly descended upon Jack Hindley.

HE came to some time later, to find himself propped up against the balcony railing. His head, which was supported by a cushion, felt very dizzy and queer. Sharp pains starting somewhere in the vicinity of his jaw, went all through him like sharp needles. But Jack heeded this not at all for, sitting on the floor beside him, with a wealth of tenderness and solicitude in her round blue eyes, was Myrtle Dale. As he sat up, she quite unabashedly took possession of his hand.

"Jack, you were so brave!" she whispered. "You're a real hero, Jack. You do brave things instead of talking about them."

"Where's the bear?" he asked, faintly. "The Professor took him," answered Myrtle. "But never mind the bear now."

Harry was quite willing to forget the bear. They had more interesting things to talk about.

THE next morning, with a joyous song of spring in his heart and an enormous bandage around his face, Hindley strolled down the front street. As he passed the moving picture palace in front of which a flaming poster still announced that Hannibal, the wonderful trained bear, would perform within, Professor Lionel Leroy came rushing out to intercept him. From across the street Hardy, the proprietor of the candy store,



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WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS COMPANY, LIMITED

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WINNIPEG

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converged on him also with purpose in his glance.

"I wanna see you, Hindley," called Hardy. "There's the matter of that broken showcase in my store. Damages will be four dollars on that."

"Oh, well, I'll pay it!" laughed Jack. Naturally he was inclined to check outgoings of cash with an accountant's acuteness but this morning he was too happy to dispute an item.

"Then there's the matter of the candy," went on Hardy. "I watched you from behind the other counter. I was good and scared myself but I kept track of your disbursements just the same. It's funny how you seemed to grab just the expensive kinds—two pounds chocolate creams, pound and a half of candied marshmallows, cherries, two pounds chocolate nuts—"

"How much?" demanded Jack.

"Three-seventy in all," replied Hardy. Jack counted out the money and handed it over. Hardy recrossed the road, contented.

"It was queer how old Hannibal came to swat you like that," said Professor Leroy, breaking in at this point. "He's never done such a thing before. Perhaps you got mixed on your signals. I forgot to explain that he was once a boxing bear. Used to put on the gloves with anyone that would get into the ring with him. I had signals to tell him what to do."

"I think," said Jack, striving to remember, "that I tapped four times."

"Then that explains the whole thing!" explained Leroy, triumphantly. "Four taps was the signal for an undercut. You asked for it, you see. Old Han., he couldn't naturally do anything else but hand it to you!"

"Well, I got it!" said Jack, shortly, preparing to go on.

"But hold on," said Leroy, hurriedly. "There's some items of business to settle up, arising out of this here little affair. There's the matter of damage to the hall. Hannibal's paws kind of scratched the paint off the pillars. The manager's been after me about it. Eight dollars, he claims."

"Very well," agreed Hindley, grimly. "I'll pay you and you can settle with him. Here's the money. Good day."

"WAIT! That's not all," said Leroy. "The people at the dance were so scared they complained to the police and I've been told to get Hannibal out of town on the next train. That loses us two days' engagement here. That comes to

twenty dollars. I can't stand to lose that y' know. Then there's the bear. You stuffed him so full of candy and led him into so much excitement that he's clean off his form. I may have to see a vet. about him. Wear and tear on the bear is an item that can't be overlooked in a deal of this kind. Suppose we put down ten dollars for that?"

Jack was not accustomed to use strong language but he looked Leroy in the eye and told the bear man some straight things about himself with a vigor that was surprising. But he paid the full amount. Nothing must be allowed to get out that might tarnish his glorious record of the night before.

BEING of a methodical turn, Hindley always entered up such expenditures as he was called to make in a book kept for the purpose. Accordingly an account was opened for the evening's proceedings and the debit items duly entered as follows:—

ACCOUNT OF HANNIBAL

(Trained Bear)

To rent of bear	\$10.00
To box of candy (1)75
To candy for bear	3.70
To broken glass	4.00
To two days' theatrical engagement	20.00
To damages to hall	8.00
To wear and tear on the bear	10.00
To doctor's bill (estimated)	15.00
Total	\$71.45

It was rather a staggering total. Nearly a month's salary, in fact. For a few moments Hindley studied over the figures with a frown. Then, however, the necessity of posting the other side of the transaction occurred to him. His mind went back to that wonderful moment when Myrtle had snuggled into his arms and laid her golden head against his bandaged face—and, with the greatest satisfaction, he entered on the credit side:—

To Myrtle	\$5,000,000.00
	71.45
Balance	\$4,999,928.55

"A pretty fair balance for one night's work," he said to himself.

I don't know how this reads to you; but it does not read to me as though Uncle Sam expected a short and easy war. Neither does it read as though he were stalling. And, remember, all this shipbuilding does not include navy work, nor such private contracts as \$370,000,000 worth of ships now being built in Baltimore, Galveston, Newport News, Texas and on the Pacific coast.

THE work accomplished in six months is almost incredible; it is catching up on a century's neglect. But having let the contracts and financed the cash does not end the Emergency Fleet's work; its two biggest difficulties are still ahead. A moment's thought suggests what the two difficulties are. Except for coastal traffic, Uncle Sam has been off the sea for forty years. Where is he to get his seamen to man the fleet? And his shipbuilders to build it? The first question is more easily answered than the second. Before the war, foreign labor reduced the wages of seamen to a level which Americans would not accept and they quit the sea. Since the war, wages for seamen have so increased that a merchant marine job offers as good wages as munition factory or office. Modern steel ships run with oil fuel require the same qualifications in a seaman as a chauffeur—mechanics and a steady head rather than seamanship. The long apprenticeship needed for a boy to man a sailing vessel is not needed on a modern oil burner. A month's training will prove an applicant fit or unfit, just as a month's trial will usually demonstrate whether a man can run a furnace or a motor car; so 27 free nautical schools have been opened in every section of the country to train boys for merchant marine work. Here courses are given in mathematics, in steering, in mechanics, in wireless. The boy fit has a job waiting for him at the end of the course. Until there are enough seamen so trained, the navy will man the merchant fleet. As to wages, before the war they ran from \$25 to \$40 a month and keep. To-day, they run \$60 a month for sailors, \$50 for coal passers, \$65 for oil stokers, \$70 for boiler men, \$75 for mechanics, 50 cents an hour for overtime, and 50% over wages while in the war zone, with \$100 compensation if clothes are lost.

The matter of builders is a more difficult one for the ship plants. Ship building has been a dead craft here for forty years. But shipbuilding is no longer the work of a cunning wood craftsman. A steel ship is a bridge afloat. Steel shipbuilding is the work for chauffeurs, for gas fitters, for plumbers, for garage men, for metal mechanics, who are over the draft age. The ship plants now have 300,000 men at work. They need 500,000. Where are they to get them? Ships are as essential to win the war as a bomb in the trenches; so the suggestion has been made that men drafted who prefer metal work to trench fighting should be given the option to elect for service in the ship plants; and that here they should be given the same rank and chance for promotion as in the army, with title and medal for distinguished service. Ideal living conditions will be provided for the workmen. Theatres, moving pictures, sanitary houses will be provided; and the pay will be easily double the army pay. When the draft call increases from one million to five million men, there is not the slightest doubt that many a young fellow will elect for service in the ship building army.

The One Way To Win

Continued from page 28.

and cargo carriers in America. With Hurley and Ford and Ferguson at the head of the Government Fleet Corporation, you can wager on the ships being ready as soon as the army.

STANDARDIZING sizes and types is the key to speed. To date, 4 sizes have been chosen, 5,000 tons for the Submarine Boat Company's 28 ways, 9,000 tons for the U.S. Steel's two plants, one at Newark, the other at Mobile, ten ways at each plant; 7,500 and 7,600 for the International Corporation's plant at Hog Island and young Harriman's two plants at Philadelphia. The fuel will be oil, permitting a radius of 20,000 miles cruise without refilling. At first, the speed was specified at 14 knots. This has been raised to 16 in order to outdistance the submarine.

The entire output of 40 fabricating plants between the Atlantic and the Mississippi is being taken for this merchant fleet. Please look at the names behind each plant! They comprise the strongest financiers in the world, not including the power behind the other big plants doing work for the navy, like Schwab and Newport News. Before sizes were standardized every ship required 400 inspections, \$400 of notarial fees. All this wasted time is cut out by standardizing sizes. Only 18% of the actual work is done in the assembling plants, while 82% is done in the fabricating plants. This is essentially Ford's system. Money is advanced by the Government for leases, plants, rail connections, housing, hotels, and the ships are taken over at 10% profit to the companies above cost.

The Pawns Count

Continued from page 26.

than you, I know, and, by your standards, I fear unattractive. But you love power, and I have it. I will take you into my schemes. I will show you how those live who stand behind the clouds and wield the thunders."

SHE looked at him with genuine surprise. It was necessary to readjust some of her impressions of him. Oscar Fischer was, after all, a human being.

"What you say is all very well so far as it goes," she told him. "I admit that a life of scheming and adventure attracts me. I love power. I can think of nothing more wonderful than to feel the machinery of the world—the political world—roar or die away, according to the touch of one's fingers. Oh, yes, we're alike so far as that is concerned! But there is a very vital difference. You are only an American by accident. I am one by descent. For me there doesn't exist any other country. For you Germany comes first."

"But can't you realize," he went on eagerly, "that even this is for the best? America to-day is hypnotized by a maudlin, sentimental affection for England, a country from whom she never received anything but harm. We want to change that. We want to kill for ever the misunderstanding between the two greatest nations in the world. My creed of life could be yours, too, without a single lapse from your patriotism. Friendship, alliance, brotherhood, between Germany and America. That would be my text."

"Shall I be perfectly frank?" Pamela asked.

"Nothing else is worth while," was the instant answer.

"Well, then," she continued, "I can quite see that Germany has everything to gain from America's friendship, but I cannot see the *quid pro quo*.

"And yet it is so clear," Fischer insisted. "Your own cloud may not be very large just now, but it is growing, and, before you know it, it will be upon you. Can you not realize why Japan is keeping out of this war? She is conserving her strength. Millions flow into her coffers week by week. In a few years time, Japan, for the first time in her history, will know what it is to possess solid wealth. What does she want it for, do you think? She has no dream of European aggression, or her soldiers would be fighting there now. China is hers for the taking, a rich prize ready to fall into her mouth at any moment. But the end and aim of all Japanese policy, the secret Mecca of her desires, is to repay with the sword the insults your country has heaped upon her. It is for that, believe me, that her arsenals are working night and day, her soldiers are training, her fleet is in reserve. While you haggle about a few volunteers, Japan is strengthening and perfecting a mighty army for one purpose and one purpose only. Unless you wake up, you will be in the position that Great Britain was in two years ago. Even now, work though you may, you will never wholly make up for lost time. The one chance for you is friendship with Germany."

"Will Germany be in a position to help us after the war?" Pamela asked.

"Never doubt it," Fischer replied vehemently. "Before peace is signed the sea power of England will be broken.

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With Delicious Quaker Oats

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Cream butter and sugar. Add yolks of eggs. Add Quaker Oats, to which baking powder has been added, and add vanilla.

Beat whites of eggs stiff and add last. Drop on buttered tin with teaspoon, but very few on each tin, as they spread. Bake in slow oven. Makes about 65 cookies.

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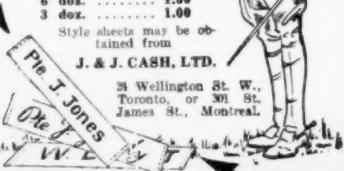
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Financially she will be ruined. She is a country without economic science, without foresight, without statesmen. The days of her golden opportunities have passed, frittered away. Unless we of our great pity bind up her wounds, England will bleed to death before the war is over.”

“That, you must remember,” Pamela said practically, “is your point of view.” “I could tell you things,” he began. “Don’t,” she begged. “I know what your outlook is now. Be definite. Leaving aside that other matter, what is your proposition to me?”

FISCHER walked for a while in silence. They had turned back some time since, and were once more nearing the Plaza. “You ask me to leave out what is most vital,” he said at last. “I have never been married, Miss Van Teyl. I am wealthy. I am promised great honors at the end of this war. When that comes, I shall rest. If you will be my wife, you can choose your home, you can choose your title.”

She shook her head. “But I am not sure that I even like you, Mr. Fischer,” she objected. “We have fought in opposite camps, and you have had the bad taste to be victorious. Besides which, you were perfectly brutal to James, and I am not at all sure that I don’t resent your bargain with me. As a matter of fact, I am feeling very bitter towards you.”

“You should not,” he remonstrated earnestly. “Remember that, after all, women are only dabblers in diplomacy. Their very physique prevents them from playing the final game. You have brains, of course, but there are other things—experience, courage, resource. You would be a wonderful helpmate, Miss Van Teyl, even if your individual and unaided efforts have not been entirely successful.”

She sighed. Pamela just then was a picture of engaging humility.

“It is so hard for me,” she murmured. “I do not want to marry yet. I do not wish to think of it. And so far as you are concerned, Mr. Fischer—well, I am simply furious when I think of your attitude last night. But I love adventures.”

“I will promise you all the adventures that can be crammed into your life,” he urged.

“But be more definite,” she persisted. “Where should we start? You are over here now on some important mission. Tell me more about it?”

“I cannot just yet,” he answered. “All that I can promise you is that, if I am successful, it will stop the war just as surely as Captain Graham’s new explosive.”

“I thought you were going to make a confidante of me,” she complained.

He suddenly gripped her arm. It was the first time he had touched her, and she felt a queer surging of the blood to her head, a sudden and almost uncontrollable repulsion. The touch of his long fingers was like flame; his eyes, behind their sheltering spectacles, glowed in a curious, disconcerting fashion.

“To the woman who was my pledged wife,” he said, “I would tell everything. From the woman who gave me her hand and became my ally I would have no secrets. Come, I have a message, more than a message, to the American people. I am taking it to Washington before many hours have passed. If it is your will, it should be you to whom I will deliver it.” Pamela walked on with her head in the

air. Fischer was leaning a little towards her. Every now and then his mouth twitched slightly. His eyes seemed to be seeking to reach the back of her brain.

“Please go now,” she begged. “I can’t think clearly while you are here, and I want to make up my mind. I will send to you when I am ready.”

CHAPTER XVII.

PAMELA sat that afternoon on the balcony of the country club at Baltusrol and approved of her surroundings. Below her stretched a pleasant vista of rolling greensward, dotted here and there with the figures of the golfers. Beyond, the misty blue background of rising hills.

“I can’t tell you how peaceful this all seems, Jimmy,” she said to her brother, who had brought her out in his automobile. “One doesn’t notice the air of strain over on the Continent, because it’s the same everywhere, but it gets a little on one’s nerves, all the same. I positively love it here.”

“It’s fine to have you,” was the hearty response. “Gee, that fellow coming to the sixteenth hole can play some!”

Pamela directed her attention idly towards the figure which her brother indicated—a man in light tweeds, who played with an easy and graceful swing, and with the air of one to whom the game presented no difficulties whatever. She watched him drive for the seventeenth—a long, raking ball, fully a hundred yards further than his opponent’s—watched him play a long iron shot on to the green and hole out in three.

“Two under bogey,” James Van Teyl murmured. “I say, Pamela!”

She took no notice. Her eyes were still following the figure of the golfer. She watched him drive at the last hole, play a mashie shot on to the green, and hit the hole for a three. The frown deepened upon her forehead. She was looking very uncompromising indeed when the two men ascended the steps.

“I didn’t know, Mr. Lutchester, that there were any factories down this way,” she remarked severely, as he paused before her in surprise.

For a single moment she fancied she saw a flash of annoyance in his eyes. It was gone so swiftly, however, that she remained uncertain. He held out his hand, laughing.

“Fairly caught out, Miss Van Teyl,” he confessed. “You see, I was tempted, and I fell.”

His companion, an elderly, clean-shaven man, passed on. Pamela glanced after him.

“Who is your opponent?” she asked.

“Just someone I picked up on the tee,” Lutchester explained. “How is our friend Fischer this morning?”

“I walked with him for an hour in the Park,” Pamela replied. “He seemed quite cheerful. I have scarcely thanked you yet for returning the pocket-book, have I?”

His face was inscrutable. “Couldn’t keep a thing that didn’t belong to me, could I?” he observed.

“You have a marvellous gift for discovering lost property,” she murmured.

“For discovering the owners, you mean,” he retorted, with a little bow.

“You’re some golfer, I see, Mr. Lutchester,” Van Teyl interposed.

“I was on my game to-day,” Lutchester admitted. “With a little luck at the seventh,” he continued earnestly, “I might have tied the amateur record.

Mention MacLean's Magazine—It will identify you.

You see, my ball—but there, I musn't bore you now. I must look after my opponent and stand him a drink. We shall meet again, I daresay."

Lutchester passed on, and Pamela glanced up at her brother.

"Is he a sphinx or a fool?" she whispered.

"Don't ask me," Van Teyl replied. "Seems to me you were a bit rough on him, any way. I don't see why the fellow shouldn't have a day's holiday before he gets to work. If I had his swing, it would interfere with my career, I know that."

"Did you recognize the man with whom he was playing?" Pamela inquired.

"Can't say that I did. His face seems familiar, too."

"Go and see if you can find out his name," Pamela begged. "It isn't ordinary curiosity. I really want to know."

"That's easy enough," Van Teyl replied, rising from his place. "I'll order tea at the same time."

Pamela leaned a little further back in her chair. Her eyes seemed to be fixed upon the pleasant prospect of wooded slopes and green, upward-stretching sward. As a matter of fact, she saw only two faces—Fischer's and Lutchester's. Her chief impulse in life for the immediate present seemed to have resolved itself into a fierce, almost a passionate curiosity. It was the riddle of those two brains which she was so anxious to solve. Fischer, the cold, subtle intriguer, with schemes at the back of his mind which she knew quite well that, even in the moment of his weakness, he intended to keep to himself; and Lutchester, with his almost cynical devotion to pleasure, yet with his unaccountable habit of suggesting a strength and qualities to which he neither laid nor established any claim. Of the two men it was Lutchester who piqued her, with whom she would have found more pleasure in the battle of wits. She found herself alternately furious and puzzled with him, yet her uneasiness concerning him possessed more disquieting, more fascinating possibilities than any of the emotions inspired by the other man.

Van Teyl returned to her presently, a little impressed.

"Thought I knew that chap's face," he observed. "It's Eli Hamblin—Senator Hamblin, you know."

"A friend and confidant of the President," she murmured. "A Westerner, too. I wonder what he's doing here. Jimmy!"

"Hallo, Sis?"

"You've just got to be a dear," Pamela begged. "Go to the caddy master, or professional, or somebody, and find out whether Mr. Lutchester met him here by accident or whether they arrived together."

"You'll turn me into a regular sleuthhound," he laughed. "However, here goes."

HE strolled off again, and Pamela found herself forced to become mundane and frivolous whilst she chatted with some newly-arrived acquaintances. It was not until some little time after her brother's return that she found herself alone with him.

"Well?" she asked eagerly.

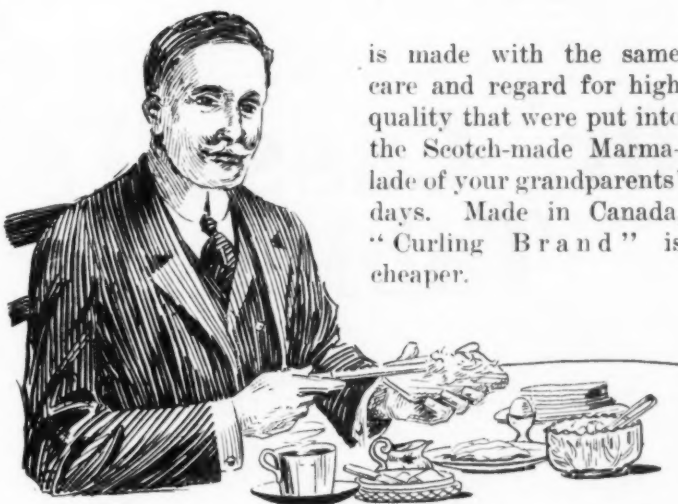
"They arrived within a few minutes of one another," Van Teyl announced. "Senator Hamblin bought a couple of new balls and made some inquiries about the course, but said nothing about playing."

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Little Miss Corby.

The doctors said she had stomach trouble, and that her chances were small, yet Dr. Cassell's Tablets cured her. They have been worth their weight in gold to us, for we were just giving up hope of saving our little daughter. I don't think there is any other medicine for children like Dr. Cassell's Tablets. I may say my wife has taken them for nerves, and they have built her up splendidly.

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Lutchester, who appears not to have known him, came up later and asked him if he'd like a game. That's all I could find out."

Pamela pointed to a little cloud of dust in the distance.

"And there they go," she observed, "together."

Van Teyl threw himself into a chair and accepted the cup of tea which his sister handed him.

"Well," he inquired, "what do you make of it?"

"There's more in that question than you think, James," Pamela replied. "All the same, I think I shall be able to answer it in a few days."

Another little crowd of acquaintances discovered them, and Pamela was soon surrounded by a fresh group of admirers. They all went out presently to inspect the new tennis courts. Pamela and her brother were beset with invitations.

"You positively must stay down and dine with us, and go home by moonlight," Mrs. Saunders, a lively young matron with a large country house close by, insisted. "Jimmy's neglected me terribly these last few months, and as for you, Pamela, I haven't seen you for a year."

"I'd love to if we can," Pamela assured her, "but Jimmy will have to telephone first."

"Then do be quick about it," Mrs. Saunders begged. "It doesn't matter a bit about clothes. We've twenty people staying in the house now, and half of us won't change, if that makes you more comfortable. Jimmy, if you fail at that telephone I'll never forgive you."

But Van Teyl, who had caught the little motion of his sister's head towards the city, proved equal to the occasion. He returned presently, driving the car.

"Got to go," he announced as he made his farewells. "Can't be helped, Pamela. Frightfully sorry, Mrs. Saunders, we are wanted up in New York."

Pamela sighed. "I was so afraid of it," she regretted as she waved her adieux.

An hour or so later the city broke before them in murky waves. Pamela, who had been leaning back in the car, deep in thought, sat up.

"You are a perfect dear, James," she said. "Do you think you could stand having Mr. Fischer to dinner one evening this week?"

"Sure!" he replied, a little curiously. "If you want to keep friends with him for any reason, I don't bear him any ill-will."

"I just want to talk to him," Pamela murmured, "that's all."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THERE was a ripple of interest and a good deal of curiosity that afternoon, in the lounge and entrance hall of the Hotel Plaza, when a tall, grey moustached gentleman of military bearing descended from the automobile which had brought him from the station, and handed in his name at the desk, inquiring for Mr. Fischer.

"Will you send my name up—the Baron von Schwerin," he directed.

The clerk, who had recognized the new-comer, took him under his personal care.

"Mr. Fischer is up in his rooms, expecting you, Baron," he announced. "If you'll come this way, I'll take you up."

The Baron followed his guide to the lift and along the corridor to the suite

of rooms occupied by Mr. Fischer and his young friend James Van Teyl. Mr. Fischer himself opened the door. The two men clasped hands fervently, and the clerk discreetly withdrew.

"Back with us once more, Fischer," Von Schwerin exclaimed fervently. "You are wonderful. Tell me," he added, looking around, "we are to be alone here?"

"Absolutely," Fischer replied. "The young man I share these apartments with—James Van Teyl—has taken his sister out to Baltusrol. They will not be back until seven o'clock. We are sure of solitude."

"Good," Von Schwerin exclaimed. "And you have news—I can see it in your face."

Fischer rolled up easy chairs and produced a box of cigars.

"Yes," he assented, with a little glitter in his eyes, "I have news. Things have moved with me. I think that, with the help of an idiotic Englishman, we shall solve the riddle of what our professors have called the consuming explosive. I sent the formula home to Germany, by a trusty hand, only a few hours ago."

"Capital!" Von Schwerin declared. "It was arranged in London, that?"

"Partly in London and partly here," Fischer replied.

Von Schwerin made a grimace.

"If you can find those who are willing to help you here, you are fortunate indeed," he sighed. "My life's work has lain amongst these people. In the days of peace, all seemed favourable to us. Since the war, even those people whom I thought my friends seem to have lost their heads, to have lost their reasoning powers."

"After all," Fischer muttered, "it is race calling to race. But come, we have more direct business on hand. Nikasti is here."

Von Schwerin nodded a little gloomily. "Washington knows nothing of his coming," he observed. "I attended the Baron Yung's reception last week, informally. I threw out very broad hints, but Yung would not be drawn. Nikasti represents the Secret Service of Japan, unofficially and without responsibility."

"Nevertheless," Fischer pointed out, "what he says will reach the ear of his country, and reach it quickly. You've gone through the papers I sent you?"

"Carefully," Von Schwerin replied. "And the autograph letter?"

"That I have," Fischer announced. "I will fetch Nikasti."

He crossed the room and opened the door leading into the bedchambers.

"Are you there, Kato?" he cried.

"I am coming, sir," was the instant reply.

NIKASTI appeared, a few moments later. He was carrying a dress-coat on his arm, and he held a clothes-brush in his hand. It was obvious that he had studied with nice care the details of his new part.

"You can sit down, Nikasti," Fischer invited. "This is the Baron Von Schwerin. He has something to say to you."

Nikasti bowed very low. He declined the chair, however, to which Fischer pointed.

"I am your valet and the valet of Mr. Van Teyl," he murmured. "It is not fitting for me to be seated. I listen."

Continued on page 96.



The Timely Lesson in Thrift

Teach your children thrift. Practise it yourself. Wise household economy is a war-time necessity. You Canadian women can do much to win the war, right in your own kitchens. Hon. W. J. Hanna, the Dominion Food Controller, urges you to exercise the greatest economy and to eliminate all waste. With Egg-O Baking Powder you can get true win-the-war economy into your home cooking.

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Canada's War Cake

Eggless, Butterless, Milkless

1 lb. raisins, 1 teaspoon allspice, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 2 tablespoons lard, 3 cups brown sugar, 3 cups water. Boil together 5 minutes. When cold, mix with four cups of flour, 4 level teaspoonsful Egg-O Baking Powder, 1 level teaspoonful of salt; sift and beat together. Bake slowly 1 hour. Better kept a day or two before eating.

For Sending Overseas

This is the ideal cake for sending to your soldier boys. Send it in a tin box. It will arrive fresh and in perfect condition.

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Buy a tin of Egg-O Baking Powder from your grocer to-day. Send us the coupon from the can and we will mail you free a copy of the Egg-O Book of Reliable Recipes which contains many more clever recipes for just the dishes you would like to make at this time.

If your grocer does not sell Egg-O, send us 10 cents and your grocer's name and we will send you a trial tin (4 lb. net weight) of Egg-O Baking Powder and the Book of Reliable Recipes as well.

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Further particulars and information on application.

JOHN DAVIDSON, Manager.

Mention MacLean's Magazine—It will identify you.

Charlie White, Steam Doctor

THE other day Charlie White was calling on W. R. Davies & Co., Lucanville, who make knitted goods, and whose plant is a fairly big one. The manager complained to Charlie that they weren't getting their factory heated properly. They were burning enough coal, but somehow the building wouldn't heat up and keep heated. What was the matter? It was up to Charlie White to give the answer. (Exhaust steam is used for heating.)

Charlie White is a regular steam doctor. He has diagnosed so many patients that it does not take him very long to locate troubles.

Charlie, by enquiry, found that the steam circulation was faulty. This was due to back pressure. This back pressure acts as a resistant to free circulation. When the engine exhausts an excessive amount of steam, passing it into the pipes of the heating system, it aggravates the trouble, for the pressure of the stimulated steam production on the steam already in the pipes throws back the steam on the engine, which has then to be slowed down, or else let escape into the surrounding atmosphere the over-production of steam; and this won't do. If, on the other hand, the steam is allowed to escape into the outer atmosphere, after its conduct through the pipes, too freely, it produces a too rapid "pull" on the steam, which in such case takes the most direct route to the point of escape, failing to linger in the pipes of the heating system, and so failing to heat the factory adequately, sustainably and economically.

Charlie pointed out that what was needed was a good Back Pressure Valve—one of the latest type of construction. Said Doctor Charlie to the manager:

"What you want, Brown, is a regulation of the pressure on the steam passing into the pipes of your heating system. This calls for a valve. Given the right kind of valve, back pressure will be relieved and an equable flow of steam through your heating system at an equable pressure assured.

"Your trouble, as you have seen, has been from back pressure, but you didn't know how to correct it. Now, if you put in a back-pressure valve like this"—and Charlie had out his catalogue, which contained an illustration of the device—"it will be possible to maintain a constant and even pressure, just sufficient to secure a circulation through the heating system. If the pressure should rise above this point, the back-pressure valve relieves the excess pressure to the atmosphere. Put on this device, Brown, and your troubles will end.

"And there is something more, Brown, for you to consider. When the back pressure is great, so resisting circulation, and so requiring forcing as it were, as well as throwing back on the engine an undesirable strain, as well as a check on its output of steam, you are not only getting inefficient heating, but you are actually losing from 2½% to 3% per lb. of steam produced. You can calculate what this signifies in terms of fuel, and fuel-costs. If you do this, you will find, in the course of a year or two that you will have paid in actual money the cost of a good back-pressure valve, besides which is the unsatisfactory heating of your factory."

"What do the blame things cost?" was Brown's practical query.

"The prices are all set down right here," said Doctor Charlie, and Brown skimmed them—\$17, \$18, \$20 and so on, up to \$300 for the largest size.

"I figure," said Doctor White, "that No. 12 is the size you want—costs \$140."

"Looks dear," said Brown, "but we just got to have it, and I hope that we'll get back the cost, as you say we will, from reduced coal consumption."

"You certainly will," said White, "and next time I come round you'll be asking

me if we have anything that will put the coal dealer out of business altogether; and if you do, I'll do my best to sell you everything in our catalogue. Ta, ta"—and Charlie went to his hotel to write a letter to his firm, which read:

"Darling Brothers, steam specialists, Montreal: Send W. R. Davies & Co., Lucanville, one Noiseless Back-Pressure Valve, size 12, Code word "Empire," price to be \$140. Advise me when shipped that I may be on hand to superintend installation—White."—Advt.

The Pawns Count

Continued from page 95.

Von Schwerin drew his chair a little nearer.

"I plunge at once," he said, "into the middle of things. There is always the fear that we may be disturbed."

Nikasti inclined his head.

"It is best," he agreed.

"You are aware," Von Schwerin continued, "that the Imperial Government of Germany has already made formal overtures, through a third party, to the Emperor of Japan with reference to an alteration in our relations?"

"There was talk of this in Tokio," Nikasti observed softly. "Japan, however, is under obligations—treaty obligations. Her honour demands that these should be kept."

"The honour of a country," Baron von Schwerin acknowledged, "is, without doubt, a sacred charge upon her rulers, but above all things in heaven or on earth, the interests of her people must be their first consideration. If a time should come when the two might seem to clash, then it is the task of the statesman to recognise this fact."

Nikasti bowed.

"It is spoken," he confessed, "like a great man."

"Your country," Von Schwerin continued, "is at war with mine because it seemed to her rulers that her interests lay with the Allies rather than with Germany. I will admit that my country was at fault. We did not recognize to its full extent the value of friendship with Japan. We did not bid high enough for your favours. Asia concerned us very little. We looked upon the destruction of our interests there in the same spirit as that with which we contemplated the loss of our colonies. All that might happen would be temporary. Our influence in Asia, our colonies, will remain with us or perish, according to the result of the war in Europe. But our state men overlooked one thing."

"Our factories," Nikasti murmured. "Precisely! We have had our agents all over the world for years. Some are good, a few are easily deceived. There is no country in the world where apparently so much liberty is granted to foreigners as in Japan. There is no country where the capacity for manufacture and output has been so grossly under-estimated by our agents, as yours."

Nikasti smiled.

"I had something to do with that," he announced. "It was Karl Neumann, was it not, on whom you replied? I supplied him with much information."

Von Schwerin's face clouded for a moment.

"You mean that you fooled him, I

suppose," he said. "Well, it is all part of the game. That is over now. We want your exports to Russia stopped."

"Ah!" Nikasti murmured reflectively. "Stopped!"

"We ask no favours," Von Schwerin continued. "The issue of this war is written across the face of the skies for those who care to read them."

Nikasti looked downwards at the dress-coat which he was carrying. Then he glanced up at Von Schwerin.

"Perhaps our eyes have been dazzled," he said. "Will you not interpret?"

"The end of the war will be a peace of exhaustion," Von Schwerin explained. "Our loftier dreams of conquest we must abandon. Germany has played her part, but Austria, alas, has failed. Peace will leave us all very much where we were. Very well, then, I ask you, what has Japan gained? You answer China? I deny it. Yet even if it were true, it will take you five hundred years to make a great country of China. Suppose for a moment you had been on the other side. What about Australia?—New Zealand?"

"Are those things under present consideration?" Nikasti queried.

"Why not?" Von Schwerin replied. "Listen. Close your exports to Russia within the next thirty days. Build up for yourselves a stock of ammunition, add to your fleet, and prepare. Within a year of the cessation of war, there is no reason why your national dream should not be realised. Your fleet may sail for San Francisco. The German Fleet shall make a simultaneous attack upon the eastern coast of Massachusetts and New York."

"The German Fleet," Nikasti repeated. "And England?"

Von Schwerin's eyes flashed for a moment.

"If the English Fleet is still in being," he declared, "it will be a crippled and defeated fleet, but, for the sake of your point of view, I will assume that it exists. Even then there will be nothing to prevent the German Fleet from steaming in what waters it pleases. If our shells fall upon New York on the day when your warships are sighted off the Californian coast, do you suppose that America could resist? With her seaboard, her fleet is contemptible. For her wealth, her army is a farce. She has neglected for a great many years to pay her national insurance. She is the one country in the world who can be bled for the price of empires."

Fischer, who had been smoking furiously, spat out the end of a fresh cigar.

"It will be a just retribution," he

interposed, with smothered fierceness. "Under the guise of neutrality, America has been responsible for the lives of hundreds of thousands of my countrymen. That we never can, we never shall, forget. The wealth which makes these people fat is blood-money, and Germany will take her vengeance."

"For whom do you speak?" Nikasti inquired.

Von Schwerin rose from his place.

"For the greatest of all."

"Do I take anything but words to Tokio?" the Japanese asked softly.

Kischer unfolded a pocket-book and drew from it a parchment envelope.

"You take this letter," he said, "which I brought over myself from Berlin, signed and written not more than three weeks ago. I ask you to believe in no vague promise. I bring you the pledged faith of the greatest ruler on earth. What do you say, Nikasti? Will you accept our mission? Will you go back to Tokio and see the Emperor?"

Nikasti bowed.

"I will go back," he promised. "I will sail as soon as I can make arrangements. But I cannot tell you what the issue may be. We Japanese are not a self-seeking nation. I cannot tell what answer our sovereign may give to this."

To be continued.

Chasing Submarines

Continued from page 20.

bits of colored bunting half the world would give their ears to sport; like it better than all the games we ever knew—war's the greatest game of all!"

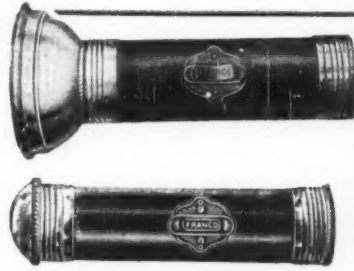
"YOUR boat only draws a few feet of water," said Authority, once more waking up to the lieutenant's existence. "Go over to the Belgian coast and see what you can find there in the way of mines; also, if you should happen to see an occasional submarine—well, you know how to deal with her."

The motor-boat said "Thank you" very nicely, and disappeared once more. The "pack" who hunt the *interseeboote* gave her enthusiastic welcome; their commodore gave her a station and a few intricate devices for bringing home her quarry. Also, so that a crew should not be bored in the intervals between "kills," she was provided with one of those jolly little one-boat drags whereby enemy mines can be fished up from the depths and the gun-layer be allowed good practice in sinking them—from a safe distance.

Once there came a submarine, who broke surface after she had seen the motor-boat, and whose big four-inch gun talked most rudely to the smaller craft. The motor-boat spat back and ran—ran with the submarine lumbering after her, throttling down her motors so as to keep just out of range, and all the while drawing that U-boat farther and farther into the meshes of a gigantic net set for the trapping of such as she. And, after the destroyers had closed in and captured the U-boat, it was the little hydroplane who was given the job of escorting her home to a certain place on the East Coast, where the navy has established a base for dealing with enemy craft who come intact to these shores.

It was rather fortunate that she should get home that day, for eight big Zeppelins tried that same night to demonstrate what "frightfulness" really was, having chosen

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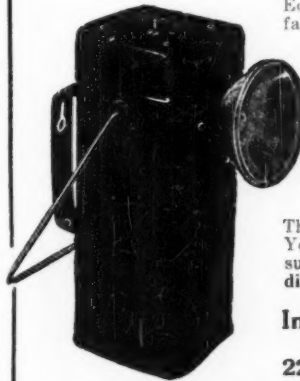
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How they will simply yell for joy when they see what is in their stockings.

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Mention MacLean's Magazine—It will identify you.

certain highly important cities as their objective. But the East Coast defences were ready and waiting for them, and also for the flotilla of submarines they had brought with them for some nefarious purpose or other. So when, just after midnight, our motor-boat became embroiled with two enemy submarines, who would insist upon rising, firing, and then suddenly dipping, her lieutenant suddenly bethought himself of a new scheme he had worked out a few days ago—a scheme in which the jolly little one-boat drag and the tins of high explosive with percussion-detonators played a big part. He put the scheme into effect, and it worked. I can't tell you what it is—the Censor won't let me—but the enemy lost five submarines in that enterprise, three of which the young, bright lieutenant claimed, and the Admiralty have since improved upon and adopted the device in the eternal submarine hunt. The inventor refused to add a few letters to his name as a reward. "D.S.C. be hanged!" he said, when they mooted the subject. "If there'd been no war there'd have been no invention. I don't want bally rewards for playing the game."

At other times attached seaplanes would tell the motor-boat that submarines lurked in her vicinity. Then, by means of her own, the motor-boat would locate them. She became a shadow; where the *unterseebooten* went, she followed, and she had a nice way of tenaciously sticking to their tails till they came up to breathe, when—on the principle of hitting first and asking questions afterwards—she would present them with a grand collection of three-pounder shells, most of which found their billets, and raised joy in Admiralty hearts when her reports were sent in.

BUT, notwithstanding the marked success which has attended his strenuous efforts; notwithstanding the thanks and gratitude a good-natured navy pours upon him and his fellow motor-boaters, the young lieutenant has never got rid of that tremendous feeling of awe engendered by the work of the Grand Fleet around him; has never quite lived down that unconscious pride in the useful and important jobs the Motor-Boat Patrol are called upon to do.

"The end?" he queried, when once asked a certain question. "The end's inevitable; it's just got to be the end of war for ever and ever. The future's as bright and rosy to-day as it ever was; Fritz is nearly sitting up and wagging his tail like a begging dog. Rewards?"

He broke off, and pointed to a small photograph on the wall of his room ashore. It showed a battered submarine in tow of a tug which had once been a pleasure-steamer, and hoisted above the black-crossed Eagle Ensign was the Meteor Flag of the Sea Empire.

"Rewards?" he repeated. "Those pots and things there I got in fair and strenuous contest." His arm swept in a vague gesture the silver-decorated sideboard. "Look here, my boy, if it came to a choice which of all my trophies I should keep, you can take all the cups and shields and shove 'em in the crucible; you could rip the pennants up for paper-making; but that photo is the picture of the first submarine I ever succeeded in capturing, and when my call comes, it shall be buried with me. No, it's not swank; it's just the feeling that war is the greatest game of all; that the best reward a man can have is to know he did his little bit when his country had need of him."

MacLean's Magazine for 1918

To be Improved Every Way—A First-Class Programme—The Broad Character of MacLean's Magazine—A Galaxy of Distinguished Contributors.

MacLean's

has become in every sense of the word "the National Magazine." With its clean, select circulation of well over 50,000, a circulation that is rapidly growing, MACLEAN'S is going into the best homes in Canada and carrying there the work of the best Canadian writers, dealing with the liveliest national topics. MACLEAN'S circulation, by the way, is the equivalent of about 1,000,000 in the United States—American magazines have a market practically twenty times that of the Canadian field—so MACLEAN'S is making quite remarkable headway.

STARTING with this (January) number, the price of MACLEAN'S becomes 20 cents per single copy, and, by yearly subscription, \$2.00. This has become the standard price for monthly magazines, practically all the better known publications having operated on this basis for the past six months. The new standard price has been literally forced upon the magazine publishers by the tremendous increases which have to be faced in the prices of paper, ink, engravings, labor and cost of distribution. The increased cost has been intensified in the case of MACLEAN'S because of the added customs duties and the fact that paper costs considerably more in this country than it does in the United States. However, quite apart from the matter of production, costs which make the new price necessary, readers of MACLEAN'S will find that it has been justified many times over by what will be offered during

1918

READERS will agree that MACLEAN'S has been steadily and rapidly improving. The pace will be accelerated during the coming year. It will be a new MACLEAN'S that reaches you — bigger, brighter, more live, more vital, more all-embracing. It is going to cover Canada

and give the best material on subjects in which Canadians are interested. All the best features and writers of past issues are to be retained and new features and writers are being added.

■

So many good things have already been secured that it is possible here to touch only the really big things, the special features which will make the 1918 MACLEAN'S the one magazine that Canadian readers will look for. Take, first, the fiction end:



Robert W. Service.

Five serial stories—the best of the year.

In addition to the two serials now running, "The Pawns Count," by E. Phillips Oppenheim, and "The Magic Makers," by Alan Sullivan, arrangements have been made for three others for use during 1918. These stories are outstanding, gripping, fascinating and widely different in their appeal. They are by the three outstanding weavers of tales who hail from Canada—Arthur Stringer, W. A. Fraser and Arthur E. McFarlane.

Arthur Stringer
is finishing a series.

LIVING again in his old home town of Chatham, Ontario, Arthur Stringer has won the reputation of being the master of mystery stories. He is now finishing up a series of stories for

(Continued on next page.)



E. Phillips Oppenheim.

MacLean's Magazine for 1918—Continued

MACLEAN'S which will revolve around one character—stories of metropolitan adventure, with all the romance and glamour and mystery that Arthur Stringer can weave into his fascinating tales.



Arthur Stringer.

W. A. Fraser At his best

W. A. FRASER is finishing a tremendous story—the best he has ever done. It will be called "The Blue Stones of Kuhl" and it will contain not only a wealth of animal lore but a thread of German intrigue and a charming love interest etched against a background of Hindu mystery. Every Canadian knows the W. A. Fraser of "Mooswa" and "Thoroughbreds." Well, the W. A. Fraser of "The Blue Stones of Kuhl" will be a revelation. He has perfected his art and tells a story that literally enthralls.

AT LAST!

The Great Mogul

YEAR ago the readers of MACLEAN'S were promised a gripping, colorful story by Arthur E. McFarlane, "The Great Mogul." The young author has since been in such bad health that he has not been able to complete a final "polishing." It will be along soon—a story that starts in Canada and ends in India and deals with elephant hunts and Hindu magic in curious shrines. It is a fascinating story of love and adventure but of vastly more—of mystery, of the deep jungle and the deeper and more inexplicable jungle of men's minds.

Another Service Series

LAST year Robert W. Service published his "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man" and broke all records for book sales in Canada—50,000! Previously the pick of these war poems had appeared in MACLEAN'S. Now he is at work on a new series, "tinkering at his bits of rhymes" within sound of the "guns that bray without abate"—and the best of them will again appear first of all in MACLEAN'S.

This is a distinct triumph for MACLEAN'S and adds the gilding touch to our 1918 programme. A Service poem in every issue—this is something to look forward to!

Covering The War

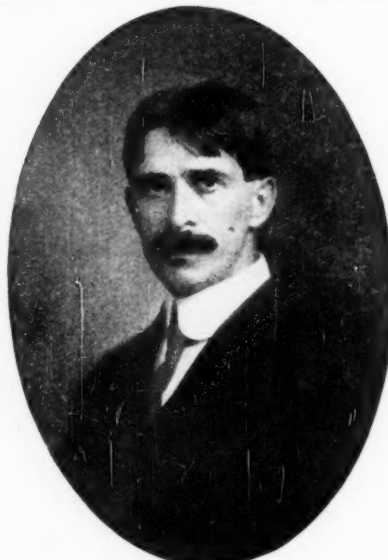
THE one thing that counts in the life of everyone to-day, the war, will be covered fully, fearlessly and differently. It is difficult for a monthly magazine to give articles that will be sufficiently different from the tremendous volume of matter that the newspapers and the weeklies publish—but MACLEAN'S is doing it. Such stories as Corporal Siddie's in December, the story of a sniper, and of Margerison's in the present number, "Chasing the Submarines," such stories will be continued—intimate sketches of the war in its most unusual phases. In addition there will be articles on the broader phases of the struggle, articles which cannot be forecast now because no one knows how the war is going. They will be by the greatest writers. Some are promised already by two of the greatest writers in the world—to wit:

H. G. WELLS

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

Right Out From The Shoulder

A FEATURE for the past six months has been the articles by Colonel John Bayne Maclean, founder and publisher of MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE. Colonel Maclean has given straight, fearless talks and has aroused more discussion than any other writer in the magazine. He will continue his articles during the



Arthur E. McFarlane.

MacLean's Magazine for 1918—Continued

coming year and will continue to strike out as hard as ever at red tape, political inefficiency and extravagant officialdom. There will be rattlings of skeletons in political closets and such a stating of plain truths as the people of Canada do not get in our partizan newspaper press.

This brings us to the pictorial side of the war. Arrangements have been made for special drawings by H. W. Cooper (the first from him in this issue) and by Gunner McRitchie.



Agnes C. Laut.

More Agnes Laut Articles

AGNES C. LAUT has a remarkable faculty for getting at information—the inside story of national and international happenings and she can write them, with a vigor and trenchancy particularly her own. Miss Laut will be found in every issue of MACLEAN'S for 1918. It is possible that she will go overseas soon and in that case readers of MACLEAN'S will have a chance to see what is happening in the war-beleagured lands of Europe through her observing eyes.

Stephen Leacock of Course

PRACTICALLY every reader who takes the trouble to write to the editor about MACLEAN'S generally finishes with, "Don't forget to give us more Leacock." They still talk about "Germany From Within" and "The Peacemakers" and "In Dry Toronto." There will be more Leacock during 1918—as often as we can persuade Dr. Leacock to get to work. He is a busy man; but he'll be in MACLEAN'S right along with his inimitable humor and his smashing satire. Leacock of course.

And These Features

SPACE will not permit us to tell the whole story. Some of the 1918 features must be mentioned with a scanty reference that ill-befits their value: For instance, Politics—and H. F. Gadsby. Rural Stories—and Peter McArthur. Business Articles—and W. A. Craick, Britton Cooke, Robson Black and others.

Short Stories—and Charles G. D. Roberts, Hopkins Moorhouse, A. C. Allenson, Madge Macbeth, Arthur Beverly Baxter, Adam Harold Brown, Peter B. Kyne and many others.

More Illustrations and Better

MACLEAN'S has shown, we believe, most remarkable strides in the pictorial side recently. During 1918 the improvement will be continued. Just look at this list of artists who will help to picture the stories and "dress" the magazine:

F. R. GRUGER
C. W. JEFFERYS
J. W. BEATTY
LOU SKUCE
E. J. DINSMORE
F. WESTON TAYLOR

ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN
ARTHUR HEMING
CHARLES L. WRENN
BEN WARD
R. M. BRINKERHOFF
F. HORSMAN VARLEY

The Review of Reviews

AS the magazine is to be made bigger there will be more space for what is probably our consistently best feature—The Review of Reviews. Practically every magazine and review published the world over is read before the articles are selected which run in this section. They represent, therefore, the cream of the current literature of the world in condensed form.

The Business Department

THE usual departments at the front, the Business Outlook and the Investment Situation will be continued as at present. They are carefully edited by especially prepared men.

Other Big Features Pending

THERE are several other features under negotiation which are so big and so vital that it would be inadvisable to give a hint as to their nature until the manuscripts are in this office and under lock and key—there's many a slip 'twixt author and editor. But they're coming—and they are big.



Lieut.-Colonel John Bayne Maclean.

ALTOGETHER 1918 is going to be a tremendous year for MACLEAN'S. The year which will see, as we hope, the final victory of the Allies will see another victory—the culmination of an ambitious plan to build a Canadian National Magazine.

Saving the Discard of Humanity

Continued from page 18.

of violence and destructiveness implored Dr. Clarke "For God's sake put me in another ward where I can let myself go and smash everything. Things are so nice and refined here that I don't dare to spoil them."

At Rockwood Dr. Clarke developed the first special hospital for psychiatric cases in America. It was the forerunner of the psychiatric clinic in which also he has led the way—"the first step," as he says, "towards the ideal in the treatment of acute cases of insanity."

He was no laggard in disseminating these modern ideas. He filled the chair in Psychiatry at Queen's University, and gave frequent public lectures on that subject, and acted, also, as an editor of the *Journal of Insanity*, the organ of the Medico-Psychological Association. Moreover, during these twenty years of constructive reform at Rockwood he carried on laboratory research in brain diseases ceaselessly.

In 1905 he was called to Toronto by the Hon. Mr. Hanna and appointed Superintendent of the Provincial Hospital for the Insane. He found this an unyielding proposition. Conditions were fixed and antagonistic to idealism such as had found so ready a field at Rockwood. Still something could be done by daring, and, with the cooperation of the young and brilliant Fitzgerald from the Enoch-Shepard Hospital at Baltimore, a clinic was established. Dr. Clarke engaged the enthusiastic interest of Mr. Hanna in his scheme to establish a psychiatric clinic of the continental type in Ontario, and in 1908 was appointed a Royal Commissioner with two others to proceed to Europe and make a report on the methods employed there in advanced hospitals for the insane. He submitted his report, which was approved by the cabinet, and a small appropriation of \$100,000 was made to begin the work which would have placed this province in the front rank in psychiatry. But reactionaries quenched this plan in the Legislature.

He became restless after this and felt that he was wasting time, and was on the point of taking up independent practice when he was asked, unexpectedly, to undertake the organization of the new Toronto General Hospital. It was a difficult enterprise and entailed an even less agreeable service than that he had resolved on leaving. Yet, out of a sense of duty to the University he finally accepted the superintendency.

The present narrative is not directly concerned with his successful efforts there, nor with his achievements as Dean of the Faculty of Medicine in the University of Toronto. In this capacity and as Professor of Psychiatry, however, he has been instrumental in establishing a Psychological Laboratory in the University, the only one of its kind in Canada, for the purpose of cooperation with the psychiatric clinic he has developed at the General Hospital. This clinic flourished for a brief space in 1909 in an old building on the site of the new hospital, and was not reopened until April, 1914, when it was connected with the Social Service Department of the hospital and a new era dawned for the treatment of the feeble-minded and insane.

Dr. Clarke is now approaching the realization of his life-long and greatest ambition—reforms in the treatment

of the insane. He is consecrated to the endeavor. He has been remarkably successful in approximating the point of view of the insane and every day brings him letters for his former patients appealing for his sympathy and advice. He regards these friendships reverently, and among the most interesting of his life. It has long been his opinion that these asylum patients are "end cases" and usually hopeless, and that insanity is manifested in childhood, when its initial stages are frequently well marked and susceptible of diagnosis, and when curative measures may be successfully applied. The finding of the psychiatric clinic have verified these opinions. Dr. Clarke has succeeded in diagnosing insanity in children only three years old.

It is now known that insanity is not a sudden obsession, but has its causes rooted in some constitutional make up, that it has initial stages and runs a definite course of development, passing through critical and final stages. Psychiatrists and psychologists are cooperating in investigating the *life trend* of patients suffering from abnormal mental conditions. All the resources of science and of social researches are available to prevent the occurrence of "end cases."

TO the solution of this baffling problem Dr. Clarke is dedicating himself anew, with characteristic energy and enthusiasm. He has organized a staff of young medical men to assist him whom he describes as "painstaking, clever and certain to attain distinction." These assistants are Drs. Clarence M. Hincks, O. C. J. Withrow and L. J. Yealland, of the Mimico Hospital for the Insane.

The material for the clinic is furnished by the public schools, the juvenile courts and by civic and social organizations all over Canada. Up to the present time (a record for three years only) nearly 2,400 cases have been examined and reported on in this clinic. Dr. Clarke and Dr. Hincks sometimes deal with thirty cases in an afternoon. It is a hopeful fact for Canada that the foreign-born patients outnumber the native-born, who have contributed only 43% to the clinic. Yet the fact that 32% of the foreign born have come from the British Isles is, as the chief psychiatrist says, "a fact so significant that the immigration authorities cannot afford to ignore it." Russian Jews furnish a very large proportion of the remainder. Dr. Clarke maintains that under skilled inspection few defectives could gain entrance into the country to become a social peril and a public charge.

From the Juvenile Court there is a ceaseless flow of material to the clinic. Most of these helpless children have already committed anti-social acts, and all are potential criminals. The work of sorting them out demands the most extended knowledge and experience both in medicine, psychiatry and psychology. It is frequently a matter of expert medical skill to differentiate between cases of *dementia praecox*, general paresis of the insane, and the feeble-minded. Selected cases are sent up to the psychological laboratory for special investigation. Following diagnosis there is a thorough medical examination of each patient. A blood test is taken of every selected case. The lower grade defectives are, sad to say, not susceptible of improvement.

They have in hand a still more radical measure as a means of research into the causes of insanity. Already funds have been subscribed for the purpose. This is the establishment of a ward for metabolic observation of selected cases, to be undertaken by the Department of Pathological Chemistry of Toronto University. This research is an adventuring into the cryptic workshops of the body, noting the processes by which the living tissues take up nutriment and convert it to their uses, and effect their characteristic secretions.

Dr. Clarke anticipates most important discoveries from these investigations. Possibly the *hitch* in the normal processes of the tissues may be found that causes madness in the mind.

It is a notable achievement to have got these three separate departments of research cooperating: the psychiatric clinic, the psychological laboratory, and the ward for metabolic research, and the results must, beyond peradventure, lighten the darkness that at present covers the causes of this most mysterious of maladies.

WHEN I expressed a wish to see the methods of psychiatric diagnosis, Dr. Clarke kindly consented to my presence at the clinic recently. On taking my seat at the table I noticed that it was strewn with games, blocks, puzzles, dominoes, prints, etc. A stenographer was quietly making a report of the proceedings, while a visiting physician sat absorbed in the scene.

Diagnosis is based on ascertained standards of normal development in the average child, from year to year, up to the period of adolescence, in the powers of observation, coordination, memory, etc. What the average child *should know* and *should be* at a given age has been definitely laid down. The child which fails to reach any given standard at a given age, therefore, is classified as in that respect below par. The tests, which are known as the Binet-Simon tests, determine in what respect a child is lacking, and the efforts of psychiatrists are directed to remedying such defects, if possible. These tests, however, are not applicable in cases of suspected insanity. A test for the sense of form in the very low grade is the replacing of blocks of various shapes in the cavity to which each is adapted. There is a nice test in calculating weight by ranging a set of cubes in order of their weight from the heaviest to the lightest, or the reverse. Prints of figures lacking in some feature, such as an eye, ear, nose, chin, etc., test capacity for observation or intelligence for the ridiculous. Reading and recapitulation of the subject-matter is used as one of the memory tests. In a similar test Dr. Clarke touches a series of blocks and asks this patient to follow in the same order. This is also a test of the faculty of imitation and power to concentrate.

On taking my place I saw a tall lad of fifteen years, well-groomed and dressed, with rippling sun-tinted hair and a fresh young face, standing before Dr. Clarke, whose aspect was benignant and inviting of confidence. This examination was proceeding:

"How do you like geography?"

"Not much."

"What is the name of the lake here, beside Toronto?"

"Lake Ontario," the boy said promptly.

"Where does it come from?"

A long pause, then, "from Lake Erie."

"And where does it go?"



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A longer pause, a puzzled look and then
a shake of the head.

"How do you like arithmetic?"

"Not much."

"Try this subtraction."

The lad worked for some minutes and
produced this result:

1865
1917

948

Dr. Clarke quietly passed the paper to
me and the stenographer.

"What are you most interested in?"

"Sports."

"Which sport?"

"Baseball."

"Draw the field for me."

The boy was now all animation. He
plotted the field correctly, but in reply to
some questions of rules of play blundered.
At which the Doctor smiles genially.

"The umpire won't agree to that," he
said. As a test of intelligence for ab-
surdity he was asked: "I have three
brothers, John, James and myself. Is
that all right?"

The boy looked surprised. "Of course,"
he said. And he went away with his
anxious mother repeating his fixed be-
lief that "Buffalo is a Canadian city!"

Another case was a lad of fourteen re-
putedly with "no mind of his own," son
of a drunkard and ward of the Boys'
Home. "I can never get him to settle
down to anything," said the Home Super-
intendent. The boy stood indifferent to
praise or blame, detached, anemic, aim-
less.

"What do you like doing?" asked Dr.
Clarke kindly.

No reply.

"If I gave you \$10 what would you do
with it?"

"Put it in the bank," he replied vir-
tuously.

"Why? Why would you do that?" The
boy smiled vaguely and shuffled. "What
would you spend it on?" insisted Dr.
Clarke. "Candies, ice cream cones, and
go in to the show," he confessed—quite
normal follies, apparently! "What show
do you like best?" "I like series." "What
series?" "Pearl of the Army." Surely
a supreme test for feeble-mindedness,
and a long line-up behind that boy!
Given the following figures he set down
the results quickly:

896	1865
584	1932
632	
3120	1933

"How much have you earned a week?"
"Five dollars." "How long have you kept
your job?" "A week." "Never longer?"
He was silent. A typical case of the
ne'er-do-well. The laboratory staff have
no means as yet of handling this type
beyond advising the case and assigning
him a "big brother."

A typical case of *dementia praecox*,
familiarily referred to as "D.P.," was
diagnosed in a little lad ten years old,
extremely winning of look and manner.
He was well-groomed and neatly dressed.
The report stated that while he was up
to grade in school he could not read.
The report should have been "would not
read," for he read remarkably well at
Dr. Clarke's request and repeated the
substance correctly. He was singularly
attracted to the Doctor, pressing closely to
his side and peering into his face with
questioning eyes. His muscular system



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Further details can be obtained on ap-
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Deputy Minister of the Naval Service
Department of the Naval Service,
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tisement will not be paid for.

seemed out of control, his face and
shoulders twitching continually. His
mania is stealing and his illusion that
he is the object of persecution. Will he
become an "end case?" Can a clue be
found to his "life trend?" At least
science will give him a chance at life!

Walter P— was eleven years old and
in the second book. He had a wide, va-
cant blue eye and halting speech. "Fa-
ther—he's—dead. Mother—has—a—bad
leg. My two sisters older than me work
—I wash—the—dish—es, etc." He read
laboriously the story set for the memory
test and forgot the matter immediately.
He proved to be an epileptic as well as
a D.P. "Hopeless," was the verdict, yet
he may live a long life!

In these late times we are beginning to
regard the matter of weak mindedness
differently. We are perplexed by a
thought, by a vision, by a hope that "a
spark disturbs our cloud."

The Magic Makers

Continued from page 17.

unofficial glance of admiration at the big
frame, hazarded the remark that it was
unusual for one of the Force to tire of a
holiday before his leave was up. Having
said this he settled back in his chair and
waited with growing interest.

"It's not that I'm tired," replied Jock
thoughtfully, "but I've taken on a job and
want permission to carry it out."

The Comptroller looked up sharply.
"What job?"

In answer Jock unrolled the soft frag-
ment of hide on the broad flat-topped desk,
and, starting at the beginning, told his
story. He noted without surprise that as
he spoke an expression of incredulity
dawned in the Comptroller's face.

"I know very well what perhaps you
are thinking, sir, but if this thing can
be done it will be for the honor of the
Force, for it is as Sergeant MacTier that
I would like to travel. Something in the
back of my head, I can't explain what it
is, tells me that Henry Rintoul is alive,
for, mind you, we most always hear of
it, in one way or another, when a white
man is killed in the North. That makes
talk—while there is nothing said other-
wise."

"It may be so," ruminated the Compt-
roller, "but how are you going about it?
You've got nothing to start with."

"I know that, sir. So perhaps it
doesn't make much difference where I
do start. There are two things I'd like
to find out first. One is if there are any
known discoveries of silver, say, north of
the fifty-fifth parallel, and whether the
Surveys Branch can find me an island
shaped anything like this one."

Once more the Comptroller pondered.
"Why do you mention the fifty-fifth
parallel?"

"Because, sir, there is walrus hunting
in the place where Henry Rintoul was
when he made this map, and so far as I
know the walrus don't come south of the
fifty-fifth parallel. I'd like to get in-
formation about iron as well."

The official pushed back his papers
and stared hard into Jock's grey eyes.
"You mean to tell me, MacTier, that on
the strength of this," he jerked his chin
at the half obliterated map, "you are
going into the North to look for a man

Continued on page 111.



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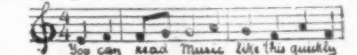
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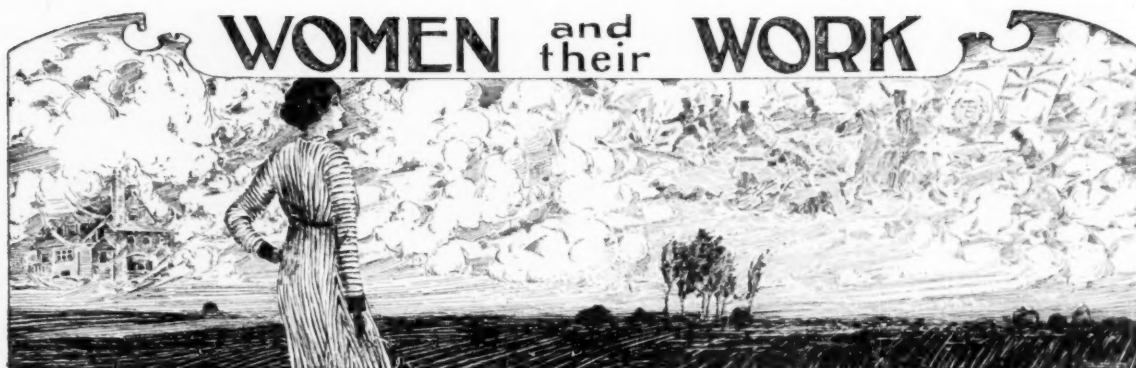
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Your Daughter's Career

The War Is Bringing a New Social and Economic Condition for the Girl. Is She Being Fitted to Meet It?

By Ethel M. Chapman

IN the turmoil of any great havoc some incidental changes are likely to creep in so subtly as to be unnoticed until they have crystallized beyond correction. There never was a time, for instance, when the parents of the world were so much concerned about their boys. Everything they had hoped for them, except the one fundamental thing, a virile manhood, has been swept away like tinder in a blaze that will be quenched with nothing less than the whole of their lives, ambitions, everything. The picture is so overwhelming that we lose sight of the quieter drama going on in the wings where the boys' sisters sit, a little heart-broken and lonely and knitting. They don't realize that the thing which has shifted the direction of their brothers' careers is changing life just as surely for them; and their fathers and mothers, who ordinarily would have seen this for them, are, naturally, so absorbed in the more imminent dangers for their boys that the girls' future is left to take care of itself.

In an exclusive ladies' "finishing school" two girls came to the principal and said, "We've been thinking about what we're going to do." The principal was surprised. There was usually just one popular thing for the girl graduate to do. "First, we've decided we're not going to be married," they began. This was more surprising, but the girls' explanation was logical. Their brothers were at the front, all their friends were at the front or on their way there; many of them had been killed; it was not unlikely that the girls would never be married. One of them had decided to enter the university and qualify for a profession which would give her a more broad and useful and interesting life than the teas and matinees of a woman of leisure without home responsibilities. The other girl's brother had been killed. She was going to take a commercial course and go home to take the place in her father's business that her brother would have filled if he had lived. Their cases

will be typical of thousands before the war is over and for some years after.

OF course a great many girls have been working and earning their living for years, but it has too often been a makeshift affair. The girl wanted something to "fill in" from the time she left school until the time she was married, a job which would give her enough money to support herself, perhaps, and to buy the frills that every girl wants and which, at present prices, no father with a moderate income and several daughters can afford. The idea that her work would be only temporary has been responsible for many a girl's lack of training. Almost any occupation will do to mark time, but marking time is a hopeless outlook for an indefinite period, and many of the girls who least expected it three years ago will be earning their living for the rest of their lives. The new conditions make it important not only that a girl should be trained for some kind of work which will bring her a good living salary, but that the work be something through which she can have a fuller life and express the best of herself.

For instance, the normal girl is a homemaker and fond of children. As there will be fewer new homes for the next twenty years, the girl will have to find an expression for these instincts in some other way. She may find it in trained nursing where she can use her head and her heart and her hands in ministering to people just as she would in her own house. She may get it in teaching where she can guide and direct young life as she would if she had children of her own. She might find it in various forms of social service work, or in trying to create a home atmosphere in a residential college or a soldiers' convalescent hospital. The profession known as institutional housekeeping is especially adapted to the girl who has had housekeeping experience at home, and the professional training has not the terrors of going back to school.

Then there is the case of the girl with special talents. She may want to be a doctor or a lawyer or an architect. Obviously the need of women in the professions is going to be greater than it was before the war, and if the girl has ability she should be able to work up a practice. Or, her inclinations may run to designing, or decorating, or landscape gardening, or writing, or drawing, or music. There will be a place for her in any of these, if together with ability she has unflinching perseverance and courage. To discourage her at the beginning may mean spoiling her whole life; people with a genius for creative work can usually find a permanent joy in doing it, even with the ruins of all their other air castles lying about their feet. The pity is that these vocations are overrun with amateurs who have natural ability, but who have not been trained in the technique of their art, and who have never been put under the discipline that makes them work at a thing until they learn it. A great many failures occur in these fields, also, because girls have not received the thorough grounding or general education necessary. We think of one girl who has a wonderful voice. With the right education she could have gone far, but she quit school when she was fourteen and went into vaudeville singing. She has already reached the zenith of her career and she is not twenty. She has not had the hard discipline of good masters who would have taught her to concentrate, to forget herself and the flattery of the crowds and to see the flaws in her work. Even if she could have gone on to better things she would have found her lack of ordinary school education a hindrance at every turn. It would have dulled her interpretation of a song, it would have left her out of sympathy with the finest people she would meet; it would, possibly, have given her an irretrievable stamp of "lack of breeding." In any of the specialized arts the best ground work for success is a broad, general training in the public and high schools and a protection

of the child prodigy from any public display which may turn her head and ruin her possibilities of going farther.

A broad general education is just as important for the business girl. The difference which a high school education will make to a stenographer may ultimately be the difference between eight hundred dollars and fifteen hundred dollars, between permanent typing and a private secretaryship. We might even go farther than that, for the demand for girls in business is increasing every year, and there are few places where the modern girl with business ability will not venture and succeed. But there is something very appealing about the anxiety of the gentle, home-loving mother of the twentieth-century all-initiative business girl. She hovers anxiously over her adventures like a tenderly brooding hen who has hatched a duckling that will swim out where she can't follow. The mother sees all sorts of dangers ahead, and she shrinks from the thought of her delicately reared daughter working with men at a "man's job." Yet the girl might meet the same men any time at a dinner-party where they would have more time to notice her than during working hours. In fact a girl doesn't go anywhere where she doesn't meet men—perhaps she wouldn't want to. It will mean a great deal to the business girl, however, if in addition to the culture and ideals of a refined home, she can have at least a short course in one of the most high class—not the most fashionable or expensive—residence schools for girls. She is going to be turned loose with her own inexperienced judgment in a very freedom-loving world. She will meet all kinds of people, and there is a growing popular tendency to ignore a lot of conventions, wholesomely enough perhaps, but mistakenly. A few months in a good residential college forms some life-time habits. The girl who has lived in this atmosphere has learned that while she may not see any reason for certain rules of conduct, back of every time-honored convention there is a reason; that while there may be no apparent reason why a spoon should not be left in a cup, the person who persists in doing it will sometime catch the spoon with her sleeve and upset the whole thing—and be painfully humiliated.

BUT there is another want in the new social conditions which neither a girl's work nor her education can fill. Many a mother, over-anxious about the time when her daughter begins to show an unusual absorption in sentimental fiction, to go day-dreaming about the house, to start at the first jingle of the telephone, considers it her maternal duty to crush out this sentimental foolishness by seeing that her time is occupied with lessons, athletics, embroidery, etc. She forgets that the emotional nature awakening in the girl is the beginning of everything creative in her life. It was put there perhaps for the sake of the creation of new lives, but it is just as surely the beginning of a book or a picture or a song or any other piece of creative work. Anyone who ever accomplished anything worth while had to have the dream first, and the girl's imagination and love of romance may become the most vital force in her life. In normal times this worked itself out naturally. Girls had their brothers and their brothers' friends at home to play with and there were fetes and carnivals and dances and plays and eventually there were wed-

Continued on page 109.

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The Outlook of the Shut In

By Madge MacBeth

THE story of S'adi, the Persian poet, has always been a favorite of mine. Those of you who studied Persian literature, may remember that the Sheikh Moslin Eddin Saadi Alshirazi (to give him his full title) led in his early years the life of a dervish and wandered over much of the country. During his travels, he was taken by the Crusaders and put to work on their fortifications of Tripoli. Doubtless his work was hard, but he seems to have had time to write both poetry and prose the best known of which, in this country, are the Gulistan and the Bostan. S'adi was redeemed from slavery by a rich merchant, who also bestowed upon him his daughter and a handsome dowry. Therefore we may take it for granted that the end of his days was spent in peace and plenty—not particularly because he had a wife or even a dowry, but because according to the date of his death, the poet lived to the extraordinary age of 116 years.

But the story—once, during his dervish days, when the road was dusty, the sun was hot, his throat was parched and his bare feet blistered, S'adi was moved to lift his voice in lamentation; and he complained to heaven that he had no shoes—when lo, on looking down the hot and dusty road, he beheld a pilgrim crawling on his hands and knees because he had no feet. And S'adi went on his way rejoicing!

He tells this little circumstance charmingly, and invests it with all the glamour his romantic language gives even the smallest incident, but after all, he has only said, "Things are never so bad that they might not be worse," which is a very healthy sort of optimism.

MISS ISABEL ELIZABETH HENDERSON, of Winnipeg bears at least two points of resemblance to my old friend S'adi; she writes and she is an optimist. In spite of a distressing physical handicap which she has suffered for many years.

I do not intend to dwell upon her affliction. She does not—so why should I?

"Don't," she begged, "picture me as a 'patient martyr,' or 'bearing my affliction with Christian fortitude.'"

I certainly shall not. A much truer picture is that of a girl of buoyant spirits, the very antithesis of an invalid; one who has retained throughout her trial, an amazingly frivolous mind!

Stricken when eleven years old with an illness from which she never recovered, she was a delicate child; when just entering upon womanhood, another illness made it necessary for her to remain in bed seven years. Yet, in her inspiringly bright way she says:

"I don't know that I have attained success in spite of a physical handicap, for both 'physical' and 'handicap' are but relative terms—I might almost say that illness gave me leisure I would not have had otherwise, and was the cause of my attempting literary work."

S'adi—you see! That speech smacks strongly of the old fellow's philosophy. Miss Henderson had not health, but illness gave her leisure in which to write. She was born a few miles from Winni-

peg. Happening to be the third generation of Canadian-born settlers, and of unmixed Scottish descent, she derives considerable amusement from the fact that, since becoming a public character, English interviewers frequently ask which of her ancestors was Indian. Old Country people—some of them—find it difficult even now, to realize that every man who went west more than fifty years ago, did not marry a squaw!

"HER education was sketchy. Attendance at school was irregular at best! Miss Henderson says she learned the three R's. anyway, and filled in the vacuum with reading—Dickens, George Eliot, Kipling and some poetry. Biography, history, travels—everything of this sort which came to hand.

"I do not know," she says, "that I should go so far as to advise that children should only be taught to read and write, and then be turned loose in the world's great library, but that is practically what happened to me, and the system has at least the merit of being a pleasant one to follow!"

The author of "My Canada" was not a child prodigy. She never wanted to write—she never crept away to the attic and poured out her young heart in stories throbbing with genius and defective grammar. She had no literary ambitions whatsoever: the passion to create did not stir her soul, nor does it perhaps, even now. I think it might be truly said that Beth Henderson who pretends to be known as "Elinor Marsden Elliot," does not like to write.

"Eight years ago," she confessed, "when confronted with the probability of staying in bed, not days, not weeks, but years—I began to think that writing was all that was left for me to do. Even then it was very distasteful, and the hour a day I spent on 'My Canada' besides exhausting me physically, was desperately hard work."

Considering this it is the more remark-



Miss Isabel Elizabeth Henderson.

Mention MacLean's Magazine—it will identify you.

able that a girl with no previous training, not even the experience which comes with childish efforts at literary creation, should have produced a book. And it is truly amazing that one who for years—all her life practically—has been confined within the walls of her home, should have acquired the breadth of treatment, freedom of style and sweep of vision which her work reveals. Her book, "My Canada" was a model child. It was accepted by the first publisher to whom it was sent and the reviewers have been very kind. Its name is quite descriptive, save that instead of being a sort of glorified Baedeker, it is a novel. It is written in clear, easily-read English and is just the kind of book for us average people to understand and enjoy.

I am told by those who know the West better than I, that it gives a fair photographic description of Western life and conditions. But beside this, there shine from its pages a simple goodness, a wholesome optimism and plenty of Scotch wit, all of which reflect the happy, unspoiled nature of its author.

It was not with the object of seeking appreciation for Elizabeth Henderson's book that this brief sketch was written; but rather to commend her attitude, her outlook on life to all those who like Friend S'adi lift up their voice in lamentation and complain to heaven because they have no shoes!

Your Daughter's Career

Continued from page 107.

dings. There won't be many weddings for the next few years and there won't be the wonderful experiences leading up to them. The boys are finding adventure and excitement enough, horrible as it is, in the only course open to them. What about the girls? The arts afford the best possible channel for the needed outlet, meaning by arts anything from singing or water-color painting or amateur plays to grand opera. It doesn't matter whether the girl has any artistic talent in these lines or not so long as she has the artistic instinct to enjoy them. There is something in just singing a humble little song which seems to put reality into the most hopeless imaginings, and if anyone needs this outpouring it is the girl whose natural dreams have been taken away from her. In addition to this, any effort to give the girl a wide circle of friends among people worth knowing will mean much to her in the years ahead. The war has taken from many a girl the kind of marriage she wanted; let her have as many other warm human relationships as possible that she may be spared the unhappiness of a compromise with the kind of marriage she can get.

THEN there are the girls who will be making the country's new homes, the war has given them a new responsibility. We know the lines of Rupert Brooke—

"Blow out ye bugles over the rich dead,
These laid the world away, poured out
the red

Sweet wine of youth, gave up the years
to be

Of work and joy and that unhopd serene
That men call age, and those who would
have been

Their sons they gave, their immortality."



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We will not know for another generation how much poorer the world is through the loss of "those who would have been their sons," but there are others of the fine calibre of the soldier gentleman who come back with broken health which can never be entirely mended. They could still give their children the inheritance of courage and unselfishness and fine family traditions and ideals, but it is the opinion of physicians of authority that their children would have to depend largely on their mothers for physical endowments, and little attention has been given to the physical perfection of the Canadian girl. She has not been encouraged to live outdoors, to dress right, to take long walks or swim or ride horseback. She has not been deprived of a "good time," but she has found it largely in matinees and tea-parties and dances and motoring, with a little tennis in season. She doesn't need play for the sake of recreation so much as for her own development and for what it will mean to the coming children. Last summer a girls' vacation camp was established on a wooded lake-shore. One afternoon three outsiders passed the camp, an artist, a journalist and a physician. The girls were dressed in the most appropriate outdoor clothes. Some of them were carrying driftwood for their fires, some were swimming in the lake, others were playing folk games on the sand. The spectators were impressed. "What a picture they'd make!" exclaimed the artist. "What a story they'd make," said the journalist. The doctor was pretty sober. He said: "I'm not thinking what kind of picture they'd make, or what kind of story they'd make, but my! what mothers they'd make!" This should be the principle for more of our girls' physical recreation.

The girl who marries may also have to face an economic problem which she is not fitted to meet. Cases like the following will be repeated by thousands. A medical student enlisted and came back from the front with his right hand gone. He had had every promise of becoming a famous surgeon. He is now watching a switch at a railway crossing. He will soon find some other work no doubt, but his income will be a small fraction of what it would have been normally, and it will not be enough to support the kind of girl he knew among his college friends unless she has learned to live more economically than the average Canadian girl. This is where the technical school and experimental work in the kitchen at home come in. The girl who can make her own clothes, who understands foods and knows how to cook them, can run a home on considerably less than the amateur housekeeper. Occasionally it is possible, too, for a woman to make some money herself without interfering with her life at home. A clever girl, a music-teacher, who was engaged to a soldier had planned to take a special course at an expensive conservatory which would fit her for a good position as organist. Her people were willing to have her go because they had few hopes of the young man returning and they wanted to see her equipped to earn her own living if necessary. Then word came saying that the soldier had been gassed and would be sent home; in a year or two he should be pretty fit for civil life again. The girl's father saw no use in her specializing as an organist if she were going to be married, but the girl saw farther. The young man was an artist; his work kept him indoors. If he was to keep well after this he would have to be

out of doors more and his income would be correspondingly smaller. If his wife were a qualified organist she could add considerably to this income without neglecting things seriously at home.

We have not said anything about a purely decorative education for girls. It had a worthy purpose in its day—to make a girl so ornamental in her father's house that she would have a wide range of choice of husbands and eventually become a pleasing ornament in her husband's house. Still it was a rather superficial thing to spend her time learning merely to act prettily while her brothers and the man she would marry were learning to build railroads or heal the sick, or put machines together or work out big economic or human problems. It was a poor ambition for a girl to want to be only an ornament when she could have been a real understanding companion and friend. Further, while a purely ornamental woman may be very attractive, history shows that the line of heredity between boys and their mothers is very close; it would be rather a calamity to have purely ornamental sons. And the girl with the broader training and deeper understanding of life, if she does marry, should make a pretty fascinating wife and a wise far-seeing mother.

The Magic Makers

Continued from page 105.

you've never seen and that you never heard of till three weeks ago?"

Jock nodded. "With your permission, sir, and," he added with a grin, "it may be as well for me not to ask for your approval till I come back."

A SILENCE fell in the office during which the Comptroller scanned the rugged lineaments of the man before him. Sergeant MacTier knew better than most just what was involved in this extraordinary undertaking. His reputation was already earned, but if, after two or three years' fruitless trailing up and down the wilderness, he was forced to return without success, his reputation for sound and well-considered judgment would suffer; that is among the Force. It was not so much what the public thought as what the Force itself thought of a man that counted. The Comptroller knew it, and Jock knew it, too. But it seemed now that Jock was filled with sufficient, if non-understandable, assurance to risk his reputation without further thought. And this was the deciding factor with his superior.

"Just how do you propose to go about it? And what do you want from me?" he said slowly.

The heart of Sergeant MacTier gave an unaccustomed leap, for he knew now that his point was won. "I would go first to Newfoundland and take ship from St. John's along the Labrador Coast and round into Ungava Bay. From there I'd strike up Hudson's Strait and through Fox Channel, stopping on the way at Mansel Island, that's but a little out of the course."

"And why stop at Mansel Island?"

"Because it's the only one in that part of the North that looks as if it might be the one on Rintoul's map."

"And if it isn't?"

"Then I'd leave the ship in Fox Channel, strike across Melville Peninsula into Boothia Gulf, and work from there along

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the north shore and through the islands clear over to the mouth of the MacKenzie. And if Rintoul is anywhere along there," he added quietly, "I'll hear of it."

The Comptroller drew a long breath. "How far do you reckon that is?"

"About five thousand miles," said Jock simply.

Again there fell a silence while the Comptroller pulled at his moustache and drummed absently on his desk. Presently he leaned forward. "MacTier," he began, "I'm firmly convinced that you're mad."

Jock nodded. "Aye, that's perfectly possible."

"But," went on the other, his voice lifting a little, "I also believe that I'm mad myself, because I'm going to do everything possible to help you, since I've got the crazy idea that you're going to find your man. Where I got it I can't tell you but, confound you! I have got it. And I hope that when this outrageous expedition is over you'll be content and won't come in here and play ducks and drakes with a very carefully thought-out system." He touched a bell, and, after a moment's reflection, dictated a letter. This finished, he looked up with a curious smile. "I've got another foolish idea that you'll never use this letter, but here it is, anyway. Now, how about supplies?"

"I'm thinking, if it would suit, that I might requisition them where I need them, in the ordinary custom."

The Comptroller's lip began to twitch and, swinging in his chair, he stared out over the Ottawa River to where the Laurentian Mountains lifted their blue hummocks in the North. "Mad," he murmured to himself, "unquestionably mad." Then—"That'll do, MacTier, good morning, and, by the by, good luck to you."

CHAPTER III.

IT fell on an afternoon when the wind was lifting gently out of the south-east that the whaler *Siren* climbed up over the horizon and set her blunt bows toward the harbour of St. John's. She was short, broad and squat, and rode high out of the water. A slow ripple quivered under her forefoot, her sails were patched and multi-colored, and around her the atmosphere was charged with unnamable smells of whale oil, blubber, and fish. Lurching rather than sailing, she moved steadily on, every now and then burying her blunt snout in the wrinkled crest of a wave, then, tossing it heavenward like a playful dog. For twenty years the *Siren* had been poking her inquisitive nose into strange and distant harbours. Salty Bill, her master and owner, was foot loose of the seven seas. He had killed sperm whales in the Pacific, right whales in the North Atlantic, white whales in Hudson's Bay, and great bottle-nosed beasts as far south as Patagonia. And the *Siren* looked it. Heavily built and saturated with oil from stem to stern, she seemed a curious and amphibious creature through whose massive timbers pulsed something kindred to those gigantic lives she had harried ever since her keelson moved past a tripping block towards New Bedford Harbour. Her masts, like stout trees whose roots spread out beneath her decks, gripped the close-set timbers of her frame. Well aft was a strongly built cabin and within six feet of its stern door was the wheel. Forward of this her 'midships stretched flat and clear to receive the great masses of blubber that her springy yardarm hoisted creaking

to her slippery decks. Forward again her bows were housed in with heavy planking on which sat a swivelled harpoon gun with its attendant gear. Take it all in all, the *Siren*, with her bluff dimensions, her low taffrail, her enormous scuppers and her general appearance of devil-may-care-if-bedraggled handiness, seemed a very football of the seas, one that had been buffeted hither and thither in some vast and elemental game but had emerged, nevertheless, as tight as a drum and as sound as when her bilge pump first sucked hungrily in her dusty bowels.

As she drew in, Salty Bill's brown fingers slackened over the wheel spokes while he stepped to the side and spat into the greasy sea to determine just what way the *Siren* was carrying. She had an auxiliary, it is true, but just then Bill objected to unnecessary expense. He resumed his post and gazed cynically at the long finger-like jetties of St. John's Harbour. The *Siren* was well nigh empty and something of the same sensation was for the time shared by her master and crew. Fishing had been bad, worse almost than he had known. He had, in fact, been reduced to porpoise hunting, and when a master whaling captain descends to such game it is sufficient evidence of something rotten in the state of trade. At this particular moment almost any proposition would have suited Salty Bill provided it were not whaling.

NOW it was the luck of Sergeant MacTier that he should have been where he was when the *Siren* made harbour, for among all the hard-fisted, tough-sinewed and absolutely capable seamen that ever dropped into this northerly refuge, there was none that surpassed Salty Bill in these admirable and essential attributes. In the case of Jock, one glance had been enough, and he knew on the instant that, if he could capture this raw-boned mariner, here was a man after his own heart.

"I'm wanting to talk with you," he said, evenly. "I'm thinkin' that you're riding a bit high for a homeward bound whaler and there is that in my head may interest you."

Salty Bill grunted. "I never talk on an empty belly, 't aint fair to either of us. Wait till I fill up."

And at that Jock grinned and nodded.

It was late the same night before Salty Bill raised his head from the table, where was spread the map of Henry Rintoul, and stared straight into Jock's face. He had listened carefully and silently, forming canny opinions not only of the tale as it proceeded but also of the broad-shouldered man whose grim and dogged visage seemed so at variance with his own fantastic recital, and it was not till Jock had said all there was to be said that the seaman coughed with unusual embarrassment and proceeded to punch holes in the entire project.

"I've sailed these waters off and on for twenty years and there's no place that I know of like you describe. Mind you, I'm not saying I won't help you out, that's a matter of terms, but I've no intention of letting you think you can pull this off, so far as my judgment goes. You don't know where to look, so I don't know but what you're right in deciding to start at the beginning and look most everywhere. That's a big order. It means you start north of here, working along the coast till you get right across to Behring Sea, and then, if you don't make her, come back another way. And

that's about all there is to it. You can't look for any particular walrus ground when the Arctic is plastered with them, and as for Huskies I guess you know as much about them as I do. And so much for that. Now as for the *Siren*, and me, and the rest of us, if you want to talk, talk. It's your move."

"What do you reckon it would take to hire the *Siren* and her crew just as she lies there for, say, a year and a half?" Jock spoke with extreme thoughtfulness.

Salty Bill leaned back and stared at the smoky ceiling of the eating house where they sat. He had a sudden conviction that an often dreamed of but never anticipated moment had arrived, one in which he would not search the seas day after day for evasive whales, but might voyage month after month with all expenses found to a certainty and something to boot as well. In other words, what Salty Bill had yearned for was a charter, and here it was being actually thrown at him. He quivered with alarm lest his relief should be too obvious, then twisted his mouth into unhuman shapes while dreams of wealth danced through his mind.

"The *Siren*," he began slowly, "is the stoutest craft I ever set foot on and I don't say that because I own her. She's stood more than most of them can stand and she's sound to-day. There are four of us on her besides myself, and that costs me one hundred a month in wages and found. The *Siren*, if she is worth anything, is worth a hundred and fifty a month, and that's two-fifty. I don't know what I'm worth myself, but put it at another hundred and that's three fifty." He paused for a moment, then looked up with a touch of awe on his weather-beaten features. "Holy snakes! But that's near five thousand a year."

Jock chuckled. "Go on, you're doing well."

"Then you've got to add grub to that," proceeded Bill with evident distress, "something for making good, and things break and get carried away, and one darned thing and another, and I guess that's six hundred a year. Say," he concluded, "I'm some financier, ain't I?"

"Then I understand," said Jock, "that I can get the ship and yourself for five thousand dollars a year? And she'll be under your command but my orders."

Salty Bill gulped in an enormous volume of air. "Insurance," he said unsteadily, "what about that? Lord knows where you're going, I don't."

"Then add insurance," came the curt reply.

For answer Bill got up and paced slowly across the room. Such was the tumult in his breast that he dared not look round. "How long do you want her?" came a muffled voice from the far corner.

"Say a year and a half with the option of another six months."

"And if we don't fetch her back?" The voice was by now almost inarticulate.

"Then you collect the insurance."

"It's a go," he said thickly, "and I guess we'd better sign up before I change my mind." He hesitated a moment, then blurted: "I spoke of my crew just now, but you might as well know that they're no special lot. Fact is, my best men cleared out months ago and I had to pick up what I could get. Thing is you'll have to take 'em as you find 'em, and what's more, I don't mind telling you they'll take some handling, one of 'em in particular."

"Who's that?" said Jock quietly.

"Name's Black Matt. At least that's what he goes by. Picked him up this spring in the Bay of Fundy, and the only kind of argument he understands is a marlin-spike behind the ear. But—" here Salty Bill hesitated again and glanced approvingly at MacTier's massive shoulders—"I don't count on your having much trouble with him."

The big man smiled grimly. "We can take care of Matt when the time comes. And now I reckon you'd better sign up."

Long before this each faint mark on the mysterious map of Henry Rintoul was graven on the mind of Sergeant MacTier, and out of the apparent chaos certain points had been definitely evolved. He made out that the line coming in from the right was a river and the thing in the middle was an island, seventy miles long from end to end. At the bottom of the map the words "send help" were decipherable. "Ilver" he jumped at as "silver," and finally came to the conclusion that the irregular diagram in the centre of the island was a lake. The thing that bothered him was how an island of this magnitude still remained uncharted on any Government map even in the desolate spaces of the North.

Day after day he pondered while the

To be Continued.

Siren rounded Cape Chidley, which, as all the world knows, is the north-easterly angle of Labrador, and, having dodged inside the Button Islands, bucked drift ice for a solid week before she got clear through into Ungava Bay.

During this period also he came to certain conclusions about the crew of the *Siren*. Salty Bill was not far wrong, for not once in the past weeks had Sergeant MacTier secured one steady stare from the shifty eyes of Black Matt. There had been grumblings, and more than grumblings, when the blunt nose of the *Siren* turned toward the Arctic but, however strong might be the undercurrent of revolt, there was nothing so far on which to lay a masterful hand. A little later they picked up field ice, which they skirted carefully, then ran for a day parallel with the jagged coast, till they sighted a great glistening floe that stretched for miles, rising into the centre into a gentle mass of gleaming crags while round its shining sides the green waves danced in flashing brilliancy. And two days after the big floe dropped out of sight astern, the *Siren* furled her variegated wings, and, with a muffled cough from her auxiliary engine, waddled up the Koksoak River toward Fort Chimo.

we moved up quite a bit, near the village stormed on the 6th, and appropriated a piece of damaged trench, in which we installed our telephone to Corps Headquarters, and gave the pigeons some water and feed. Then the tanks (four or five of them) waddled by, and others showed their blunted noses at us coming up. The ground here is a network of shell-holes, touching and overlapping, and the tanks wallowed in them just like barges in a heavy sea. Up and down, roll and waddle, lurch and hump! Ridiculous beasts, slow and straight and full of venom and cunning. Looking so harmless, but miniature forts, impregnable to anything but a direct hit from a shell.

I have had my leave and am back again in the mud and trouble. Christmas has gone and 1917 will soon be here. In a few days I expect to be transferred to the Heavy Section Machine-Gun Corps, or, in other words, "tanks." I am practically promised a captaincy in three months if I join them, and I am joining with my wings flapping and tail-feathers streaming. I hope to go to some tank manerie training-school on this side of the Channel by end of March, and at the start of the next Hun-killing season, I shall be in command of a Car of Juggernaut, and go slap into the business and profession of slaughtering Huns.

We were an active part in the great drama of the 7th, and what with the bursting mine-earthquakes and the tempestuous bombardment, one was lucky to be left with one's senses. I, personally, was very successful, reaching all my objectives and getting slap into the blue-gray devils, Bavarians, and blazing away like a dreadnought. Oh! The sights which were seen! Luck, good and bad, was with me, for my bus caught on fire in action just where the thing was thickest, and I ordered the whole crew out, with fire-extinguishers, to put it out. Out we went and got busy. I left my crew on the sheltered side (more or less), but my corporal, without orders, got on top, while I went to the exposed side, vociferously ordering the corporal down, and we got the blaze out between us. Meantime one of my crew was bowled over. We got him back inside and later he came to and is recovering. Where I was the bullets were spattering around me and hitting old "Squash 'em Flat" and splashing me with fine sprays of broken metal, and there it was I got my trifling wound and scratches, but it was only bad Bavarian shooting that kept me and my corporal (who was untouched) from being turned into human sieves. After that, we carried on, and as I had finished my job to the last letter, we came home, and I brought the old thing back safely.

Serving in the "Tanks"

Notes of an Officer Who Commanded One of Them.

ONE of the best of war books was "A Bomb-thrower in the Trenches." The author, who signs himself Lieutenant Z., has been with the tanks recently and contributes some graphic notes to *Scribner's Magazine*. Some selections particularly dealing with the first time that the tanks went into action are presented.

The attack was staged to begin about 6 a.m., so I was up soon after 3 a.m. and on my way. This was the first time in history that the "tanks" or "land-crabs," or a dozen other

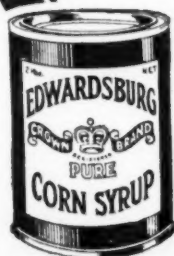
names, were to roll and mash and squash their way to the Hun trenches and machine-gun emplacements, and in the mist and light of the dawn of a beautiful day I saw the prehistoric monsters silently barge their way over everything straight as a bee for the Hun lines. At 6.20 a.m. our batteries, massed and extended, like a pack nearing the killing, opened up their unspeakable racket. With glasses we watched the tanks lumber up over a ridge and waddle solemnly ought of sight. Tommy loves the tanks, worships them! The coming fight just behind the tanks was going to be, for him, a huge joke. To be allowed the privilege of following a tank, and of watching its solemn antics, was too good to miss. The men marched by, reserves, all in a broad and greatly amused grin.

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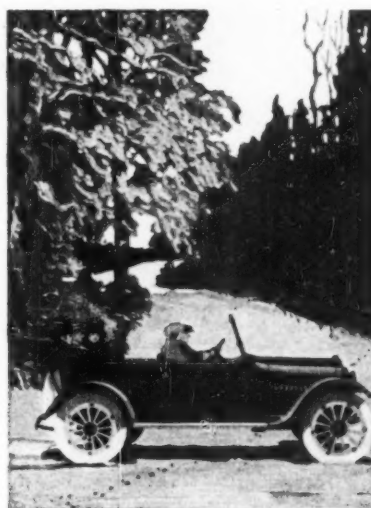
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